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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN

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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN

EDITED WITH A MEMOIR, REVISED TEXT, AND NOTES

BY

W. D. CHRISTIE, M.A.
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

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TO THE VERY REVEREND

JAMES AMIRAUX JEREMIE, D.D.

DEAN OF LINCOLN,

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,

THIS EDITION OF THE POEMS OF

JOHN DRYDEN

IS INSCRIBED

AS A MARK OF GRATITUDE AND FRIENDSHIP.

2307.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume of Dryden's Poems does not contain his Plays or Translations from Roman and Greek poets. It comprises all his Prologues and Epilogues to his own Plays, with his other Prologues and Epilogues, and also his free versions from Chaucer and Boccaccio, best known as his Fables. Three translations of Latin hymns are also included in the volume.

The Translation of Boileau's "Art of Poetry," which is printed in Scott's edition of Dryden's works, is not included in this volume: for, though revised and altered by Dryden, the translation is in the main Sir William Soame's work. The "Essay on Satire" is also excluded from this collection, as being unquestionably the work of Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards successively Marquis of Normanby and Duke of Buckinghamshire. Some smaller pieces which preceding editors have printed among Dryden's poems have been excluded: viz. the "Satire on the Dutch," said to have been written by Dryden in 1662, but in fact a bookseller's concoction from his Prologue and Epilogue to "Amboyna" of 1673; the Prologue and Epilogue to "The Indian Queen," assigned without any authority to Dryden, and doubtless Sir Robert Howard's, who wrote the play with some assistance from Dryden; and a second Epilogue to Lee's "Mithridates," when acted in 1681, and the Epilogue to Southerne's "Disappointment," which have both been mistakenly printed by Scott as Dryden's.

It has been a principal object in this edition to correct and purify the text of Dryden's poetry, which in the course of time has suffered from very many misprints and small changes by successive editors. Most, but not all, of the corrections made of preceding editors' texts are mentioned in the notes. The whole number of these small corrections is very considerable. The importance of corrections of this sort will not be judged by the smallness of the change for the worse introduced by carelessness or design. The word *epocha*, which appears in all modern editions in a line of "Astræa Redux" (108),

> "In story chasms, in epocha mistakes,"

and which has been cited by Archbishop Trench as a Dryden peculiarity,* was not Dryden's word. He wrote *epoches*, the plural of *epoche*, the Greek word, and as

* "English, Past and Present," p. 60.

proper as *epitome*. There is an instance of *epoche* (spelt *epochee*) in Cleaveland's poetry:

"Howe'er, since we're delivered, let there be
From this flood too another epochee."

The change of one letter deprives us of an old appropriate poetical word *sheer*, and substitutes the commonplace word *steer*, in a line of "Annus Mirabilis" (stanza 78):

"So thick, our navy scarce could sheer their way."

All Dryden's modern editors have turned the following line (436) of "Absalom and Achitophel" into a question:

"'Tis after God's own heart to cheat his heir;"

substituting *Is't* for Dryden's *'Tis*, placing a note of interrogation at the end, and making the passage incoherent. It is Achitophel speaking wickedly, not the poet propounding truth.

The meaning of a line in "The Hind and the Panther" (part 1, line 391), where *herds* means *cattle-keepers* and not *cattle*, is altered to nonsense by editors who have turned the small word *the* at the beginning into *their*:

"The diligence of careful herds below."

Distinction and meaning are completely lost by the editors' change of *laughed* into *lashed* in a line on the ancient Satirists, in an Address to Mr. Higden, translator of Juvenal:

"They durst not rail perhaps, they laughed at least."

When Dryden apostrophizes the Marquis of Winchester in an epitaph as

"Ark of thy age's faith and loyalty,"

the change of one letter in *ark* has turned the line into nonsense in every modern edition, in which is read

"*Ask* of thy age's faith and loyalty."

In another epitaph, that of Mrs. Margaret Paston of Norfolk, the word *fix* has been changed to *mix*, to the spoiling of the following line, in all modern editions:

"'Twas gold too fine to fix without allay."

In Dryden's Prologue to Shadwell's play "The True Widow," a line

"His cruse ne'er fails, for whatsoe'er he spends,"

is spoilt by changing *cruse* into *cause*.

An old word *dop*, used by Dryden in his Epilogue to Banks's play "The Unhappy Favourite," is not to be found in any of the editions, but *pop* has taken its place :

"We act by fits and starts, like drowning men,
But just peep up, and then dop down again,"

A classical phrase of Dryden, following Latin authors, in his Dedication of "Palamon and Arcite" to the Duchess of Ormond, where he speaks of the devotion of the Irish to her husband's family (lines 58, 59),

"The sturdy kerns in due subjection stand,
Nor hear the reins in any foreign hand,"

is completely lost in all modern editions by the substitution of *bear* for *hear*. And yet Sir Walter Scott at least must have known that Horace placed the horse's ear in his mouth, and that Virgil made a chariot hear the reins.

These are a few instances of corruptions of Dryden's text rectified in this edition. Sir Walter Scott's is the last important edition of Dryden, as it is indeed still the only general collection of his works : and it is to be regretted that that distinguished man did not give as much pains to the purification of Dryden's text as he did to his excellent biography and to the notes which enrich the edition.

The text has been revised for this edition by a careful examination of the original and early editions of all the poems. These are generally very correctly printed : but misprints of course must sometimes occur ; and in one or two cases I may have been misled by an original misprint. There may be a difference of opinion as to the word *courtier* which I have printed in line 325 of "Eleonora," following the original edition. It has been suggested to me by Mr. W. A. Wright, since p. 432 of this volume was printed, that the word *stewed*, for which editors have substituted *rude*, was an original misprint for *starved ;* and, as Dryden would probably have written *sterved*, as he has done elsewhere, it is probable that *sterved* is the correct reading.

The spelling adopted in this edition is generally modern spelling : but there are instances in which the spelling of Dryden's time is preserved, not only where it is needed for rhyme or metre, but also where the old spelling is recommended by etymological considerations, and where it is not altogether strange and repulsive : *shipwrack*, *interessed*, *thrid*, *justle*, *just* for *joust*, are a few such instances. *Just* reminds me of another striking instance of corruption of text by change of a single letter. The universal joy of Athens, when filled for the great combat between Palamon and Arcite, is described by Dryden in glowing language :

"'Twas justing all the day and love at night :"

every editor turns *justing* into *jesting* (book 3, line 431).

Dryden's spelling often varies, and I have sometimes followed him in his varieties. Thus, to give examples of one class, while his ordinary spellings are *rehearse*, *suffice*, *proffer*, he occasionally spells *reherse*, *suffise*, *profer*, from the French, by which language his English is much affected: and I have preserved these and other varieties of spelling. *Authority* and *auctority*, *beauteous* and *beautious*, *starve* and *sterve*, *woodbine* and *woodbind*, are other instances of variety.

I have had the advantage of access to the valuable Notes on Dryden made during a long period of devotion to the poet's works by the late Mr. T. Holt White, which are in the possession of his son, Mr. A. Holt White, of Clements Hall, Rochford. My obligations to Mr. HOLT WHITE are much beyond the few instances of reference to him in my notes. I have to thank the Rev. HENRY WARD, the Rector of Aldwincle St. Peter's, Northamptonshire, for obligingly communicating to me the correct inscription on the tomb of Dryden's maternal grandfather, the Rev. Henry Pickering, which may be regarded as entirely removing doubt as to Dryden's birthplace. The researches of the same clergyman have lately fixed the place and date of the marriage of Dryden's parents. My thanks are also specially due for aid and advice during the preparation of this edition to Mr. BOLTON CORNEY, the well-known critic and bibliographer; to Mr. W. A. WRIGHT, the late Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the editors of the "Cambridge Shakespeare;" and to the Rev. Dr. JEREMIE, the Dean of Lincoln, to whom, long a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, this edition of the poems of "Glorious John," a famous ancient scholar of Trinity, is gratefully inscribed by the Editor, a member and former scholar of the same College.

W. D. C.

MEMOIR OF DRYDEN.

The life of Dryden is that of a Poet and great Wit and Author, who mixed much with the world and exercised a sway over British literature for certainly the last thirty years of the seventeenth century. More popular and famous in his life-time than his greater contemporary Milton, posterity, which calmly and clearly judges, has assigned to him a foremost place among British poets of a rank second to Milton's. A strong, sharp, subtle and versatile intellect, and a fine ear for numbers, which with practice gave him a matchless power of versification, are Dryden's chief characteristics of excellence as a poet. The self-contained, self-subsisting imagination of the greater Milton is wanting. He has more strength and larger grasp of mind than his more polished and equable successor, Pope, who divides with him suffrages for the superior place among our classic poets of second rank. The great bulk of Dryden's multifarious works consists of dissertations on criticism in prose, and of poetical translations and plays, the last spun, most of them rapidly, from an active and quickly working brain, and composed in order to produce money necessary for the expenses of living and with degrading adaptation to prevailing tastes and feelings. The poetical pieces of Dryden which are not translations are all more or less occasional, referring to persons or arising out of passing political events, or translating theological controversy into verse; but the art of a master has made this occasional poetry interesting and valuable for all time. Dryden stands at the head of British poetical artists, as distinguished from those of high genius and imagination. He had in youth made himself an accomplished scholar, and had read widely. He is an excellent prose-writer, and he did much during forty years of writing, in poetry and in prose, to settle and improve the English language. Of poetical criticism he was a master; and in an age which undervalued both, Shakespeare and Milton were the objects of his reverential admiration. The conceits of Donne and Cowley which fascinated his youth were soon thrown off by his masculine intellect; and he obtained an easy superiority over his elder contemporaries Denham and Waller, whose smooth and skilful numbers helped to make his poetical education, and to whom he has often in strong language declared his obligations. He gave British poetry a new character and direction beyond the drama, which he himself cultivated with inferior success, more as a convenience than from the love of it; and beyond love-verses, elegies, odes, and complimentary addresses, which he also practised and excelled in. He placed Satire on a pinnacle in our literature, and he is the greatest satirist of British poetry. As a reasoner in verse he is unrivalled. His two great Odes

of St. Cecilia's Day maintain pre-eminence in that class of poetry. Of his contemporaries, setting aside Milton, whom his age did not appreciate and whom we look back to as standing above and apart, and Butler, an eccentric specialty of genius who was let starve by those whom his wit delighted, there could be no rival for Dryden among contemporary poets. Most of these were noblemen and gentlemen who wrote at ease, as Dorset, Roscomon, Rochester, Buckingham, Mulgrave, Etherege, and Sedley: Otway, Southerne, Congreve and Wycherley, were dramatists; Duke was a mere imitator of Dryden; and the more vigorous Oldham, who died young, before his powers were fully developed or fully shown, had obviously made Dryden his study.

John Dryden was born on the 9th of August, 1631, at Aldwincle, a village in Northamptonshire near Thrapstone and Oundle. Aldwincle consists of two parishes, All Saints and St. Peter's, and there is every reason to believe that the poet was born in Aldwincle All Saints, and in the parsonage-house of that parish. His parents were Erasmus Dryden, third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, baronet, of Canons Ashby, Northamptonshire, and Mary, daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering, rector of Aldwincle All Saints, a younger son of Sir Gilbert Pickering, knight, of Tichmarsh, Northamptonshire. It has been lately ascertained that the marriage of Dryden's parents was celebrated on October 21, 1630, in the church of Pilton, a village near Aldwincle.* The establishment of the date of this marriage places it beyond doubt that the poet, born in August 1631, was the eldest child of his parents. He was the eldest of a very large family, fourteen in number, who were all alive when the father died in 1654. It has been lately ascertained by a careful examination of the inscription on the tomb of the Rev. Henry Pickering, Dryden's maternal grandfather, that he became rector of Aldwincle All Saints in 1597. All previous biographers, following Malone, who relied on what is now proved to be a very incorrect account of the inscription, have said that he did not become rector until 1647.† The difference is of consequence in connexion with the tradition of Dryden's birth in the parsonage-house of Aldwincle All Saints. If the grandfather was not rector till 1647, why should Dryden have been born in that parsonage-house in 1631? Malone suggested by way of conjecture that Mr. Pickering might at that date have been curate. There is now no difficulty in accepting the tradition of Dryden's place of birth, which has been always strong.

* The Rev. Henry Ward, the present rector of Aldwincle St. Peter's, discovered the entry of the marriage of Dryden's parents in the Pilton register, and published the information in "Notes and Queries," Second Series, vol. xii. p. 207 (1861). The name of the bridegroom is spelt Dreydon in the register.

† The information, correcting the old story, has been kindly given me by the Rev. Henry Ward, the present rector of Aldwincle St. Peter's. The inscription, as given by Malone, from Bridges's "History of Northamptonshire," contains three errors. The following is a correct copy, with two blanks on account of illegibility: "Heare lyeth the body of Henry Pykering, Rector of this church . . . the space of 40ty yeares, who departed this life the . . day of Septembr. 1637, aged 75." In this epitaph as previously printed, *ten* was substituted for 40ty, 1657 for 1637, and 73 for 75. Mr. Ward tells me: "The inscription is only legible when the sun is shining at a particular time of the day, but is then tolerably clear."

The room in the parsonage-house in which he is said to have been born has been shown uninterruptedly from his birth till the present time. No register of births for the parish of Aldwincle All Saints can be found older than 1650; positive proof that Dryden was born in that parish is therefore wanting. His birth is not registered in the registry-book, which exists, of the other parish, Aldwincle St. Peter's. Nothing is more likely than that he, his mother's first child, should have been born in the house of her parents, who were then old, the father being sixty-nine. Dryden mentions in the Postscript to his "Virgil" that he was born in a village belonging to Lord Exeter, in whose house at Burghley he translated the Seventh Book of the Æneid; and the industry of Malone having discovered that Lord Exeter's property at Aldwincle lay in the parish of St. Peter's and not in that of All Saints, an additional doubt, which may now be disregarded, had arisen as to the exact place of Dryden's birth. It may be presumed that all that Dryden knew of Lord Exeter's property to which he refers is that it was in Aldwincle.

An ancestor of the poet, also John Dryden by name, had come from Cumberland early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and acquired the estate of Canons Ashby in Northamptonshire, by marriage with the daughter and heir of Sir John Cope, knight. The Drydens and the Pickerings, near neighbours, were connected by marriage before the union of the poet's parents. Sir John Pickering, elder brother of the clergyman Henry who was Dryden's maternal grandfather, had married a sister of Dryden's father, Erasmus Dryden. The eldest son of this marriage was Sir Gilbert Pickering, baronet, who was therefore Dryden's first cousin. Sir Gilbert was made a baronet by Charles the First, and was afterwards one of the judges at his trial, but did not sit on the day on which sentence was given. He was high in Cromwell's favour, was Chamberlain to the Protector, and one of his Peers. The Drydens and the Pickerings were all on the popular side in the great Church and State struggles with Charles the First. Sir Erasmus Dryden, the poet's grandfather, had been imprisoned, when he was more than seventy, for refusing the payment of loan-money to Charles the First.* Sir John Dryden, successor of Sir Erasmus and the poet's uncle, was a strong Puritan; he is accused by a Church champion of having turned the chancel of his church at Canons Ashby into a barn and the body of it into a corn-chamber. Erasmus, the poet's father, who was a justice of the peace for Northamptonshire, was probably a "committee-man" of the Commonwealth times, either for ejecting ministers or sequestrating delinquents' estates, perhaps for both duties.

"And Bayes was of committee-man's flesh and blood,"

is one of several sneering allusions by Dryden's bitter adversaries of later days,

* See note on a passage referring to this imprisonment in Dryden's Epistle to his cousin, John Driden, in p. 329. "Your generous grandsire," there eulogized by Dryden, is Sir Erasmus Dryden, spelt *Drailton* in Rushworth's "Historical Collections" (I. 473), and not Sir Robert Bevile, the cousin's maternal grandfather, as Malone guessed, and as succeeding editors and biographers have followed him in stating. I owe this correction to Mr. Holt White's MS. notes.

when he was a Court champion and a Roman Catholic. Another called him "a bristled Baptist bred," turning to account for retaliation his own language on the Baptists in "The Hind and the Panther."

Of Dryden's early education before he went to Westminster next to nothing is known. In the inscription on the monument in Tichmarsh church erected by Dryden's fond cousin, Mrs. Creed, it is recorded that it was the boast of Tichmarsh that there he was "bred and had his first learning." This is all that is known. His father resided at Tichmarsh, and is described as of Tichmarsh in the letters-patent of 1670 making Dryden poet-laureate. It is not known when Dryden entered Westminster School. He was a King's scholar, and he left Westminster in 1650 with a scholarship for Trinity College, Cambridge. He was entered at Trinity, May 18, 1650; he matriculated July 16; and he was elected a scholar of the College on the Westminster foundation October 2, 1650.

There exists no particular information as to his life at Westminster. His works give abundant proof that he must have been diligent in youth and laid in at school a large stock of classical knowledge. Late in life, more than forty years after he left Westminster, he dedicated to his old master, Dr. Busby, his translation of the Fifth Satire of Persius: he says at that time that he remembers having translated the Third Satire as a Thursday night's exercise at Westminster, and he mentions, among other reasons for dedicating one of the Satires to Dr. Busby, his obligations to him for the best part of his own education and of that of two sons, and his having "received from him the first and truest taste of Persius." There are extant two letters of Dryden to Busby about his sons when they were at Westminster, written in 1682, very graceful in their language of gratitude and deference to his old master. South and Locke were among Dryden's contemporaries at Westminster, but there is no sign through his life of intercourse or acquaintance with either; and Locke was afterwards the medical attendant, secretary, and friend of Shaftesbury, whom Dryden fiercely assailed and recklessly reviled.

A poem written by Dryden was published before he left Westminster. The untimely death in 1649 of a very promising young nobleman who had been educated at Westminster, Lord Hastings, the eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon, produced a large number of elegies from youths still at Westminster, from many who had left, and from others: Denham, Herrick, and Marvel, all three already known as poets, were among those who joined in poetical lamentation. Thirty-three elegies were collected and published in 1650 by Richard Brome with the title "Lacrymæ Musarum, the Tears of the Muses; exprest in Elegies written by divers persons of nobility and worth upon the death of Henry Lord Hastings, only son of the Right Honourable Ferdinando, Earl of Huntingdon, heir-general of the high-born Prince George, Duke of Clarence, brother to King Edward the Fourth." The chief interest of this curious little volume now consists in its containing Dryden's first poem, which,

though of anything but superior excellence, is inferior to few of its companions, and better than many of them. Gray, who was an ardent admirer of Dryden, is reported by Mason to have been in the habit of saying that this first poem did not give the slightest promise of future excellence, and seemed to show want of ear for versification. The poem is undoubtedly stiff, laboured, and pedantic. It must be judged, however, as the production of a youth of eighteen, saturated with Latin and Greek, and set on imitating the metaphysical conceits of Donne and Cowley, who were then in fashion and had impressed his young intellect.

Not very much more is known of Dryden at Cambridge than of his life at Westminster. A short poem, his second known piece, being a few complimentary lines addressed to a young friend, John Hoddesdon, and printed at the beginning of a little volume of religious poetry by Hoddesdon, called "Sion and Parnassus," was published, and probably also written, soon after he commenced residence at Cambridge. Hoddesdon's little volume was published in 1650, and the lines of praise are signed "John Dryden, of Trinity C." The style of these lines is perhaps a little less constrained than that of the poem on Lord Hastings: but classical allusions predominate.

There is a record in the archives of Trinity College of Dryden's being in disgrace in the second year of his undergraduateship. It is written in the College Conclusion Book, July 19, 1652, that "his crime was his disobedience to the Vice-Master, and his contumacy in taking of his punishment inflicted by him." The occasion and nature of the disobedience are not explained. The punishment assigned by the College was "that Dryden be put out of commons for a fortnight at least, and that he go not out of the College during the time aforesaid, excepting to sermons, without express leave from the Master or Vice-Master, and that at the end of the fortnight he read a confession of his crime in the Hall at dinner-time at the three Fellows' tables." This is really the whole of what is known of his College life beyond dates of formal academic acts. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in January 1654. He did not become a Fellow of Trinity College, and he did not take the degree of Master of Arts at Cambridge; he is said, however, to have continued to reside at Cambridge till about the middle of 1657, when he was nearly ripe for a Master's degree.

His father died in June 1654. The property to which he succeeded was small, but probably sufficient to keep a single man in decency. He acquired under his father's will two-thirds of the income of a small estate at Blakesley, near Canons Ashby and Tichmarsh, the other third being left to his mother for her life. On her death, in 1676, the whole income of the estate became his. Malone, who made very minute inquiries and calculations, represents the whole income of the little Blakesley property as sixty pounds a year. Dryden's portion of forty pounds Malone considers equivalent to a hundred and twenty at the end of the eighteenth century, when he wrote. Dryden is said to have returned to Cambridge after

his father's death, and to have continued to reside there for nearly three years. His heart was touched during this time with love for a cousin, Honor, daughter of Sir John Dryden, and sister of the cousin John to whom late in life he addressed an Epistle, which is one of his best smaller poems. A letter written by Dryden to this lady in 1655 is preserved, which passionately mingles poetry with prose. It has been always matter of surprise that Dryden neither obtained a fellowship in the College of which he was a scholar, nor took the degree of Master of Arts. Malone, who is the authority for the statement that he continued to reside at Cambridge after his father's death till 1657, gives no sufficient proof, if any at all; and it would be easier to explain both circumstances, if he quitted Cambridge on the death of his father. As to his not taking the degree of Master of Arts, this would probably be explained, as he was not a Fellow, by the expense, which would have been greater for Dryden, in consequence of his inheritance from his father. The ancient statutes of the University required any one possessed of any estate, annuity, or certain income for life amounting to £26 13*s.* 4*d.* to pay £8 6*s.* 4*d.* in addition to the ordinary fees for any degree; and these for the M.A. degree for one not a Fellow of a College would be as much. It may be supposed that Dryden with his income of forty pounds might be unable, or might not care, to incur the expense of this degree.

Shadwell, in his scurrilous reply to Dryden's "Medal," taunts Dryden with having left Cambridge in shame after receiving chastisement from some young nobleman whom he had slandered:

> "At Cambridge first your scurrilous vein began,
> Where saucily you traduced a nobleman,
> Who for that crime rebuked you on the head,
> And you had been expelled, had you not fled."

But there is not the slightest confirmation anywhere else of this story, and had there been any such cause for Dryden's leaving Cambridge, more would most certainly have been known of it. It is unlikely on the other hand that so specific an imputation should be wholly baseless; and the story may be an incorrect and exaggerated version of the cause of Dryden's college-trouble in 1652. There is no sign in his many writings, or in what is known of the events of his life, of fondness for Cambridge, or renewed intercourse with his old College and University. One solitary reference is in his "Life of Plutarch," published in 1683, where he mentions having read that author in the Library of Trinity College, "to which foundation," he then adds, "I gratefully acknowledge a great part of my education." No inference on the other hand can be drawn as to altered feeling from the often-quoted lines of one of his Prologues spoken at Oxford:

> "Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
> Than his own mother-university.
> Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage;
> He chooses Athens in his riper age."

For it was characteristic of Dryden to flatter when he desired to please, and run riot in praise if it suited his purpose of the moment; and a letter of his to John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, is preserved, in which he avows the insincerity of other similar flattering addresses to an Oxford audience. Sending Rochester copies of a Prologue and Epilogue written for Oxford in 1673, he says, "I hear they have succeeded, and by the event your lordship will judge how easy 'tis to pass anything upon an University, and what gross flattery the learned will endure."

Dryden appears to have taken up his residence in London about the middle of the year 1657. Oliver Cromwell was then in the height of power, strongly established as Protector, having lately refused for the second time the title of King. The second Protectoral constitution had been newly made, by which a second House was created, and Cromwell was charged with the nomination of its members for life. All Dryden's relations were Cromwellites, and his cousin Sir Gilbert Pickering was prominent and influential. He was one of the Peers nominated by Cromwell in the following year, 1658. Shadwell says, in "The Medal of John Bayes," that Dryden was clerk to Sir Gilbert when he began London life. It is very probable that he lived for a time with Sir Gilbert, or improved his scanty income by working under him for some remuneration. On the death of Cromwell, September 3, 1658, Dryden wrote his first poem of mark, "Heroic Stanzas" in memory and praise of the Protector. He had not published, and does not appear to have written any poetry, since his two school and college efforts of 1650. The superiority of his poem on Cromwell is very considerable. He was now in his twenty-eighth year. Dryden did not blossom young as a poet, and even now the flower was developed slowly.

"Great Dryden did not early great appear,
Faintly distinguished in his thirtieth year."*

Dryden's poem in praise of Cromwell was published in conjunction with two other poetical eulogies by Waller, an elder poet of established fame, and by "Mr. Sprat of Oxford," who was his junior, and who came to be Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester. When these poems were published, a few months after Cromwell's death, there was every appearance that his son Richard was firmly seated as his successor, and the hopes of a Stuart restoration were at the lowest. But a sudden unexpected change came over the nation: in less than eighteen months Charles the Second was restored; and Dryden and Waller then sung the praises of Charles and the wickedness of all who had rebelled against his father and murdered him, and kept the son out of his rights.

Dryden's life of forty years from the Restoration, when he broke away from all his early associations into enthusiastic loyalty, may be conveniently divided into three portions. The first will extend to the publication of "Absalom and Achito-

* Verses addressed to Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, by Laurence Eusden, a poet-laureate, quoted by Malone in his Life, p. 50.

phel" near the close of 1681, when he suddenly emerged from his chief occupation of play-writing to appear in political controversy, and electrified the public with his satire of matchless vigour in verse of consummate skill. The second portion will extend to the Revolution of 1688, when he ceased to hold the offices of Poet-Laureate and Historiographer Royal, which he had received from Charles, and losing all his official income he was forced to return to play-writing for subsistence. The third and last portion is from 1688 till death ended his existence of toil and strife and fame on May 1, 1700. Though the industry of subsequent biographers has made some considerable addition to the stock of materials from which Johnson wrote his life of Dryden, the deficiency of information as to the life of one famous so long before his death is still remarkable, and the names and dates and order of his publications make a large portion of his biography.

1660–1681

Three poems within two years after the Restoration were the fruit of Dryden's new-born zeal for the restored King and Church. These are "Astræa Redux," written immediately after the Restoration in its praise, and published in 1660; a 'Panegyric" addressed to the King on his coronation, which took place April 22, 1661; and a complimentary poem addressed to Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor, on New Year's Day, 1662. There is no possibility of reconciling, satisfactorily for Dryden's character, the political tone of these poems and his new politics with his praises of Cromwell and of all that had led up to Cromwell's power, written but eighteen months before the Restoration. The enemies of Dryden may have put a forced and unfair interpretation on the following lines, in representing them as justifying the execution of Charles the First, and they may contain no more than a figurative illustration of Cromwell's vigour in prosecuting the war to the end as contrasted with the dilatory and irresolute proceedings of Essex:

> "War, our consumption, was their gainful trade;
> We inward bled, whilst they prolonged our pain;
> He fought to end our fighting, and assayed
> To stanch the blood by breathing of the vein."

But the praise of Cromwell's proceedings in the war and of the rebellion itself is unequivocal, and the poem ends with a declaration that Cromwell's name would stand as a great example, to show

> "How strangely high endeavours may be blessed
> Where piety and valour jointly go."

Immediately after the Restoration, and within eighteen months, the same poet,

a man nearly thirty years of age, wrote, in "Astræa Redux," of Charles's exile during the Protectorate :

> "For his long absence church and state did groan ;
> Madness the pulpit, faction seized the throne :
> Experienced age in deep despair was lost,
> To see the rebel thrive, the loyal crost."

And again addressing the restored King, he said :

> "The discontented now are only they
> Whose crimes before did your just cause betray."

A sudden change like this from one extreme to another, attendant on triumph of the newly-espoused cause over that which the poet abandons, cannot be complacently regarded. Dryden projected and sketched at this time a play on the subject of the Duke of Guise and the French League ; he did not now persevere with it, but part of his present work was turned to use in the play which was published, twenty years later, the joint work of himself and Lee, on the same subject ; and the language of Dryden's loyal poems now published shows that he did not exaggerate the ardour of his new loyalty at its birth when, in 1683, in his "Vindication of the Duke of Guise," he said that he had undertaken the subject immediately after the Restoration "as the fairest way which the Act of Indemnity had then left us of setting forth the rise of the late Rebellion, and by exploding the villanies of it upon the stage to precaution posterity against like errors."

His new politics and the common cultivation of poetry probably combined to connect Dryden at this time in friendship with Sir Robert Howard, a younger son of the Earl of Berkshire, who was of a Royalist family, and had been constant to the royal cause. A complimentary poem addressed by Dryden to Sir Robert was prefixed to a volume of poems published by the latter soon after the Restoration. This shows that Dryden's praise was already regarded as having value ; his "Astræa Redux" had probably been already published. Howard's volume began with a Panegyric for the King, and ended with another for Monk. One of Shadwell's malicious taunts against Dryden in his reply to "The Medal" is that he lived at this period indelicately on Sir Robert Howard's bounty ; and he also taunts Dryden with being at this time a drudge for Herringman, who was his and Sir Robert Howard's publisher. Dryden was above actual want, but he doubtless increased by writing his small inherited income. Through life he wrote to increase his means, and to do this is no disgrace. According to the custom of the time, he might have received from Howard a present of money in return for his complimentary poem ; and the King and Clarendon doubtless rewarded his praises. Servility to those with whom he lived was no part of Dryden's character ; independence and pride were strangely mixed with his tendency to flattery in writing, and often spoilt his eager pursuit of his own interest. He regarded himself as

the social equal of Sir Robert Howard, held up his head before him, and some years later in a literary controversy treated him with asperity and some disdain. He had in the meantime become the husband of Sir Robert Howard's sister.

Dryden was married to Lady Elizabeth Howard in St. Swithin's Church, London, on the 1st of December, 1663. The marriage was by licence, and it is expressly mentioned that it was with the consent of the lady's father, the Earl of Berkshire, though, as she was twenty-five years of age, the father's consent was not necessary. Dryden is described in the entry in the register as of the parish of St. Clement Danes: the lady is described as of the parish of St. Martin's, in which was Berkshire House. The express mention of the father's consent disproves any inference from the celebration of the marriage in the church of a parish to which neither bride nor bridegroom belonged that it was clandestine. The marriage, however, probably took place under circumstances not happy and auspicious. There are many broad insinuations in the printed productions of Dryden's many assailants against the purity of his wife's character before her marriage: and one distinctly taunts him with having been hectored into marriage by the lady's brothers in order to save her character. A letter, which time has revealed, written by Dryden's wife before her marriage to a licentious young nobleman, the second Earl of Chesterfield, places it beyond reasonable doubt that she had an intrigue with him before her marriage.* It is hardly likely that, if her character had been unsullied, she would have married Dryden, who, though of good family, was poor, and living by his pen. There is no doubt that they were an ill-assorted pair, and that the marriage was unhappy. The wife's temper was fitful and violent; and her latter years were clouded with insanity. She was not a congenial companion by intellect for Dryden. It is difficult in such cases to distinguish entirely cause and effect, or to determine accurately the faults of both sides. A wife of softer temper and more sympathizing mind might have saved the poet from seeking, after daily literary labour, pleasure and excitement beyond his home, and might have refined and purified his character. On the other hand, a better man, or one of another temperament, might have raised the wife and made her happier. Dryden was a libertine. A beautiful actress, Ann Reeve, was notoriously for many years his mistress. The husband and wife had one strong tie in a merit common to both, love of their children. Dryden's letters give striking proofs of his warm self-denying affection for his sons, and there are two extant letters of Lady Elizabeth showing deficient cultivation, but charming in their artless manifestation of maternal tenderness and care.

Dryden gained some addition to his means by this marriage. In his dedication

* Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, 1829, p. 95. This Earl of Chesterfield was many years afterwards a patron of Dryden, and the Georgics were dedicated to him in the Translation of Virgil. The same volume of Letters added two letters of Dryden on the subject of this dedication to the scanty stock of published Dryden letters.

of the play "Cleomenes" to Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, in 1692, he says that he held some property under this nobleman in Wiltshire: this would doubtless have been acquired through his marriage, Lord Berkshire's chief possessions being in Wiltshire. Pope told Spence that Dryden left a family estate of about £120 a year; and there are other statements in accord with that ascribed to Pope. It appears from official documents preserved in the Record Office that, in consideration of her father's services, Lady Elizabeth had received in 1662 a warrant for a grant of £3,000 from the Excise, to be paid in quarterly instalments of £250, and that she had made this over, in May 1663, to her father, in exchange for another sum of £3,000, portion of a grant of £8,000 made to him by the King. This sum of £3,000 was still due from the King in August 1666: but it may be presumed that it was ultimately paid, and added to Dryden's fortune; and property in Wiltshire may have been purchased with it.*

An entry in the Diary of Samuel Pepys of February 3, 1664, just two months after the marriage, shows that Dryden had already acquired the fame of a poet. Pepys saw him that evening in the Coffee House at Covent Garden, which came to be known as Will's, and which he frequented till death, having been then for many years its presiding spirit. "In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee House there, where I never was before; where Dryden, the poet I knew at Cambridge, and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our College [Magdalen]. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither; for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse." As far back as November 1662, Dryden had been elected a Fellow of the newly-instituted Royal Society; an honour which he probably owed immediately to his poem addressed to Dr. Charleton on his work on Stonehenge, published in 1662, in which he had reviewed English discoveries in science and lauded their authors. Of science Dryden had no accurate knowledge, and his election to the Royal Society was rather a mark of social position and general reputation. He was already a writer of plays, and had produced two on the stage, though without marked success, before his marriage.

On the revival of theatrical representations at the Restoration, Charles the Second, acting under the advice of Clarendon, gave permission for only two theatres, which were called the King's Theatre and the Duke's, the latter in honour of the Duke of York. The King's Theatre was under the direction of Thomas Killigrew, a favourite court-wit and a writer of plays; the Duke's was under Sir William Davenant, the poet-laureate. Dryden's first play, "The Wild Gallant," a comedy, was brought out in February 1663, by the King's Company, who were then acting in Vere Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, waiting for the completion of a better house in Drury Lane, to which they moved in

* Calendars of State Papers (Domestic), 1661-2 and 1665-6, by Mrs. Everett Green: Feb. 27, March 28, and May 7, 1662; June 25, Aug. 22 and 29, 1666.

April 1663. Dryden's first play was a decided failure. Pepys saw it acted on February 23, and recorded in his Diary that "it was ill acted, and the play so poor a thing as ever I saw in my life." He mentions that the King was present that night, and says that "the King did not seem pleased at all the whole play, nor anybody else." Dryden himself acknowledges the failure in his Preface to the play, when he published it some years after, in 1669; but the King comforted him by ordering the play to be acted at Court more than once; and some verses addressed by Dryden to Lady Castlemaine, "upon her encouraging his first play," show that it found favour with the King's then ruling mistress. Not daunted by his first failure, Dryden produced before the end of 1663, at the King's Theatre, a second play, "The Rival Ladies," a tragi-comedy. This had some success, and it continued to be acted for some time. Pepys saw it on August 4, 1664; "a very innocent and most pretty witty play," he says, "I was much pleased with it." Two years after, he read it one day, as he walked to Woolwich from London, July 18, 1666, and found it "a most pleasant and fine-writ play." The tragic scenes were written in rhyme, and Dryden took occasion in a dedication to the Earl of Orrery, when he published the play in 1664, to argue for rhyme in tragedy in preference to blank verse. He was following in the footsteps of Orrery himself in using rhymed verse for tragedy, and was also gratifying the King's declared taste. He conformed himself also to the taste of Charles in borrowing plots for his first two plays from the Spanish. His first plays pandered to low tastes by coarse language and indecent ideas; and in this respect Dryden continued as he began, showing not only in his comedies, but in other works, as in Translations, and even in his latest Fables from Chaucer and Boccaccio, a prurient love of the indecent, which is a blot on his character and tarnishes his fame.

Dryden, next, assisted Sir Robert Howard in the composition of his tragedy, "The Indian Queen," which was produced with great splendour of costume and scenery at the King's Theatre in January 1664, and was a very great success. Pepys and Evelyn both record the success of the play. The former thought "the play good, but spoiled with the rhyme, which breaks the sense;" the "show" was "most pleasant," and surpassed high expectations. Evelyn thought the play "well-written," and "beautiful with rich scenes, as the like had never been seen here, or haply, except rarely, elsewhere on a mercenary theatre."* How much of "The Indian Queen" was written by Dryden is not known: he says, in an advertisement of his own sequel-tragedy "The Indian Emperor," that he wrote part of it. But the play was doubtless much more Howard's than Dryden's. This joint labour would have been just before Dryden's marriage with Howard's sister. The subject of "The Indian Queen" had been Montezuma acquiring

* Pepys, Jan. 27 and Feb. 10, 1663-4; Evelyn, Feb. 5, 1663-4.

the throne of Mexico. In "The Indian Emperor" Dryden's subject was the conquest of Mexico and dethronement of Montezuma by the Spaniards. "The Indian Emperor" was brought out at the King's Theatre in the early part of 1665; the fine scenes and dresses of "The Indian Queen" reappeared. As Dryden said in the Prologue,

> "The scenes are old, the habits are the same
> We wore last year, before the Spaniards came."

"The Indian Emperor" succeeded on the stage, and Dryden had now obtained a firm footing as a dramatic author. The author's profits from the acting of a play were derived from the third night's representation, which custom appropriated for his benefit. A successful third night might bring Dryden at this time forty or fifty guineas: the publisher's payment for copyright and the pecuniary reward for a dedication were additional profits, which, later, were valuable to Dryden. As yet, of the three plays which he had produced, he had published only "The Rival Ladies," dedicated to Lord Orrery. "The Indian Emperor" was published in 1667, with a dedication to the young Duchess of Monmouth, and "The Wild Gallant" was not published till 1669.

The great Plague which visited England in 1665 closed the play-houses, and interrupted for a time Dryden's career of play-writing. The plague had hardly ceased when, in September 1666, London was ravaged by the great Fire, and through these two calamities there were no dramatic representations in London from May 1665 till very near the close of the year 1666. During the greater part of this long period Dryden seems to have lived at his father-in-law Lord Berkshire's seat at Charlton in Wiltshire. He composed during this time the poem of "Annus Mirabilis,"—the year 1666 of Dutch war, plague, and fire: the Preface to which, dated from Charlton, November 10, 1666, was addressed to Sir Robert Howard, with many friendly compliments. "You have not only been careful of my fortune," he says, "which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater in the correction of a poem." The play which Howard had perused was probably the comedy of "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," which was brought out with great success soon after the re-opening of the theatres. Another work which employed Dryden, during his residence in the country in 1666, was his "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," which he published in 1668, and which led to a controversy with Sir Robert Howard, and to an interruption, probably however not very long, of his friendship with his brother-in-law. The subject of dispute was the comparative merits of rhyme and blank verse in tragedies; Howard, though he had written rhymed heroic plays, tartly criticised Dryden's doctrine in the Preface to his play of "The Duke of Lerma," published in 1668; and Dryden sharply rejoined in "A Defence of

the Essay of Dramatic Poesy" prefixed to a second edition of "The Indian Emperor." The pieces of this controversy may yet be read with interest, especially Dryden's larger portion: the quarrel, on which biographers have much dwelt, has probably been exaggerated. There is incontrovertible proof in Dryden's letters of the last years of his life, that he and Sir Robert Howard were on terms of intimacy and affection, and that Howard was kind and generous to him.

Dryden's eldest son, Charles, was born at Charlton in 1665 or 1666.

The "Annus Mirabilis," published in the beginning of 1667, added considerably to Dryden's fame. It was the longest and most elaborate poem which he had yet produced. In this poem he returned to the quatrain stanzas which he had used in his poem in praise of Cromwell, and to which the ear of the poetry-reading public was familiarized by the "Gondibert" of Davenant. The difficult stanza is managed by Dryden with skill, and he shows in this poem his mastery of the English language. The Dutch war and the deeds of the English navy were subjects of thrilling interest at the moment; his description of the Fire of London contains some fine poetry. The poem has many passages of thought, tenderness, and dignity, which greatly predominate over occasional disfigurements of extravagance and bathos. Pepys, who generally reflected the public opinion, says of this poem, which he bought and read on February 2, 1667: "I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's, upon the present war; a very good poem."

Dryden's comedy of "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," was brought out at the King's Theatre in March 1667, and was a great success. Nell Gwyn, who had lately begun as an actress, enchanted the audience in the part of Florimel. Pepys went with his wife to see the play on March 2, the first night: the King and the Duke of York were present: "The play," says Pepys, "was mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit;" and of Nell Gwyn's acting he says, "I never can hope to see the like done again by man or woman." He records a second and a third visit to the play within the month, and each time renews in the same strain his praises both of the play and of Nell Gwyn's acting. The play was published in the following year with a courtly Preface, which was and was not a dedication to the King: modesty prevented such a dedication; but the play "having been owned in so particular a manner by his majesty that he has graced it with the title of his play," Dryden announced that "after this glory which it has received from a sovereign prince," he could not "send it to seek protection from any subject." Dryden now revived his first play, "The Wild Gallant," and his established fame probably helped to give it more success. In the autumn of 1667 "Sir Martin Mar-all," a comedy, was brought out at the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The belief at the time was that this play, an obvious adaptation of Molière's "L'Etourdi," had been reconstructed and made his own by Dryden from a translation of Moliere's play by the Duke

of Newcastle. The play was, however, called the Duke of Newcastle's, and it was published in the following year without author's name: but, later, Dryden announced it without dispute as one of his own plays. Pepys speaks of it, August 16, 1667, as "a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden." It was a very successful comedy: "I never laughed so in all my life," says Pepys, "and at very good wit therein, not fooling; the house full, and in all things of mighty content to me." A joint work of Dryden and Davenant, "The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island," a comedy, an alteration of Shakespeare's "Tempest," was produced at the Duke's Theatre in November 1667. Davenant died before the publication of this piece in 1670, when it appeared with a preface by Dryden, in which he speaks of Davenant as having venerated Shakespeare, and having first taught himself to admire him. Sir Walter Scott thinks that Dryden had little more to do with this alteration of Shakespeare than to adapt Davenant's work to the stage: but Dryden's preface would rather seem to mean that the plan was Davenant's, and the writing chiefly his own. The new "Tempest" can only be pronounced a debasement of Shakespeare's play to please an ill-judging audience. But Dryden himself duly valued the genius of Shakespeare, and knew his own inferiority. The plays of Shakespeare were then neglected at the theatres; Ben Jonson was a greater favourite. Dryden endeavoured persistently to amend the popular judgment in this respect: he had already in his "Essay of Dramatic Poesy" published that eulogium on Shakespeare of which Johnson has said that it "may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism, exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration." The altered "Tempest" now appeared on the stage with a Prologue from Dryden's pen, containing a fine and nobly written tribute to the genius of Shakespeare. It is in this Prologue that the often-quoted lines occur,—

> "But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
> Within that circle none durst walk but he."

It was probably after the production of "The Tempest" at the Duke's Theatre, where Davenant presided, that Dryden became a retained writer under contract for the King's Theatre, at which all his own unassisted plays had hitherto appeared, and in fact a partner in the Company. Our information as to this contract is derived from a memorial of complaint against Dryden by his partners, addressed, it is presumed, to the Lord Chamberlain, when Dryden and Lee's play of "Œdipus" was about to be brought out at the Duke's Theatre some ten years later.* It is distinctly stated in this memorial that Dryden con-

* A further proof of this partnership is furnished by a document published by Mr. J. Payne Collier in 1849 in the Shakespeare Society's Papers, vol. iv. p. 147. It is an agreement by the partners, of whom Dryden appears as one among ten, to repay a sum of money lent by one Nicholas Burt for the building of the new theatre, after the destruction of the old one by fire in January 1672. Mr. Collier, in his paper, which is called "Dryden, Killigrew, and the first

tracted to write three plays a year for the King's Theatre, in consideration of receiving a share and a quarter of the profits of the theatre, which were divided into twelve shares and three quarters, and that he received his share of the profits regularly, amounting for some years to £300 or £400 on an average, though he did not fulfil his part of the contract: and so far from writing three plays in a year, not always one. The £300 or £400 a year of profit to Dryden would be up to the burning of the theatre in January 1672; after that event the memorial proceeds to state that the company incurred great debts in building a new house, "so that the shares fell much short of what they were formerly." "Thereupon," say the memorialists, "Mr. Dryden complaining to the company of his want of profit, the company was so kind to him, that they not only did not press him for the plays which he so engaged to write for them, and for which he was paid beforehand, but they did also at his earnest request give him a third day for his last new play, called 'All for Love;' and at the receipt of the money of the said third day, he acknowledged it as a gift and a particular kindness of the company." "All for Love" was brought out in the beginning of 1678. The complaint against Dryden was that he gave the play of "Œdipus" to the Duke's Company. The statement of the memorialists that Dryden did not always produce one play a year, though he had bound himself to produce three, is strictly true. During the ten years, from the end of 1667 to the beginning of 1678, he produced but ten plays: "All for Love" being counted in the number, and the two parts of "The Conquest of Granada" as two separate plays; and an unfortunate production, "Ladies à la Mode," which did not survive the first night and was never printed, being also counted. In undertaking to write three plays a year, Dryden had promised what was impossible; less than one a year might have been better for his reputation. But it is interesting to know that for four years from the end of 1667 Dryden received £300 or £400 from the King's Company, and for six years more, till the beginning of 1678, a diminished income from the same quarter, which would probably not have been less than £200 a year. The expense of building the new theatre, which was opened in March 1674, is stated to have been £4,000; of which Dryden probably would have had to pay about £400, he having one share and a quarter of the profits out of twelve shares and three quarters.

Company which acted at Drury Lane Theatre," said that he possessed several Prologues and Epilogues by Dryden, some in print and others in manuscript, which had never been inserted in any collection of Dryden's works, and promised to copy them out for the Shakespeare Society's next volume. But these promised new Prologues and Epilogues never appeared. Mr. Collier furnished Mr. R. Bell, for his edition of Dryden's Poems of 1854, with a printed copy of the Second Epilogue to "The Duke of Guise" (see p. 461 of this volume), which had not been printed by Scott. There is a printed copy of this in the British Museum Library. I applied to Mr. J. Payne Collier for information as to other Prologues and Epilogues, and conclude from his reply to me that his statement of 1849 was a mistake, except only as regards the second Prologue for "The Duke of Guise."

The first play written for the King's Theatre under the contract was "An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer," a comedy adapted from "Le Feint Astrologue" of the younger Corneille. This was brought out in June 1668, and was not very successful. Pepys did not like it, nor did his wife: the Secretary to the Admiralty thought it "very smutty, and nothing so good as 'The Maiden Queen' or 'The Indian Emperor' of Dryden's making." Herringman the publisher told Pepys that Dryden himself called it "but a fifth-rate play." The play was dedicated in the usual strain of adulation to the Duke of Newcastle.

On the 19th of June, 1668, the same day on which Pepys mentions that his wife went to the theatre and "saw the new play 'Evening Love' of Dryden's, which, though the world commends, she likes not," Evelyn enters the following in his Diary: "To a new play with several of my relatives, 'The Evening Love,' a foolish plot and very profane; it afflicted me to see how the stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious times." Pepys mentions another play by Dryden, a translation from the French, called "Ladies à la Mode," about which there is no other information, produced at the King's Theatre in September 1668, and entirely condemned on the first and only representation. "So mean a thing," says Pepys, "as when they came to say it would be acted again to-morrow, both he that said it, Beeson, and the pit fell a laughing, there being this day not a quarter of the pit full." The play never appeared again, and this is the only known notice of it. We lose henceforth the advantage of Mr. Pepys's notices of Dryden's plays: his valuable Diary ends with May 1669.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Dryden in June 1668, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on a letter of recommendation from the King.

"Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr," a tragedy, and "Almanzor and Almahide, or the Conquest of Granada," another tragedy, in two parts, each part being a separate play, were Dryden's dramatic productions of 1669 and 1670, under his agreement with the King's Theatre. Nell Gwyn, who had now become the King's mistress, had a prominent part in all three plays. It was necessary to delay the bringing out of the first part of "The Conquest of Granada" until after her confinement in May 1670, when she presented Charles with a son, who was in due time made Duke of St. Alban's. The cause of delay is alluded to in Dryden's Epilogue:

> "And pity us, your servants, to whose cost,
> In one such sickness nine whole months are lost."

There is a story that Charles became enamoured of Nell Gwyn a year before, when he saw her as Valeria, in "Tyrannic Love;" and the time of the birth of the Duke of St. Alban's supports the story. These heroic tragedies, full of beauties as well as faults, greatly raised Dryden's fame. The Maximin of "Tyrannic Love" and the Almanzor of "The Conquest of Granada" are tragedy-heroes, whose

heroism too often runs riot in rant; and Dryden himself acknowledged, eleven years later, in his Dedication of "The Spanish Friar," that some of the verses which he had put into their mouths cried shame on him for their extravagance, and that he would gladly see them burnt. But these extravagances aided success on the stage; and the stilted heroic tragedies were a ruling passion, to which Dryden conformed, and which he in turn strengthened. "Tyrannic Love" was published in 1670, with a dedication of the usual sort to the Duke of Monmouth, and the two parts of "The Conquest of Granada" in 1672, with another equally flattering dedication to the Duke of York. To "The Conquest of Granada" was prefixed an Essay on heroic plays, another defence of rhymes in tragedy; and there was annexed to the publication an Essay on the dramatic poets of the last age, being a defence of his Epilogue to the Second Part, in which he had claimed superiority for the dramatic writers of the time over Ben Jonson and others of the preceding age. This Epilogue had exposed him to much attack. In his defence of the Epilogue, Dryden addresses himself principally to criticism of the language of Jonson; he had a hard task in defending himself, and his criticism is almost entirely word-picking, while his own writings furnish examples of almost all the faults which he charges against Jonson.

In August 1670 Dryden received the two appointments of Poet-Laureate and Historiographer Royal. The first had become vacant by the death of his friend, Sir William Davenant, in April 1668; and the other had been vacant since the death of James Howell in 1666. These two appointments were now joined in one patent, which conferred a salary of £200 a year, with a butt of canary wine every year from the King's cellars. The salary was to be paid to Dryden from Midsummer-day, 1668, the next quarter-day after Davenant's death, so that he was to begin by receiving £400 of arrears. Malone and other biographers have discussed probabilities as to which of his numerous noble friends and patrons would most have helped to gain him this appointment. He could have had no want of powerful recommendations at Court: but it may be presumed that the fame which he had acquired, and the King's enjoyment of his plays, were his best helps. It may be judged from passages in Dryden's writings that Sir Thomas Clifford, now Treasurer of the Household, who in 1673 became Lord Clifford and Lord Treasurer, and the Duchess of Monmouth, were two of his earliest zealous advocates; and he had at this time the friendship of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, a literary arbiter and a favourite of Charles.

The death of Dryden's mother in 1670 added £20 to his income from the property in Northamptonshire. The question of Dryden's pecuniary means is important in his life: and it may now be estimated that his hereditary fortune, whatever he may have acquired by his marriage, his profits from the theatre, from publication of his plays, and from dedications, and the salary of his new appointments, made up an income of £700 a year, more or less. But the salary was

irregularly paid, and we shall find that, in 1684, it was as much as four years in arrear. Between 1670 and 1679, but when is not known, the King granted Dryden an additional annuity of £100. Sir Walter Scott estimates that £700 a year in 1670 was "more adequate to procure all the comforts, and many of the luxuries, of life than thrice the amount" in the beginning of this century.

A memorable event in Dryden's literary life was the bringing out at the King's Theatre, in December 1671, of the Duke of Buckingham's farce "The Rehearsal," in which the heroic rhymed plays were ridiculed and Dryden caricatured. The poet Bayes of the farce was Dryden; his dress and manners were imitated, his favourite phrases freely used, and a number of passages of his plays parodied: Buckingham is said to have taken great pains with the actor, Lacey, to teach him how to recite certain passages.* "The Rehearsal" had been long in preparation, and Buckingham received assistance from others; the author of "Hudibras," Sprat, and Martin Clifford, master of the Charterhouse, are specially named as having share in the authorship. There appears to be little doubt that Bayes was in the first instance designed to represent Davenant, Dryden's predecessor as Laureate, who had died in 1668, and the character was transferred to Dryden, to whom the King had transferred the laurel. "The Rehearsal" had immense success, and "Bayes" was ever after Dryden's nickname. It is remarkable that Dryden, who later showed so much irritation and impetuosity under attacks, made no reply to Buckingham. But his adversary was at the time a man of great power, one of the King's chief ministers and strong in his personal favour: he had, indeed, been ostensibly chief minister for some short time after Clarendon's fall in 1667, and he was now, if not superior in place or influence to the others, one of the five prominent rulers of affairs who are known as the Cabal Ministry; Arlington, Lauderdale, Ashley, and Clifford being the four others. Clifford, who was at this moment an active Commissioner of the Treasury, and who in the following year became Lord Treasurer, was a friend and patron of Dryden. It is noteworthy that the farce in which Dryden was unsparingly ridiculed was brought out at the King's Theatre, in which Dryden had a share, and where his and other rhymed plays ridiculed had been represented. His own friend, Ann Reeve, acted the part of Amaryllis; and the farce contained satire on Dryden's amours, and on his intrigue with Ann Reeve herself. Dryden took credit to himself for politic forbearance, several years after, in his "Discourse on Satire" of 1693, prefixed to the Translations of Juvenal, and addressed to the Earl of Dorset. "I answered not 'The Rehearsal,'" he says, "because I knew that the author sat to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce; because, also, I knew that my betters were more concerned than I was in that satire; and lastly, because

* Spence's Anecdotes (Villiers, Duke of Buckingham), on the authority of Lockier, Dean of Peterborough.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about the town." Dean Lockier told Spence that "Dryden allowed 'The Rehearsal' to have a great many good strokes in it, though so severe (added he) upon myself; but I can't help saying, that Smith and Johnson are two of the coolest, most insignificant fellows I ever met with on the stage."

When in 1681 Buckingham was in political opposition to Charles and his Ministry, and his influence and reputation had much declined, Dryden took an ample revenge on his old antagonist by his finished and admirable sketch of him as Zimri in "Absalom and Achitophel." Dryden could even sometimes stoically speak of Mr. Bayes as if he were not himself the original, as in his Epilogue of 1678 to "All for Love; or the World Well Lost:"

> "For our poor wretch, he neither rails or prays,
> Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays;
> He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes."

The King's Theatre in Drury Lane was burnt down in January 1672; and now Dryden's income from the profits was diminished by the expenses consequent on this calamity. The company moved to the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, deserted shortly before by the Duke's Company, who had gone to a new house in Dorset Gardens. The representations were opened in Lincoln's Inn Fields on February 26, 1672, with a Prologue by Dryden, in which he foreshadowed a finer theatre arising from the fire, as London had sprung up more magnificent after the desolating fire of 1666:

> "But as our new-built city rises higher,
> So from old theatres may new aspire,
> Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire."

As a mode of eking out money, several representations were given in the Lincoln's Inn Fields house by the actresses alone; and Dryden's aid was invoked for a Prologue for the first of these performances. He provided also a new Prologue and Epilogue for his play of "The Maiden Queen, or Secret Love," which was among the plays acted by the ladies. The fire had probably stirred Dryden to more exertion: this year, 1672, two new plays of his were produced, both comedies,—"Marriage à la Mode," which was very successful, and "The Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery," which was a failure. In 1673 he produced the tragedy of "Amboyna, or the Cruelties of the Dutch to the English Merchants," a very inferior piece, hastily written for the occasion of the Dutch war, and designed to gratify and inflame the national animosity against the Dutch. There has been a general mistake among Dryden's editors and biographers of representing the Prologue and Epilogue to this play as principally made from a "Satire against the Dutch" alleged to have been composed by Dryden in 1662.

The fact is that the alleged Satire was made up from the Prologue and Epilogue to this play of 1673, by the publisher of the "State Poems," and first published by him in 1704, with the invention of its having been written in 1662. The style and tone of the Prologue and Epilogue are execrable. It is not to be forgotten that the now fierce abettor of this Dutch war, begun and carried on by the so-called Cabal Ministry, was a few years later as fierce a reviler of Shaftesbury for his share in promoting this very war. Both in "Absalom and Achitophel" and in "The Medal" is this war in alliance with France against Holland made a chief count of indictment against Shaftesbury by Dryden, who now, while the war was in progress, gloated over the French alliance against Holland, and prayed for degradation and ruin of the Dutch republic. These are the concluding lines of the Epilogue, chiming with Shaftesbury's "Delenda est Carthago" of the same year:

> "Yet is their empire no true growth, but humour,
> And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
> As Cato did his Afric fruits display,
> So we before your eyes their Indies lay:
> All loyal English will like him conclude,
> Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued."

The play of "Amboyna" was published immediately with a dedication to Lord Clifford, Shaftesbury's colleague, who had, however, by this time resigned his office of Lord Treasurer on the passing of the Test Act, but who had been notoriously more concerned in the rupture of the Triple Alliance and in the treaty with France than Shaftesbury; and Dryden wrote, amid much fulsome flattery, that Clifford had, both at home and abroad, made the King's greatness and the true interest of his country the standard and measure of all his actions. "Marriage à la Mode" and "The Coronation," both published also in 1673, were dedicated respectively to Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, and to Sir Charles Sedley; and in the latter dedication he took occasion to notice again, briefly and in general terms, but with biting contempt, those who had attacked him for his Epilogue to the Second Part of "The Conquest of Granada."

Dryden involved himself in 1673 in a literary controversy, to an account of which Dr. Johnson has given exaggerated importance and disproportionate space, with Elkanah Settle, an inferior poet and play-writer. Settle's play, "The Empress of Morocco" had had great success, and, patronized by the capricious Rochester, who had the ear of the King, had been often acted at Court; and Settle published this play in 1673 with many signs of inflated vanity, and with a dedication in which Dryden was disrespectfully spoken of. This led to the publication of a severe and malignant criticism, the joint work of Crowne, Shadwell, and Dryden. Crowne claims to have written three-fourths of this pamphlet, which Johnson treats as if it were almost entirely Dryden's. But Dryden had a part in it, and Settle retorted sharply on him, criticising the "Conquest of Granada." Settle

had by no means the worst of it in the pamphleteering fray, and Dryden gained no increase of reputation by his part in this controversy. Time has decisively settled the question of the relative merits of Dryden and Settle; but the author of "The Emperor of Morocco" then divided not unequally public favour and sympathy with the Laureate. Dennis, who was sixteen years old in 1673 and went up to Cambridge as a freshman in 1676, wrote in 1717 that he remembered Settle at the time of this controversy as a formidable rival to Dryden, and that not only London, but also the University of Cambridge, was much divided in opinion as to which was superior, and that in both places Settle was the favourite among the younger men.

A connexion of Dryden's literary life with Milton is more interesting. In 1674 Dryden published a piece which he called an Opera, but which, though doubtless intended for representation, was never brought on the stage, adapted from Milton's "Paradise Lost," and entitled "The State of Innocence." It is related by Aubrey that Dryden called on Milton to ask his permission to adapt his poem to a play in rhyme, and that Milton "received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tag his verses."* "Paradise Lost" had been published in 1669. Milton died shortly after the publication of "The State of Innocence," on November 8, 1674. "The State of Innocence" is said by Dryden to have been hastily written, and to have been finished in a month. It adds in itself nothing to Dryden's reputation; but it is gratifying to read his admiring language on Milton's poem, which he describes in the Preface as "being undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble, and sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced." It is not unlikely that there should be some foundation of truth in a long collection of stories by Richardson about the early reception of the "Paradise Lost;" and there is no reason why it should not be true that Dryden, not long after the publication of the "Paradise Lost," said to Lord Buckhurst, "This man cuts us all out and the ancients too."† Dryden was able to judge Milton, and we may believe his praise in this instance to be sincere. Milton, it is said, spoke of Dryden as a great rhymer, but no poet. But Dryden's fame was now great and general, while Milton was appreciated only by the wise and few. In this very year in which Dryden "tagged his verses" on "Paradise Lost," and in which Milton died, Evelyn, who never names Milton and loathed him as a rebel, records as a fact of importance a visit from Dryden: "Mr. Dryden, the famous poet and new laureate, came to visit me."‡

It may have arisen from a want of strength to resist flattery, however coarse, or it may have been the fault of the publisher, anxious to puff his verses and controlling Dryden, that some lines of fulsome praise by Lee, representing Dryden's

* Letters by Eminent Persons, &c. and Lives by John Aubrey, from the Bodleian Library, &c. (1813), vol. ii. p. 444.

† Richardson's Explanatory Notes and Remarks on Milton's "Paradise Lost," quoted by Malone in his Life, p. 113.

‡ Diary, June 27, 1674.

poem as an improvement on Milton, were prefixed to the publication. This is a specimen of Lee's eulogies:

> "To the dead bard your fame a little owes,
> For Milton did the wealthy mine disclose,
> And rudely cast what you could well dispose.
> He roughly drew on an old-fashioned ground
> A chaos; for no perfect world was found
> Till through the heap your mighty genius shined,
> He was the golden ore which you refined."

Dryden dedicated "The State of Innocence" to the Duke of York's second wife, Mary of Modena, married to the Duke of York the year before. This Dedication carries flattery and adulation to the highest height. Malone has cited a saying of Burke in conversation with himself about Dryden, that the hyperbolical praise of his dedications was the vice of the time and not of the man; that there was rivalry among literary dedicators as to which should go farthest in the most graceful way; and that Dryden sitting down to write a dedication might be compared to the archer described in "Hudibras" as drawing his arrow to the head, whether it be a swan or a goose that is levelled at.* But this is a lame excuse for Dryden's abject adulations and servile flatteries. His great powers of mind were ill-employed in these florid dedications, and that they brought him money made it worse. Lord Macaulay has justly argued that a high spirit cannot be predicated of one who long pursued a trade of mendicancy and adulation.

The new theatre to replace the old one burnt down two years before was opened in March 1674, and Dryden's pen furnished the Prologue and Epilogue for the occasion of the opening of the new house. It was not a magnificent new house, as he had foreshadowed, though it is said to have cost £4,000; and the present Prologue commended the modesty of "a plain-built house" as contrasted with the fine and gaudy new theatre of the Duke's Company in Dorset Gardens. But the site, Dryden urged, was more convenient for city folks, and he promised good plays as contrasted with machines and operas and shows of the other house. Dryden vividly, and perhaps with a poet's licence, describes the inconveniences of bad roads in a winter night beyond Drury Lane to Dorset Gardens, which were by the Thames east of the Temple:

> "Our house relieves the ladies from the frights
> Of ill-paved streets, and long dark winter nights,
> The Flanders horses from a cold bleak road,
> Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad."

In 1675 Dryden produced another tragedy, "Aurengzebe, or the Great Mogul." In the Prologue to this play he announced that he had "now another taste of wit, and was growing weary of his long-loved mistress, Rhyme." The dedication of the play when published, addressed to Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, explains

* Malone's Life, p. 245; and Prior's Life of Malone, p. 25

more clearly what Dryden meant by his Prologue. His mind was now set on the composition of an epic poem; he had already, by Mulgrave's good offices, conversed with the King and with the Duke of York on the subject; and he now publicly asked Mulgrave to remind the King of his design. Dryden's desire of course was that the King should do something for improving his means, so as to relieve him from the necessity of play-writing, and enable him to devote himself to an epic poem. The subject which he had at this time in his mind was the conquest of Spain by Edward the Black Prince: here he only describes it vaguely; but many years afterwards, in 1693, in his "Discourse on Satire," he specifies this as one of two subjects which he had thought of for an epic poem; the other being King Arthur conquering the Saxons. Some sentences of the Dedication of "Aurengzebe" to Lord Mulgrave may be fitly quoted for their biographical interest:

"I desire to be no longer the Sisyphus of the stage; to roll up a stone with endless labour, which, to follow the proverb, gathers no moss, and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought myself very fit for an employment where many of my predecessors have excelled me in all kinds; and some of my contemporaries, even in my own partial judgment, have outdone me in comedy. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and these too, considering my abilities, may be vain, that I may make the world some part of amends for many ill plays by an heroic poem. Your lordship has been long acquainted with my design: the subject of which you know is great, the story English, and neither too far distant from the present age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is, in my opinion, that I could not have wished a nobler occasion to do honour by it to my king, my country, and my friends; most of our ancient nobility being concerned in the action. And your lordship has one particular reason to promote this undertaking; because you were the first who gave me the opportunity of discovering it to his Majesty and his Royal Highness. They were then pleased both to commend the design, and to encourage it by their commands. But the unsettledness of my condition has hitherto put a stop to my thoughts concerning it. As I am no successor to Homer in his wit, so neither do I desire to be in his poverty. I can make no one go a begging at the Grecian doors while I sing the praises of their ancestors. The times of Virgil please me better, because he had an Augustus for his patron; and to draw the allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not want a Mecænas with him. It is for your lordship to stir up that remembrance in his Majesty, which his many avocations of business have caused him, I fear, to lay aside; and as himself and his royal brother are the heroes of the poem, to represent to them the images of their warlike predecessors: as Achilles is said to be roused to glory with the sight of the combat before the ships. For my own part, I am satisfied to have offered the design, and it may be to the advantage of my reputation to have it refused me."

This was the last of Dryden's rhymed heroic tragedies, for in his next play, a tragedy, "All for Love," which appeared after an interval of three years, he abandoned rhyme for blank verse. This last of Dryden's heroic plays is the best; and, like all his tragedies, it contains fine passages of poetry. The lines on human life, its vanities and disappointments, in one of Aurengzebe's speeches, were singled out by Johnson for admiration, and are well known. Not less beautiful is Aurengzebe's meditation on the trials and thanklessness of virtue on earth:

"How vain is virtue which directs our ways,
Through certain danger to uncertain praise!
Barren and airy name! thee Fortune flies,
With thy lean train, the pious and the wise.
Heaven takes thee at thy word without regard
And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.

> The world is made for the bold impious man,
> Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
> Justice to merit does weak aid afford,
> She trusts her balance and neglects her sword.
> Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;
> And while she long consults, the prize is gone."

There was now a long interval before another play by Dryden appeared, and there is no sign of other occupation of importance between the production of "Aurengzebe" in 1675 and that of "All for Love, or the World Well Lost," a tragedy on the theme of Antony and Cleopatra, which was brought out at the King's Theatre in the winter of 1677-8, probably in the beginning of 1678. The play of "All for Love" was greatly benefited by the time given to its composition, and Dryden was conscious of its superior merits. He had now abandoned rhyme, and he said in the Preface that, as he had taken his subject from Shakespeare, he had made it his great object to imitate his style: "In my style, I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare, which that I might perform freely, I have disencumbered myself from rhyme, not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose." He says of this, that it was "the only play written for himself, the rest were given to the people." The success of this play was very great. His fellow-beneficiaries of the King's Theatre gave him on this occasion, as a special favour, the profits of "the third day" of representation. The author of a play had ordinarily "the third day;" but Dryden being a sharer in the general profits of the theatre, was excluded by his engagement from this advantage. The conduct of the company in granting him "the third day" on this occasion was particularly generous, for, as has been already said, Dryden had never fulfilled his own engagement to furnish three plays a year, and had indeed, while always receiving his stipulated share of the profits, not produced more on the whole than one a year. It is set forth in his partners' memorial of complaint to the Lord Chamberlain made very shortly after, which has been already referred to, that this favour was granted to Dryden on a representation by him of the inconvenience he had suffered by the diminution of his profits. "The house being burnt," say the memorialists, "the company in building another contracted great debts, so that the shares fell much short of what they were formerly. Thereupon Mr. Dryden complaining to the company of his want of profit, the company was so kind to him that they not only did not press him for the plays which he is engaged to write for them, and for which he was paid before-hand, but they did also, at his earnest request, give him a third day for his last new play, called 'All for Love,' and at the receipt of the money of the said third day he acknowledged it as a gift, and a particular kindness of the company." But very soon after this act of generosity Dryden, greatly in arrears with the King's Theatre as to the plays he had promised, joined with Nathaniel Lee in

a new play, the "Œdipus," which was offered to the Duke's Company. The memorialists complain to the Lord Chamberlain of this ungrateful proceeding as an act of injustice to them, and they pray him either to compel Dryden to give the play to them or to compel the Duke's Company to grant them pecuniary compensation. "Œdipus" was brought out by the Duke's Company in Dorset Gardens, and there is no information that compensation was adjudged. Another play by Dryden, a comedy, "The Kind Keeper, or Limberham," was also produced about the same time at Dorset Gardens. Dryden had now clearly quarrelled with and left the King's Company. "Œdipus" had been a success, but "The Kind Keeper" gave great offence, and was acted only three times. In April 1679, "Troilus and Cressida, or Truth found too Late," an adaptation of Shakespeare's play, was brought out in Dorset Gardens. It took less time to adapt than to invent; and as with his other hasty adaptations from Shakespeare and Milton, "The Tempest" and "The State of Innocence," a marked inferiority to the greater poet's original is obvious. "Troilus and Cressida" was published in 1679, with an Essay on the grounds of criticism in tragedy by way of Preface. The Prologue, spoken by Betterton, who appeared as the ghost of Shakespeare, contained another fine homage in Dryden's best style to Shakespeare's genius:

> "Untaught, unpractised, in a barbarous age,
> I found not, but created first, the stage;
> And if I drained no Greek or Latin store,
> 'Twas that my own abundance gave me more."

"Troilus and Cressida" was dedicated to Robert, Earl of Sunderland, who had shortly before been made Secretary of State, and was in close friendship with the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was then in the ascendant with Charles. "All for Love" had been dedicated to Danby, who then was the powerful Lord Treasurer, soon to fall before the parliamentary opposition headed by Shaftesbury and Russell, and become an inmate of the Tower. "Limberham" was dedicated to Lord Vaughan. Of this play, which had been so badly received that after three nights it was withdrawn, Dryden says in the dedication that "it was intended for an honest satire against our crying sin of *keeping*." He attributes its bad reception to the enmity of those whose vice was exposed. "The crime," he says, "for which it suffered, was that which is objected against the satires of Juvenal and the epigrams of Catullus, that it expressed too much of the vice which it decried." It is to be inferred from Dryden's language that strong remonstrances from powerful friends of his own, probably from the highest-placed in the land, led him to withdraw this piece. Indelicacy of language alone would not have caused condemnation. Dryden states that in preparing the play for the press he had altered or omitted all passages which had offended his friends when it was acted: "for their authority," he proceeds, "is and shall be ever sacred to me, as much absent as present, and in all alterations of their fortune, who for those reasons have stopped its further

appearance on the theatre." He predicts that posterity will endorse his own opinion that "Limberham" was one of his best comedies. It is certainly one of the coarsest, and the acted play was probably worse in this respect than the published one.*

In the year 1679 Dryden separated himself, why it is not known, from his old publisher, Herringman, in whose house he is said by Shadwell to have lived when he first started in London, and began the connexion, which lasted till his death, with the famous Jacob Tonson, then a young and poor bookseller. "Troilus and Cressida" was published in 1679 by Tonson and Swalle: and there is a story, which may or may not be true, that Tonson, being unable to find twenty pounds for payment to Dryden for the copyright, obtained the money from his brother bookseller Swalle, on condition of giving him half the profits.

In December of the year 1679, Dryden was the victim of a savage and cowardly night attack in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, of which the instigator is believed to have been the poet and profligate John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who had been among Dryden's friends and patrons. The play of "Marriage à la Mode" was dedicated by Dryden in 1673 to Rochester with the usual profusion of flattery; and there is preserved a letter of Dryden to Rochester, written a short time after, warmly acknowledging patronage and bounty. Rochester was capricious, and in a few years there was ill-feeling between the two. Dryden is said to have resented Rochester's successive patronage of Settle, Crowne, and Otway, and his efforts to befriend them at Court; but in all the stories told relating to these three poets, and of slights or injuries to Dryden through favour to them, there is more of suspicion and conjecture than certain knowledge. What is more certain is, that Dryden formed, in or about the year 1673, an intimacy with the Earl of Mulgrave, another young noble poet, who had a desperate quarrel with Rochester. It is perhaps true that Mulgrave had some aid from Dryden for revising a poem, composed, it is said, in 1675, and circulated in manuscript in 1679, an "Essay on Satire," in which Rochester was severely treated. There is no doubt that Dryden was suspected of the authorship. The following passage of a letter from Rochester to his friend Henry Savile, Nov. 21, 1679, which was published with blanks for the names,† has always been understood to refer to Dryden and Mulgrave and to this poem: "I have sent you herewith a libel, in which my own share is not the least; the King having perused it is in no way dissatisfied with his. The author is apparent, Mr. Dryden, his patron my Lord Mulgrave having a panegyric in the midst." The panegyric on Mulgrave

* Malone mentions that he had seen in Lord Bolingbroke's study, after his death, a copy of "Limberham" corrected by Dryden, with exceptionable passages scratched through. (Life of Dryden, p. 118; and see Prior's Life of Malone, p. 364.)

† Published in 1697 in "Familiar Letters," vol. i. with Preface by T. Brown. The blanks are here filled up with the names, as has been commonly done by preceding biographers.

in the poem is extremely mild: the King and his mistresses are unsparingly assailed. Another passage of a letter of Rochester to Savile also refers, it may be taken for granted, to Dryden: "You wrote me word that I'm out of favour with a certain poet, whom I have admired* for the disproportion of him and his attributes. He is a rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be fond of a hog that could fiddle, or a singing owl. If he falls on me at the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him if you please, and leave the repartee to Black Will with a cudgel." This last remark strongly confirms the suspicion or belief that Rochester was instigator of the cowardly night attack on Dryden on the 18th of December, 1679. As the poet was returning to his residence in Long Acre that evening through Rose Street, Covent Garden, he was attacked and cudgelled by a party of ruffians, who escaped after perpetrating the assault. A reward of £50 was offered for the discovery of the offender, and, later, the same reward and a pardon were offered to the offender himself if he would make known the instigator. Neither offender nor instigator was discovered. It seems to have been always believed that Rochester was the instigator of this assault, and the "Essay on Satire" the cause of anger. Yet it is strange that Dryden should have been thought the author of the poem, for, dependent as he was on the favour of the King, and holding the offices of Poet-Laureate and Historiographer Royal, besides an annuity of £100 from the King, how could he have published abuse of Charles? How could he have allowed himself to risk, or lie even for only one day under, suspicion of the authorship of a poem in which the King is described, with his two mistresses, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, and Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, as "sauntering Charles between his beastly brace," and is taunted with being fooled by both?

> "Was ever prince by two at once misled,
> False, foolish, old, ill-natured, and ill-bred?"

Whatever may have been suspected at the time, there is no doubt that Mulgrave, and not Dryden, was the author of the "Essay on Satire." This, however, may be conceded, that Rochester is very likely to have suspected Dryden of complicity in the part of the satire affecting himself. Conscience might have generated such a suspicion, for he had severely criticised Dryden shortly before in his poem called "An Allusion to the Tenth Satire of Horace," published in 1678; and Dryden had shown himself stung by Rochester's attack by a reply, in his Preface to "All for Love," evidently intended for Rochester, though he was not named, and much more telling, because less personal, than the coarse lines of the "Essay on Satire."

The Rose Alley ambuscade should have excited universal indignation for

* *Admired*, wondered at.

the instigator, and sympathy with Dryden. The sufferer could not sustain dishonour by so cowardly an assault. The Rose Alley assault, however, was made a continual theme for ridicule and insult directed against Dryden by vulgar and bitter revilers. Mulgrave, afterwards speaking of Dryden in his "Art of Poetry," first published in 1682, referred to this disgraceful attack in the following lines :—

> "The Laureate here may justly claim our praise,
> Crowned by Mac Flecknoe with immortal bays;
> Though praised and punished for another's rhymes,
> His own deserve that glorious fate sometimes,
> Were he not forced to carry now dead weight
> Rid by some lumpish minister of state."

There was appended to these lines, slightly, but not materially, altered, in the edition of 1717, a note by Mulgrave, explaining the reference to the "Essay on Satire" for which, it is there said, "Mr. Dryden was both applauded and beaten, though not only innocent but ignorant of the whole matter."

Mulgrave's strong assertion of Dryden's innocence and ignorance should suffice to disconnect him with the authorship of the "Essay on Satire." Dryden said of himself, in his dedication to Mulgrave of "Aurengzebe," that he subsisted wholly by the King's bounty; and the courtly exaggeration of this statement does not destroy its substantial truth. He had now a pension of £100 a year dependent on the King's pleasure, in addition to his salary of £200 a year as Poet-laureate and Historiographer Royal. In what year subsequent to 1678, and under what circumstances, this additional pension was granted, is not known. The first indication of it is a Treasury order for payment of £25 to Dryden for the quarter ended January 5, 1679, "upon his pension of £100 per annum, which his Majesty is pleased to allow him by way of addition to the sum of £200 per annum by letters-patent previously granted to him."* There is another later proof of this pension in a Treasury warrant of May 6, 1684, for payment of a quarter of his salary, due as far back as Midsummer 1680, and also for payment, "by virtue of his Majesty's letters of privy seal directing an additional annuity of £100," of £25, a quarter of this annuity, due at Lady-day 1680.† It is possible that this additional pension may have been the result of Dryden's dedication to Mulgrave of his play of "Aurengzebe," published in 1676, in which he had proclaimed his desire to devote himself to the composition

* This piece of information has been contributed by Mr. Peter Cunningham, in one of his Notes to the Life of Dryden in his edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" (vol. i. p. 334). A payment of £50 "to John Dryden, poet-laureate, on his annuity due at Lady day, 1679," which appears in the volume of Secret Service Expenses of Charles II. and James II. published by the Camden Society, is probably a payment of half a year of the same pension, the Treasury order probably not having been otherwise honoured.

† This document was published by Mr. R. Bell in the Life prefixed to his edition of Dryden's Poems, 1854.

of a national epic poem, and his hopes of assistance from the King to enable him to fulfil his design.

But we learn from the Treasury warrant of May 1684, that in the year 1680 Dryden's salary and pension both fell into arrear, and that the arrears went on accumulating for four years. For present pecuniary aid therefore the pension would now have been useless, and Dryden's means from the end of 1679 till the summer of 1684, when there was a beginning of payment of four years' arrears, must have been sadly crippled. His contract with the King's Company no longer existed. He now depended on public favour for the profit of each separate play. The plays which he had produced since he left the King's Company in 1678 had not been successes: one, "Limberham," had brought him nothing, and "Troilus and Cressida" had not excited enthusiasm. It is stated, in a Life of Southerne,* that Dryden in no instance cleared more than a hundred pounds by a play, while the younger and less famous Southerne could clear seven hundred pounds. In 1680, Dryden appeared before the public for the first time as a translator of ancient poetry. A translation of the Epistles of Ovid appeared in this year, under his auspices: two of the Epistles were translated entirely by himself, and a third jointly by him and Lord Mulgrave; and Dryden wrote a Preface to the volume.

In 1681, Dryden produced at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens one of his most successful plays, "The Spanish Friar, or the Double Discovery." This was a biting satire on the Roman Catholic priesthood, and hit the popular feeling of the day. The ferment which the Popish Plot had excited in 1678 was still strong; the question of excluding the Duke of York from succession to the throne, because he was a Papist, was the great question of the day. In June 1680, Shaftesbury, Russell, and thirteen other noblemen and commoners of distinction, had presented an indictment against the Duke of York as a popish recusant in the King's Bench, and their proceeding had been defeated by the abrupt dismissal of the grand jury by the court. The Duke of York was residing, in forced absence from London, at Edinburgh. The "Spanish Friar" was probably written in 1680, and acted in the spring or summer of 1681. The published play was dedicated to Lord Haughton, eldest son of the Earl of Clare, Dryden saying that he recommended "a Protestant play to a Protestant patron." Scott has placed the date of representation in 1682, guided by a passage in the Prologue which he thought must have reference to the murder of Mr. Thynne of Longleat, in February 1682. But there is no necessity for understanding a reference to Mr. Thynne's murder in the lines on which Scott founds his chronology:

> "A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made
> To hire night murderers and make death a trade."

Dryden doubtless referred to the attack made on himself in Rose Alley in December

* Life prefixed to the collected edition of Southerne's Plays, 3 vols. 12mo. 1774.

1679, and he would also have had in his mind the attack on Sir John Coventry, instigated by Monmouth in December 1670. There is no doubt that "The Spanish Friar" appeared before the poem of "Absalom and Achitophel," published in November 1681. Here Dryden entered on a new field. Play-writing was now for a time abandoned, and would probably never have been resumed but for the crash which came to Dryden's fortunes in 1688 with the Revolution, after the author of "The Spanish Friar" had become a Roman Catholic, and his new religion combined with his political antecedents placed him beyond the pale of office and favour from William and Mary.

Twenty years had passed since the Restoration; and in eighteen years since Dryden's first comedy, "The Wild Gallant," had been produced with very indifferent success, he had brought out twenty-two plays.* This was not the whole of Dryden's literary work; but since "Annus Mirabilis," published in 1667, he had produced no poem of importance besides plays. He was not one who worked evenly and calmly; he wrote in excitement and finished under pressure: he laboured zealously but fitfully for each work he undertook, and he worked constantly for the means of meeting his expenses: this is a grinding condition of literary labour; and strife and enmity, for the last ten or twelve years, since he had become famous, had ever crowded round his path. Fame had made him companion of most of the wealthy and noble who pursued or loved literature; and society, which Dryden loved, consumed his time and increased the expenses which it was his daily anxiety to provide for. A very interesting letter, which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1745, written by one who states himself to be then in his eighty-seventh year, and who could recollect Dryden in the beginning of his literary career, gives us a vivid glimpse of him, probably between 1669 and 1673: "I remember plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have ate tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry Garden, when our author advanced to a sword and Chedreux wig."† The writer of this letter would have been ten years old in 1669, and fourteen in 1672. In the latter year Dryden had been already for two years poet-laureate. His dramatic reputation, which had been raised to a great height by "The Conquest of Granada," was maintained in this year, 1672, by his comedy of "Marriage à la Mode;" and another aged writer, in the same number of the

* In addition to these twenty-two plays, he was credited with one called "The Mistaken Husband," which he disowned. This play was published in 1675 by Bentley, a bookseller, with a statement that Dryden had revised the play and added a scene to it.

† Gentleman's Magazine, 1745, p. 99. This most interesting letter is signed W. G.: the author is not known. Lord Hailes thought the letter Southerne's (Prior's Life of Malone, p. 255). It would exactly suit Southerne's age: he was born in 1659, and he died in 1746, in his eighty-eighth year. But Southerne was born in Ireland and passed his youth there, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Malone therefore rejected the idea of Southerne's authorship. Still Southerne might, when a boy, have visited London; but, on the other hand, why should he have concealed his name? The poem in the same number of the Magazine, quoted from in the text, is signed S. G.: the poem and letter appear together.

"Gentleman's Magazine," recalls in verse the glories which he remembered of the stage in that year and the brilliant troop of actors and actresses who combined to make "Marriage à la Mode" a great success:

> "Cibber will smile applause; and think again
> Of Hart, of Mohun,* and all the female train,
> Coxe, Marshall, Dryden's Reeve, Bet Slade, and Charles's reign!"

The rhymed plays to which Dryden had so long devoted himself, and which themselves make but a small contribution to his celebrity, enabled him to perfect by practice that power of versification which soon shone out in "Absalom and Achitophel," "Religio Laici," and "The Hind and the Panther." He had been studying for the future as well as writing for the present. He mentions in his "Discourse on Satire," addressed to Lord Dorset in 1693, that a conversation with Sir George Mackenzie had led him about the year 1673 to a careful re-reading of English poets—Waller, Denham, Cowley, Milton, and Spenser, with a special view to the study of turns of word and thought. To the English language he had given particular attention: and he had had two designs, never fulfilled, one of an English Dictionary, on the plan of the French Dictionary of the Academy, in which he was to work with Lord Roscomon, and the other of an English Prosody. And latterly, as has been mentioned, he had wished, if only the King would make him independent of the necessity of writing for daily bread, to turn his practised powers and accumulated knowledge of his art to the preparation of a national epic.

At this point it may be mentioned that three sons had been born of Dryden's marriage. The eldest, Charles, born in 1665 or 1666, was now, in 1681, a King's scholar at Westminster: and his second son, John, born in 1667 or 1668, became a Westminster King's scholar in the following year, 1682. The third and youngest, Erasmus Henry, born in May 1669, and now twelve, entered the Charter-house as a scholar in February 1683. There was little pleasure for Dryden in his wife's society at home. Bitter sneers of married life abound in Dryden's plays to prove his own conjugal unhappiness: they cannot, under the circumstances, excite respect for him, and the discreditable licentiousness of much of his writing suggests blame for himself in connexion with his domestic discomfort.

1681—1688.

It may be regarded as one proof that Dryden, before the publication of "Absalom and Achitophel," was not identified in public opinion with the Tory party and with opposition to the Whig promoters of the Exclusion Bill, that, in a squib against Shaftesbury published very shortly before this great political satire appeared, he is made to figure in Shaftesbury's train, as poet-laureate to Shaftesbury, imagined

* *Mohun* pronounced as a monosyllable.

to have been elected King of Poland.* A further inference may be drawn from the appearance of Dryden's name in this connexion that, notwithstanding his possession of the office of poet-laureate, a belief existed that he was not on the best terms with the Court. "The Spanish Friar" must have displeased the Duke of York, and could not have been acceptable to the King, who had also privately adopted the Roman Catholic religion and been secretly zealous to establish it as the state religion. The inevitable tendency of that drama was to foment the feeling excited by the Popish Plot against the Roman Catholics, and anything which increased that feeling increased obloquy and danger for the Duke of York, to whom Charles was attached, and whose cause as regards the succession to the throne he warmly espoused. Dryden had wished doubtless to make a popular drama and extract profit from the anti-papist feeling. But he would certainly wish to be in favour with both the King and his brother, and his anxiety to serve and gratify them would now be even whetted by any untoward consequences of his "Protestant play." The general belief of Dryden's authorship of Mulgrave's "Essay on Satire" would have materially helped to create an idea which undoubtedly prevailed that Dryden was in opposition to the Court. His friend Mulgrave had lately had a difference with the King, and thought himself ill-treated: he at any rate had assailed the King with satire, and Dryden was probably hastily associated with Mulgrave's opposition on the strength only of their friendship. It is seen by some lines already quoted from Mulgrave's "Essay on Satire," published in 1682, that he himself, on the contrary, regarded Dryden about this time as spoilt by addiction to the Ministry. One of Dryden's bitter poetical assailants, the author of "The Laureat," says that his pension was at this period taken from him, and that therefore he went into opposition, satirized the King, and wrote "The Spanish Friar." The pension was not taken from him; but it was not paid at this time, through the shameful poverty of the Exchequer. This is how falsehood is generated. Dryden, having for some time past wished to give up play-writing and obtain the King's patronage and assistance for writing an epic poem, was now ready to gratify the King by turning his hand to political satire. It is said that the King himself suggested to Dryden the subject of Shaftesbury instigating Monmouth to aspire to the succession to the throne. Dryden went to Scripture for an allegory, and produced Shaftesbury as the cunning Achitophel and Monmouth as the misguided Absalom. It is idle in a piece of this sort to require entire correspondence in all the details of the allegory or a perfect plot. Dryden wanted only a shred of story whereby to evolve characters of the leading men of both parties; the story itself is of inferior consequence. Shaftesbury was the politician on whom he now concentrated his powers

* "A Modest Vindication of the Earl of Shaftesbury, in a Letter to a Friend, concerning his being elected King of Poland," printed in Somers Tracts, vol. vii.

of attack. There is no information of any personal quarrel to explain the fierceness of Dryden's onslaught on Shaftesbury; the poet was evidently bound to him by no tie of previous friendship or obligation, and there was therefore nothing to restrain him from the savage treatment which he knew would please the King, the Duke of York, and all the Tories, and which he administered without restraint of conscience, because it suited his prevailing purpose. Mr. Hallam, a great but fair admirer of Dryden, speaks of "his natural proneness to virulent ribaldry." There is positive untruth in some of his accusations against Shaftesbury, who, whatever may have been his faults, was never a venal politician, whose personal honour was never questioned, who, throughout his stormy career, retained the personal friendship of strong political opponents, and who was the intimate and respected friend of Locke and of Lord Russell. Dryden reviles Shaftesbury for political acts, for a share in which he had previously applauded Clifford. He reviles him for the Dutch war of 1673, which he himself had vehemently incited in a drama expressly written for the purpose. Nothing can be more objectionable and ribald than the reference in "Absalom and Achitophel" to Shaftesbury's undistinguished, but not unamiable son:

> "And all to leave what with his toil he won
> To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
> Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
> And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy."

Monmouth is treated tenderly by Dryden, because Charles in his heart loved him, and because Dryden was under personal obligations to him, and still more to the Duchess of Monmouth, who had been one of his earliest and most useful and constant friends. Buckingham, to whom Dryden owed a grudge, is introduced more prominently than would probably otherwise have been the case or than his present part in politics warranted. The sketch of him as Zimri is one of the most finished and happiest characters in the poem, and he is treated with mercy rather than severity. Dryden was not less skilful in praise than in satire: and some of his eulogistic sketches of friends among the supporters of the Court are very beautiful, especially the tribute to the memory of the Earl of Ossory, the Duke of Ormond's son. His friend Mulgrave was not forgotten:

> "Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
> Himself a Muse: in Sanhedrim's debate
> True to his prince, but not a slave of state."

This poem was published in November 1681, and probably on the 17th of November, just one week before Shaftesbury was indicted at the Old Bailey for high treason. He had been arrested on this charge, and committed a prisoner to the Tower on July 2, 1681. After much delay a bill of indictment against him was presented to the grand jury for the city of London on November 24. The time of publication of this elaborate attack on Shaftesbury was doubtless chosen

for strengthening public feeling against him on the eve of his trial, and increasing the chances of a verdict such as the King wished. The calculation was vain. The grand jury ignored or threw out the bill: their declaration of *Ignoramus* was received with tumultuous applause by the crowd in and around the court. But though the object of the poem was thus defeated, its success was otherwise very great. Brought out at a moment when political excitement connected with the subject was at its highest, it was eagerly bought by the friends of the Court: and it is needless to say that the favour which excitement and sympathy procured for it was increased by literary merits of the highest order. Dr. Johnson has related that he heard from his father, a bookseller, that he knew of no other instance of such a rapid sale except that of the narrative of Sacheverel's trial. The first edition having been rapidly sold, a second, carefully revised, and with some changes and additions, appeared in about a month. It is one among many proofs of the great effect produced by this brilliant poem that two Latin translations of it were published, one of them by the celebrated Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and the other by Dr. Coward, a physician, of Merton College, Oxford.

Together with several minor changes, the second edition of "Absalom and Achitophel" contained two additions of some importance. One of the added passages consists of four lines of tenderness for Monmouth:

> "But oh that yet he would repent and live!
> How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
> With how few tears a pardon might be won
> From nature pleading for a darling son!"

The other addition is more striking: it is an amplification of praise to Shaftesbury as a judge. The germ of a distinction between Shaftesbury as Lord Chancellor and Shaftesbury as a politician is to be found in the original poem:

> "Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
> With virtues only proper to the gown,
> Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
> From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
> David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
> And Heaven had wanted one immortal song."

Twelve lines were added to this passage in the second edition: it will suffice to quote the last six, which contain the praise:

> "Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
> The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
> In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
> With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean;
> Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
> Swift of dispatch and easy of access."

It is not easy to understand why Dryden should have inserted these lines of strong praise. Shaftesbury had been but for a short time Lord Chancellor, and there is no

reason to believe that in that character he displayed special merit or acquired special fame: he was not a lawyer bred: it may be safely assumed, however, that he was quick, vigorous, intelligent, and honest as a judge. Dryden's praise of Shaftesbury's judicial character would in itself be worth little, but it may be taken as a reflexion of general opinion. It may be that deference to general opinion produced this after-thought of eulogy. It is perhaps more likely that Shaftesbury's acquittal made Dryden disposed to do something to mollify and conciliate a foe who had not fallen to the ground as he expected. A very absurd story has been hatched and published to the effect that, between the appearance of the first and second editions of "Absalom and Achitophel," Shaftesbury, who was a governor of the Charterhouse, gave a nomination for admission to that foundation to one of Dryden's sons. It so happens that Dryden's third son, Erasmus, was admitted to the Charterhouse on the foundation more than a twelvemonth after, in February 1683, on the nomination of the King. It is another fact that a boy named Samuel Weaver was entered on Shaftesbury's nomination a few weeks before the first publication of the poem. These facts, discovered by the industry of Malone, and produced by him in answer to the absurd story, do not themselves make absolute disproof of it, for there might yet have been an exchange of nominations to suit the convenience of nominees, and young Dryden, though admitted a year after on the King's nomination, might really have benefited by the kindness of Shaftesbury at the time indicated. But if the story is not thus absolutely disproved, there is on the other hand not a tittle of evidence in proof of it: and it is outrageously improbable. How is it indeed possible that Shaftesbury should have offered a favour to Dryden, or that Dryden should have accepted one from Shaftesbury, immediately after so fierce and virulent an attack? Such a favour if conferred would necessarily have elicited a more emphatic and unambiguous return. As it is, in a few months Dryden went back to the charge against Shaftesbury, and attacked him in "The Medal" with even more malignant ribaldry and falsehood than appear in "Absalom and Achitophel."

Several answers to "Absalom and Achitophel" quickly came forth. One of the first was a poem by Dryden's old adversary, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whom he had so skilfully drawn as Zimri, under the title "Poetical Reflections on a late poem entitled Absalom and Achitophel, by a Person of Honour;" a very sorry performance. Samuel Pordage, an inferior dramatic writer, published a counter allegory, "Azaria and Hushai;" and Elkanah Settle, a former foe, published "Absalom Senior, or Achitophel Transposed, a poem." In the meantime Dryden launched his second satire against Shaftesbury, "The Medal." Shaftesbury's friends had struck a medal in honour of his acquittal, and this was the subject of Dryden's second poem. Spence tells a story that the King suggested the medal as a subject to Dryden: "One day, as the King was walking in the Mall, and talking with Dryden, he said, 'If I was a poet, and I think I am poor enough

to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject in the following manner.'" Spence, who tells this, proceeds to say that Dryden took the poem to the King as soon as it was written, and received a present of a hundred broad pieces. The story was told to Spence by a priest whom he often met at Pope's, and he says that Pope "seemed to confirm it." Pope at the same time told Spence that King Charles had obliged Dryden to put into verse the speech with which he had opened the Oxford Parliament, and to insert it at the end of "Absalom and Achitophel." There is no particular resemblance between the King's Oxford speech and that which Dryden puts into his mouth at the end of "Absalom and Achitophel;" and Spence's stories of Dryden are generally of doubtful value.

On the publication of "The Medal" controversy waxed hotter. Many new replies came forth from new and from old antagonists. All the replies need not be mentioned: among them were another poem by Pordage, "The Medal Reversed," "The Medal of John Bayes," by Shadwell, and "Dryden's Satire to his Muse," a poem which has been ascribed to Somers, the afterwards celebrated Lord Chancellor, then a young man beginning his profession. But there is neither internal probability nor evidence to support the story, which none would wish to be true, of Somers's authorship; and Pope has said that Somers told him that he had nothing to do with the poem.

All the replies to Dryden were virulently personal, and none more so than Shadwell's, which specially roused Dryden's ire. He now devoted a new satire to Shadwell. The title of this was "Mac Flecknoe, or a Satire on the True Blue Protestant Poet, T. S.;" it was published in October 1682. Contemptuous satire was never developed with greater power and finish than in this poem. By "Mac Flecknoe" is meant poetical son of Flecknoe, a voluminous writer of inferior poetry, and an eccentric man who had laid himself open to much ridicule, lately deceased:* and Dryden now proclaimed Shadwell as the heir of Flecknoe's throne of dulness. Shadwell and Dryden had formerly, and until comparatively lately, been friends: in 1676, Shadwell, in the Preface to his play, "The Humorists," had spoken of Dryden as his particular friend, and in the beginning of 1679 Dryden had written a prologue for Shadwell's play, "The True Widow." But they were now engaged on opposite sides in the fierce contention between Whigs and Tories, and Shadwell had come forth as the great hope of the Whigs to crush with personality

* Dryden went out of his way to speak of Flecknoe with great contempt and very offensively in his Dedication of "Limberham" to Lord Vaughan in 1678: Flecknoe was then alive. "I have seen an epistle of Flecknoe's to a nobleman, who was by some extraordinary chance a scholar; and you may please to take notice, by the way, how natural the connexion of thought betwixt a bad poet and Flecknoe," &c. Mr. Peter Cunningham thinks that Flecknoe was the author of a pamphlet by "R. F." in 1665 in defence of Sir Robert Howard against Dryden in the controversy about rhyme and blank verse, and that this would have been the cause of Dryden's grudge against him ("Gentleman's Magazine," December 1850, and Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," Cunningham's edition, i. 316). The pamphlet of R. F. on Sir R. Howard's side is doubtless the one read by Samuel Pepys and mentioned in his Diary, September 20, 1668.

the Tory author of "Absalom and Achitophel" and "The Medal." The title-page of "Mac Flecknoe" bore that it was by the author of "Absalom and Achitophel," so that there could be no doubt as to who wrote it. Yet Shadwell, who was deeply stung by the satire, ventured to state, in his Preface to his Translation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, published in 1687, that, when he taxed Dryden with the authorship, Dryden "denied it with all the execrations he could think of." It really does not seem possible that this assertion can be true.

About a month after the publication of "The Medal" there appeared a Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel," mainly the work of Nahum Tate, then a young man of thirty, who afterwards translated the Psalms in verse. He had much assistance from Dryden, who contributed some two hundred lines, and probably revised the whole and improved parts of Tate's work. Shadwell was here also fiercely caricatured by Dryden in his own portion of the poem, under the name of Og, and Settle was coupled with him under the name of Doeg:

> "Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse,
> Who by my Muse to all succeeding times
> Shall live, in spite of their own doggrel rhymes."

Pordage's father had been a clergyman, expelled from his living on charges of wild belief in visits from angels and devils; and he is contemptuously dismissed in a single line, as one on whom there is no need to dwell, and described as

> "Lame Mephibosheth, the wizard's son."

Though the Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel" was published after "Mac Flecknoe," Dryden's lines in the other poem were probably written before he honoured Shadwell with exclusive attention in "Mac Flecknoe." In twelve months Dryden had poured out like a torrent his four great satirical pieces. Admiration of their ability must not blind us to their faults of coarseness, virulence, and recklessness. Dryden wielded without conscience his great power of ridicule and invective. Even "Absalom and Achitophel," the most moderate and chastened of his satires, is marred by a low moral tone: it is always hate of an individual, and not love of virtue, which inspires his verse. We admire the strength of satire, but we cannot love the satirist.

Dryden appeared next in a new character, as a teacher of religion in verse. In the very same month in which the Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel" appeared, he published the poem "Religio Laici," the exposition of a layman's creed. The transition at that time from politics to theology was easy, for religion mingled in all the great political controversies of the day. Dryden appears in this poem as a reasonable and tolerant member of the Church of England: he was very soon to become suddenly a Roman Catholic. The poem is admirable, not only for its sensible sentiments, but for its clearness of reasoning and diction and

harmony of verse. The "Religio Laici" was addressed to a young friend, Henry Dickinson, on his translation from the French of Simon's "Critical History of the Old Testament:" and the poem was indeed the result of a reading of that work. As was often the case with Dryden, much of his learning and many of his opinions were probably acquired for the occasion.

The Prologue and Epilogue composed by Dryden for Southerne's first play, "The Loyal Brother," which was first acted in February 1682, mark the beginning of a friendship with the young dramatist which contributed much pleasure to Dryden's later life, and they are also connected with an interesting incident of literary history. The price of a prologue or epilogue written by Dryden is said to have been two guineas, till, on Southerne's applying to him for his aid, Dryden demanded three guineas, saying, "Not, young man, out of disrespect for you, but the players have had my goods too cheap." This is how Dr. Johnson tells the story: others have told it otherwise, making the rise either of four to six guineas, or of five to ten.* Southerne at the time of the production of "The Loyal Brother" was only twenty-three. Its success was very great, and Pope has celebrated him as

> "Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise
> The price of prologues and of plays."

Dryden had now for some time been in vogue as a prologue and epilogue writer; and during the year 1682 his prominence as a Tory author, not less than his poetical skill and reputation, had caused his selection to write prologues on the occasion of a visit of the King and Queen to the King's Theatre, on that of the first visit of the Duke of York to the Duke's Theatre after his return from his enforced residence in Scotland, and again on the Duchess's first visit to the same house. In November of this year the two rival companies of the King's and the Duke's Theatres found it for their common advantage to combine in one house: and Dryden wrote the prologue and epilogue for the first representation of the united companies in the King's House in Drury Lane.

This was a period of great mental activity with Dryden, in the excitement of success and fame. He turned politics to further account in joining with Nathaniel Lee to produce the play "The Duke of Guise," which was first acted in December 1682. Lee had before aided Dryden in the play of "Œdipus," and Dryden says that Lee now called on him for aid in return with "The Duke of Guise." Immediately after the Restoration, Dryden had projected and sketched a play on the subject of the Duke of Guise, applying the story of the French League to the British covenant and civil war: a closer parallel was now to be found in the opposition to Charles and James prosecuted by Shaftesbury and Monmouth and their party. Monmouth's return to England in 1679 in defiance of the King bore

* See Mr. P. Cunningham's note on Johnson ("Lives of the Poets," i. 300). Mr. Cunningham follows Malone and Scott in believing Johnson's to be the true version of the story.

resemblance to the entry of the Duke of Guise into Paris, which made part of the play. Was the parallel to be completed, and, as the Duke of Guise was assassinated, was Monmouth to come to a violent end? It may be understood that the King's love for Monmouth would naturally make him view with displeasure a parallel which might suggest Monmouth's assassination; and the representation of this play was in fact delayed for some months by the interposition of the Court. At last, after the King had given orders for Monmouth's arrest, it was permitted to be brought out on the stage. The public treated the play as a political manifesto, and Dryden was exposed to fresh fierce attacks from Whig writers. The play was published with a dedication to Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester: and Dryden also issued a long pamphlet in reply to his assailants, entitled "A Vindication of the Duke of Guise." He was very anxious, probably on account of the former friendship of Monmouth, to convince the public that he had had no political design in helping to write the play, that the scheme was in fact not his but Lee's, that his own connexion with the play was an accident, and his own part in it comparatively small.

Other works of more humble industry employed Dryden at this period of his most brilliant successes. In 1683 appeared the first volume of a new translation of Plutarch by several hands, to which Dryden contributed a Preface and a Life. Among the translators were Creech, Duke, Rymer, and Somers, the future Lord Chancellor. Dryden also translated, by order of the King, Maimbourg's "History of the League:" the translation was published in 1684. In the beginning of 1684, he published a volume of "Miscellanies," containing, with some of his already published pieces, greater and smaller, and with poems of other authors, some translations executed by himself from Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. Thus did Dryden labour in various ways for money. All his exertions were needed, for his salary and pension had now been for several years unpaid. An Exchequer warrant, dated May 6, 1684, proves that Dryden's salary had not then been paid since Lady-day 1680, nor his additional pension of £100 a year since January of the same year. The warrant was for payment of half a year's salary due at Midsummer 1680, and of a quarter's pension due Lady-day 1680. It may be presumed that this tardy payment of a trifling portion of a considerable debt was due to the friendly exertions of Hyde, Earl of Rochester, son of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, then first commissioner of the Treasury, and a consequence of an earnest appeal from Dryden, in a letter which is in print, and which was probably written in the latter part of 1683. The letter is without date:

"My Lord,—I know not whether my Lord Sunderland has interceded with your lordship for half a year of my salary: but I have two other advocates, my extreme wants even almost to arresting, and my ill health, which cannot be repaired without immediate retiring into the country. A quarter's allowance is but the Jesuit's powder to my disease: the fit will return a fortnight hence. If I durst, I would plead a little merit, and some hazards of my life from the common enemies; my refusing advantages offered by them, and neglecting my beneficial studies for the King's

service; but I only think I merit not to starve. I never applied myself to any interest contrary to your lordship's, and on some occasions, perhaps not known to you, have not been unserviceable to the memory and reputation of my lord your father. After this, my lord, my conscience assures me, I may write boldly, though I cannot speak to you. I have three sons growing to man's estate; I bred them all up to learning, beyond my fortune; but they are too hopeful to be neglected, though I want. Be pleased to look on me with an eye of compassion. Some small employment would render my condition easy. The King is not unsatisfied of me; the Duke has often promised me his assistance; and your lordship is the conduit through which they pass: either in the Customs, or the Appeals of the Excise, or some other way, means cannot be wanting, if you please to have the will. 'Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and starved Mr. Butler; but neither of them had the happiness to live till your lordship's ministry. In the meantime, be pleased to give me a gracious and speedy answer to my present request of half a year's pension for my necessities. I am going to write somewhat by his Majesty's command, and cannot stir into the country for my studies, till I secure my family from want. You have many petitions of this nature, and cannot satisfy all; but I hope from your goodness to be made an exception to your general rules, because I am with all sincerity

"Your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

"JOHN DRYDEN."

Such were Dryden's wants, through the poverty of the Exchequer and the neglect of the Government, at the time of his greatest industry in its service and of his highest fame. The supposition that the above letter was written in the autumn of 1683 is strengthened by the fact that Dryden was appointed, on December 17, 1683, Collector of the Customs in the port of London.* The emoluments of this appointment are not known, but they were very likely considerable. There appears to have been a small salary of £5 a year for collecting the duties on cloth; as in the Secret Service Expenses of Charles II. and James II., published by the Camden Society, there occurs the following entry: "To John Dryden, collector of the duties upon cloth in the port of London, for one year's salary, ended at Christmas 1685, £5." But fees or percentages would probably make the material emolument.

If the Exchequer warrant of May 1684 was now effective, Dryden obtained a miserable sum of £75, when the Government owed him some £1,200 more. It is probable, however, that this was only a first instalment of payment, and that all arrears were in time paid. In a dedication to Lord Rochester, in 1692, of his play "Cleomenes," Dryden says to him: "Your goodness has not been wanting to me during the reign of my two masters (Charles and James); and even from a bare treasury my success has been contrary to that of Mr. Cowley: and Gideon's fleece has then been moistened, when all the ground was dry about it."† Something

* This fact in Dryden's life was ascertained by Mr. Peter Cunningham, and first published in one of his valuable notes to Johnson's Life of Dryden in his edition of the "Lives of the Poets" (vol. i. p. 335). The letters-patent of December 17, 1683, and those renewing the appointment after the accession of James, February 20, 1686, were seen by Mr. Cunningham in the Audit Office.

† Cowley, in his "Complaint," had represented his Muse alone as neglected, when everything around prospered after the King's restoration:

"But then, alas! to thee alone,
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown.
For every tree and every herb around
With pearly dew was crowned,
And upon all the quickened ground
The fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry."

perhaps is to be put to the account of Dryden's inveterate habit of flattery: but yet it is probable that when James soon became king, if not before, Rochester, who was made Lord Treasurer after the accession of James, effected the payment of all the arrears.

Of Dryden's three sons referred to in his letters to Rochester as growing to man's estate, and as having been educated beyond his fortune, the eldest (now, in 1684, eighteen or nineteen) had entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in June of the previous year, a Westminster scholar, as his father had been before him; and some Latin verses addressed by him to Lord Roscomon on his "Essay of Translated Verse" were published in this year, in front of Lord Roscomon's poem, and side by side with English verses by the father. The second son, John, was still at Westminster, and was next year, 1685, elected to a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, of which he did not avail himself, probably on account of his father's soon after becoming a Roman Catholic. The youngest was at the Charterhouse, and was also elected next year to a scholarship for Oxford and Cambridge, of which, probably for the same reason, he did not avail himself.

Dryden published a second volume of Miscellanies under the title, "Sylvæ," in the beginning of 1685; and in this volume his eldest son, Charles, appeared as a contributor. This volume contained several new translations by Dryden from Virgil, Horace, Lucretius, and Theocritus.

Dryden had written an opera, "Albion and Albanius," in celebration of the success of Charles against the popular party and parliamentary opposition, and the opera had been several times privately rehearsed before the King, and he had also written a second opera, "King Arthur," as a sequel to "Albion and Albanius," and also intended for the glorification of Charles, when, on February 5, 1685, after a few days' illness, came the death of the King, and the crown passed to his brother James. The poet-laureate lost no time in producing an Ode to the Memory of Charles II.; "Threnodia Augustalis" is its title. This poem was published early in March. Its object was panegyric, and Dryden could always luxuriate in praise as easily as in vituperation. He who had so lately laid before Rochester the piteous tale of his poverty through the injustice of Charles's government, and prayed to be saved from that indifference to literature which had neglected Cowley and starved Butler, could now apostrophize Charles as "the great encourager of arts;" though it must be admitted that there is refinement of skill in the part of the poem which commemorates Charles's services to poetry. The Muses are described as returning with Charles from banishment, and prospering under him, though lightly fed:

> "So glorious did our Charles return;
> The officious Muses came along,
> A gay harmonious quire, like angels ever young;
> (The Muse that mourns him now his happy triumph sung.)

Even they could thrive in his auspicious reign;
And such a plenteous crop they bore,
Of purest and well-winnowed grain
As Britain never knew before;
Though little was their hire and light their gain,
Yet somewhat to their share he threw:
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,
Like birds of Paradise that lived on morning dew.
Oh never let their lays his name forget!
The pension of a Prince's praise is great."

The poem ended with a panegyric on the new sovereign. "Albion and Albanius" was now altered to meet the new circumstances, and an addition was made to it of praises of James. It was brought out on the stage on the 3d of June, 1685, four months after James's accession. There was a fatality against this opera; for, on the sixth night of its representation, London was alarmed by news of the landing of Monmouth at Lyme for rebellion; the theatre was suddenly emptied before the conclusion of the representation, and the opera was never reproduced. Great expense had been incurred on the scenery for bringing out this opera, and much loss was sustained by the Company. The opera had not been popular; the music, by Grabut, a Frenchman, the master of the King's band, and a favourite of Charles, was indifferent, and national jealousy was evoked by Dryden's preference of a Frenchman to Purcell and other English composers.

It was ascertained by Lord Macaulay that in the new patent issued after James's accession for Dryden's offices of poet-laureate and historiographer royal, the annual butt of canary was omitted as part of the laureate's emoluments; and it is to be presumed that this small economy was calculated. But the salary of the two offices remained the same, £200 a year. His office of Collector of Customs in London was renewed to him. On March 4, 1686, a year after James's accession, letters-patent were issued granting Dryden an additional pension of £100 a year, to begin from the beginning of the reign. This was of course a renewal of the pension of £100 a year which Dryden had been receiving for a considerable time from Charles; but it is not to be forgotten that the patent placed this annuity on a better footing. Dryden had in the meantime become a Roman Catholic. Two months before, rumours of this change had come to the ears of his acquaintance Evelyn, who made this entry in his Diary, January 19, 1686: "Dryden, the famous play-writer, and his two sons, and Mrs. Nelly (miss to the late king), were said to go to mass: such proselytes were no great loss to the Church."

Lord Macaulay has been the subject of disrespectful comment by recent biographers, because he has ascribed Dryden's change of religion to the pension of £100 a year granted by James.* The fact of Dryden's having been in receipt of a

* See Mr. R. Bell's Life prefixed to his edition of Dryden's Poems, 1854, and the Rev. R. Hooper's Life, prefixed to the new Aldine edition, 1866.

pension of like amount during Charles's reign, in addition to his salary, has been ascertained since Lord Macaulay wrote; and it may be freely admitted that Dryden did not become a Roman Catholic either to obtain a pension of a hundred pounds a year or because this pension had been granted to him. A hundred a year, even if it had been now granted for the first time, would probably not have been sufficient bait or reward to Dryden for changing his religion. But it is hard to believe that in this great change, coming so soon after James's accession, and so soon after his "Protestant play" of "The Spanish Friar," and his Protestant poem "Religio Laici," visions of greater worldly advantage did not influence Dryden. There was no surer way to James's favour than to become a Roman Catholic. He was bent on doing everything he could for that religion and its holders. Dryden's life was a perpetual struggle for income; and his character and career do not oppose the notion which the time of his conversion suggests, that his becoming a Roman Catholic was in great measure a movement of calculated expediency. His life and writings, neither before nor after his conversion, are those of a man strongly imbued with religion. Priests had been the constant theme of his satire, and but four years before, when the prevailing tide was against the Roman Catholics, he had held up the Roman Catholic priesthood to ridicule and obloquy on the stage. A little before he had deliberately published his "Religio Laici," a Church of England manifesto against both Popery and Protestant Dissent. And this is not a solitary instance of suspicious change. He had suddenly veered with the Restoration from Cromwell to the Stuarts. His virulent denunciations against Shaftesbury when persecuted by the Court are in flat contradiction of his praises of Shaftesbury's colleagues and policy when Shaftesbury was in power. Sir Walter Scott had endeavoured, before Lord Macaulay wrote, to prove Dryden's sincerity, and some of his arguments have been adopted without inquiry by others. "His wife," says Scott, "had for some time been a Catholic; and though she may be acquitted of any share in influencing his determination, yet her new faith necessarily brought into his family persons both able and disposed to do so." There is no authority whatever for Scott's statement that Dryden's wife was a Roman Catholic before him. Malone, who, with the characteristic spirit of Boswellian biography, chose to assert that the sincerity of Dryden's conversion could not be doubted, had said: "I suspect his wife, Lady Elizabeth, had long been a Papist; her brother Charles, the second Earl of Berkshire, who succeeded to the title in 1660, and was probably godfather to our poet's eldest son, certainly was one." But this Lord Berkshire had died in 1679, six years before Dryden's conversion. The suspicion of Malone as to the wife, resting on no firmer foundation than the conversion of her brother who had died six years before, is the sole foundation of Scott's assertion that Lady Elizabeth Dryden was a Roman Catholic before her husband. Scott goes on to say: "His eldest and best beloved son, Charles, is also said, though upon uncertain authority, to have been a Catholic before his father, and to have contributed to his change." The

"uncertain authority" referred to is certainly one of the worst possible, a line in an anonymous bitter lampoon of the time:

"One son turned me; I turned the other two."

Dryden's eldest son was at this time twenty years old at the very most, and an undergraduate at Cambridge. Is it probable that this young man should have converted his father to Popery? Setting aside the small question of the pension of a hundred a year, to which it is in any case unfortunate that Lord Macaulay should have narrowed the issue, I cannot but think that the brilliant and laborious historian has taken a substantially just view of Dryden's conversion, and that impartial admirers of Dryden's poetry must confess that there is more truth than exaggeration in Lord Macaulay's stinging sentences. "Dryden was poor and impatient of poverty. He knew little and cared little about religion. If any sentiment was deeply fixed in him, that sentiment was an aversion to priests of all persuasions, Levites, augurs, muftis, Roman Catholic divines, Presbyterian divines, divines of the Church of England. He was not naturally a man of high spirit: and his pursuits had been by no means such as are likely to give elevation or delicacy to his mind. He had during many years earned his daily bread by pandering to the vicious taste of the pit, and by grossly flattering rich and noble patrons. Self-respect and a fine sense of the becoming were not to be expected from one who had led a life of mendicancy and adulation. Finding that if he continued to call himself a Protestant his services would be overlooked, he declared himself a Papist."* But it is said that Dryden's thorough single-mindedness is further proved by his carrying all his sons with him into the Roman Catholic Church, and by his firm adherence to this religion after the Revolution, when it was an insuperable bar to preferment and royal favour. That Dryden's three sons, varying in age from twenty to sixteen, should have followed their father in his change of religion seems natural and likely: and it is, at any rate, difficult to understand how, if worldly advantage were any part of Dryden's motives, that would have made him less zealous to convert his children. As to his not recanting, two years hence, after all he had written in the short interval in defence and propagation of the creed which at the mature age of fifty-four he had adopted, when his new religion brought loss and injury instead of favour and gain, that can only show that he was not entirely callous to the world's opinion and dead to decency: and it is hard to believe that a reconversion under such circumstances could have benefited Dryden, or procured for him anything but scorn from William and his government.

The ready pen of the convert was quickly employed in the cause of his new religion. Jacob Tonson entered at Stationers' Hall on April 29, 1686, a notice of a translation of Varillas's History of Revolutions in Europe in matters of religion,

* Macaulay's "History of England," vol. ii. p. 199.

to be executed by Dryden by the King's command. The translation was never published, and Bishop Burnet, who was in controversy with Varillas, boasted that his published criticism on the work had led Dryden to relinquish his designed translation. Dryden was also employed by James to assist in writing a reply to Stillingfleet in defence of two papers which he had published immediately after his accession: one alleged to be by the late king, his brother, in advocacy of the Church of Rome, and the other by Anne, Duchess of York, his first wife, explaining the reasons of her becoming a Roman Catholic. Dryden's share in this defence brought him into angry controversy with Stillingfleet, who in a rejoinder treated "the new convert" with malicious severity. But Dryden's greatest effort in the cause of his new religion was in poetry. "The Hind and the Panther," the most brilliant perhaps of all Dryden's poems, and showing the greatest variety of power, in which the milk-white Hind, representing the Church of Rome, argues the cause of that Church with the spotted Panther, representing the Church of England, occupied Dryden during the greater part of the year 1686, and was published in April 1687. It is easy to ridicule the plan of this poem: the congruity of a theological dialogue between two quadrupeds will not bear serious discussion. But all the more admirable is the triumph of Dryden's art. Power of argument and beauty of language and verse are equally conspicuous in this fascinating poem. It is remarkable that there is a change in the tone towards Protestant Dissenters, as the poem approaches the conclusion, in sympathy with a change in James II.'s policy. James had begun with hopes of obtaining acquiescence of the Church of England in great advantages for the Roman Catholics, and with a desire to unite Church of England and Roman Catholics against Protestant Dissenters. This is the tone of the first part of "The Hind and the Panther," in which the Protestant sectaries are all disrespectfully treated. But as time went on, James, finding the Churchmen intractable, turned his efforts to conciliation of Dissenters, and to a general Indulgence. "The Hind and the Panther" was published just a week after the proclamation of James's famous Declaration of Indulgence, suspending all penal laws against nonconformists, and abrogating all Acts which imposed a religious test on holders of secular office. Dryden, who had come to know of the intention to issue the Declaration of Indulgence as he was completing the poem, endeavoured in the Third Part, and still more in the Preface, to retrieve himself, as towards the general body of Dissenters. There is a tradition that much of this poem was composed at Rushton in Northamptonshire, the old mansion of the Treshams; a walk in the grounds of that place is known as Dryden's walk, and is decorated with an urn inscribed to his memory.

Stillingfleet, between whom and Dryden hard words had passed in prose, was lightly touched in the Third Part of "The Hind and the Panther:" and in the same part a most severe castigation was administered to Burnet as the Buzzard. Burnet soon retaliated by speaking with contempt of the poem, and by denouncing

Dryden as one who had changed from no religion to one of the worst, and whose morals were so bad that it was scarce possible for him to grow worse. Later, in his History, Burnet has described Dryden as a dramatic poet in words of anger, which are not, however, void of truth, as one who had greatly helped to defile the stage, "being a monster of immodesty and impurity of all sorts."

The appearance of "The Hind and the Panther" was a signal for a new volley of attack on Dryden: and his recent conversion naturally increased the ire of his opponents, and gave them much assistance for assault. Of many replies which came forth one only has acquired fame. Two young men, destined to become afterwards distinguished in literature and politics, Charles Montagu, the future Earl of Halifax, and Matthew Prior, combined to make a burlesque on Dryden's poem, under the title of "The Hind and the Panther transversed to the story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse." "The Hind and the Panther" lent itself easily to parody. Bayes, Smith, and Johnson, of the "Rehearsal," reappeared in this truly witty performance of Dryden's two young friends, for the two young men were frequenters of Will's, where Dryden, sitting in his great chair, now almost a throne, had been kind to them: and it is said that Dryden felt much hurt by their ridicule, and spoke with tears in his eyes of their ingratitude.*

Another task executed by Dryden in the cause of his new religion was a translation of the Life of St. Francis Xavier, a Jesuit missionary and worker of miracles of the sixteenth century, whom the Roman Catholic Church had made a saint. In dedicating this work to the Queen, Dryden seriously announced that this saint had been chosen by her majesty for one of her patrons, that her prayers to him had not been unprofitable, and that the nation might expect a son and heir for James through these prayers. When the Queen gave birth to a son, on June 10, 1688, all the adversaries of James and his religion believed the child to be an imposture, and Dryden's prediction came to be counted as evidence of deceit.† It is now regarded as beyond doubt that the child was genuine, but at the time there was a general strong feeling that it was otherwise, and there was much to give plausibility to the idea of deception; and this feeling, fed by political and religious enmity, growing stronger and stronger, accelerated the Revolution. Dryden had lost no time in producing a poem in honour of the birth of James's heir. "Britannia

* Dean Lockier in Spence's Anecdotes: but the Dean's stories as related by Spence are not very trustworthy.

† Mr. Hallam, in his admirable criticism on Dryden in his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," has fallen into error in interpreting a passage of "The Hind and the Panther" as an announcement of the conception of James's heir by a sudden stream of light from Heaven. James's son was born June 10, 1688, and "The Hind and the Panther" had been published in April 1687, fourteen months before. The passage in question is in Part II. line 654, and describes a great light in the heavens on the night of a nocturnal victory:

> "I saw myself the lambent easy light
> Gild the brown horror and dispel the night."

The reference is supposed to be to the battle of Sedgmoor: Mr. Hallam's explanation, if possible, would be more poetical.

Rediviva" was the title of the poem: it was published before the end of June. He hailed the infant prince as the product of the prayers which he had previously proclaimed:

> "Hail, son of prayers! by holy violence
> Drawn down from Heaven."

Soon after the birth there was a report of the infant's illness and death:

> "By prayers the mighty blessing was implored,
> To prayers was granted, and by prayers restored."

This poem, necessarily composed hastily, is more artificial in its style than most of Dryden's later poetry, and more abounding in the classical allusions which prevailed in his early poems. Very short was the interval between the publication of this poem, full of joy and hope, and the revolution which deprived James of his throne, and brought serious loss and bitter disappointment to Dryden. Six months after the birth of the ill-fated prince, James was a fugitive from England, and William and Mary reigned.

In the preceding year, 1687, Dryden had produced his first Ode for St. Cecilia's day, and in the year preceding that his Ode to the Memory of Anne Killigrew, which Dr. Johnson pronounced the noblest ode that our language had produced.

1688—1700.

The Revolution deprived Dryden of his offices of poet-laureate and historiographer royal, and of his place in the Customs, besides destroying all his visions of greater advancement and prosperity. As a Roman Catholic, he was unable to take the oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration, prescribed by an Act passed immediately after the accession of William and Mary, to be taken before August 1, 1689, by all holders of office: and unless he abjured his new religion and took the oaths, it was not possible to continue him in the offices which he had held under Charles and James. It is nothing to his credit that he did not recant. A recantation now was simply impossible. It would have brought irretrievable dishonour, and disgusted his friends without conciliating foes, or rendering it possible for William to confer the laureateship on one lost to all shame and self-respect. As it was, Dryden was much cheered in misfortune by the sympathy of powerful friends, and was treated with forbearance and respect by the Court. There is no proof of William's manifesting hostility to him. Later, Dryden had hopes of something from the government, through the good offices of Charles Montagu, when he had become Chancellor of the Exchequer and a leading

member of William's government. Montagu had begun in the arena of literature by ridiculing "The Hind and the Panther," but neither religion nor politics could prevent him from recognizing Dryden's literary merits and pre-eminence. Montagu aspired indeed to the character of a patron of literature: and with Dryden he was connected through the Pickerings.*

On the first occasion on which Queen Mary went to the theatre she ordered the representation of Dryden's "Spanish Friar," which had been forbidden during the reign of James. But the choice was unfortunate; for there were passages in the play on a female usurpation of a throne, which made the Queen very uncomfortable, and the observed of all. A letter of the Earl of Nottingham has been published, in which the scene is vividly described. "Some unhappy expressions put her in some disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan, and often look behind her, and call for her palatine and hood, and anything she could next think of; while those who were in the pit before her turned their heads over their shoulders, and all in general directed their looks towards her, whenever their fancy led them to make any application of what was said."

It was doubtless cause of much grief to Dryden's old friend and patron, the Earl of Dorset, the Lord Buckhurst of earlier years, who was appointed Lord Chamberlain after the Revolution, to be unable to continue Dryden in the poet-laureateship. Prior asserted in a dedication of his poems to Lord Dorset's son, that Dorset allowed Dryden an equivalent income out of his own private purse. But there is obviously error and exaggeration in this statement. Dryden has himself publicly recorded in warm terms of gratitude Dorset's bounty by a large present: and there can be no doubt that, if Dorset had given him an allowance equivalent to the salary which he had lost, the fact would have been distinctly stated. The passage here referred to is in Dryden's "Discourse on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset in 1693, and it certainly contradicts Prior's statement. He has been speaking of the design which he had cherished of writing an epic poem, and proceeds: "But being encouraged only with fair words by Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disenabled me. Though I must ever acknowledge, to the honour of your lordship and the eternal memory of your charity, that, since this revolution, wherein I have patiently suffered the ruin of my small fortune and the loss of that poor subsistence which I had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself.—then your lordship was pleased, out of no other motive but your own nobleness, without any desert of mine, or the least

* The wife of Sir Gilbert Pickering, Dryden's first cousin, was first cousin of George Montagu, the father of Charles, Earl of Halifax.

solicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful present, which at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my relief." Other presents were doubtless made by Dorset to Dryden on other occasions;* and his old friend Mulgrave was also generous to him. Dryden speaks of the generosity of both Dorset and Mulgrave in his dedication to Mulgrave of the Æneid.

The new poet-laureate and historiographer royal was Dryden's reviler, Shadwell; and his appointment must have added greatly to Dryden's mortification. It is related that Lord Dorset, in recommending Shadwell to King William, said that he presented him, not as the best poet, but as the most honest man, politically speaking, among the competitors.

And now, deprived of official income, Dryden thought again of the drama: and in the next six years he produced four plays. The first of these was the tragedy of "Don Sebastian," acted in 1690. This play was not hastily written, and, as a composition, it is one of Dryden's best dramas. But the play had not very great success: this Dryden in his preface attributes principally to its having been too long. In the beginning of the prologue he made an adroit reference to his altered position, and begged forbearance to a vanquished foe:

> "The judge removed, though he's no more my lord
> May plead at bar, or at the council board:
> So may cast poets write; there's no pretension
> To argue loss of wit from loss of pension.
> Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place
> I see not one that wears a damning face.
> The British nation is too brave to show
> Ignoble vengeance on a vanquished foe."

Dryden dedicated "Don Sebastian" to Philip Sidney, Earl of Leicester, brother of Algernon Sidney, who had himself, as Lord Lisle, taken an active part in politics under Cromwell, and was now, in old age, living in privacy, but was a supporter of the Revolution and friend of William's government. In the same year, 1690, Dryden produced a comedy, "Amphitryon," which succeeded well. It was dedicated to Sir William Leveson Gower, an ardent supporter of the Revolution, who, Dryden says, had increased his kindness to him since his misfortunes. "And as," says Dryden in his dedication, "since this wonderful revolution, I have begun with the best pattern of humanity, the Earl of Leicester, I shall continue to follow the same method, in all to whom I shall address: and endeavour to pitch on such only as have been pleased to own me in this ruin of my small fortune; who, though they are of a contrary opinion themselves, yet blame not me for adhering to a lost cause, and judging for myself, what I cannot choose but judge, so long as I am a patient sufferer, and no disturber of the government." After "Amphitryon"

* Sir Walter Scott says that some letters of Dryden to Dorset, which are preserved at Knole, but are considered not fit for publication, contain proofs of Dorset's liberality.

came, in 1691, "King Arthur, or the British Worthy," a dramatic opera, which had been originally prepared near the close of the reign of Charles the Second, and designed as a sequel to "Albion and Albanius," and for congratulation to Charles on his last political triumphs. It is needless to say that, under these circumstances, "King Arthur" was greatly changed from its first draft for representation in 1690. The origin of the poem and the changes made in it were owned by Dryden with manly frankness in his dedication of the play to George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, the great Trimmer of Charles the Second's reign, and one of Charles's leading ministers in his last years, now a friend of William, but living in political retirement. "This poem," says Dryden, "was the last piece of service which I had the honour to do for my gracious master King Charles, and though he lived not to see the performance of it on the stage, yet the Prologue to it, which was the opera of 'Albion and Albanius,' was often practised before him at Whitehall, and encouraged by his royal approbation." Of the alterations made he says: "Not to offend the present times, nor a government which has hitherto protected me, I have been obliged so much to alter the first design, and take away so many beauties from the writing, that it is now no more what it was formerly than the present ship of the Royal Sovereign, after so often taking down and altering, is the vessel it was at the first building." The dedication further tells us that the Duchess of Monmouth—"my first and best patroness," as Dryden here calls her—had shown the poem to the Queen in manuscript, and that the Queen had read it and expressed her approval. "Poets," says Dryden in his usual courtly fashion, "who subsist not but on the favour of sovereign princes, and of great persons, may have leave to be a little vain, and boast of their patronage, who encourage the genius that animates them." Purcell on this occasion composed the music for the opera, and it was a great success. In May 1692, Dryden produced a tragedy, "Cleomenes, or the Spartan Hero." Severe illness obliged him on this occasion to resort to the aid of his young friend Southerne, who wrote or finished for him the last act of the play. There was a difficulty for a time about the representation of "Cleomenes;" the Queen, who was acting as Regent during William's absence in Holland, making objections. The story of Cleomenes, an exiled king, seeking the assistance of a foreign ruler to restore him to his throne, was disagreeably, if not dangerously, suggestive of the position of Mary's father, James, exiled in France. The exertions of friends (among whom Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, Queen Mary's uncle, was prominent), and Dryden's asseverations of innocence of all political design, prevailed after a few months over the Queen's scruples. The play did not obtain great success. Dryden published it with a dedication to Lord Rochester. The last of Dryden's dramas appeared in the beginning of the year 1694, and was a conspicuous failure: this was "Love Triumphant, or Nature will Prevail," a tragi-comedy. The failure of this closing play of his long dramatic career must have been most mortifying to

Dryden, who had announced that it was to be his last play. The prologue declared that the poet now forsook the stage, and in the epilogue Dryden deprecated criticism on a dead poet:

> "Now, in good manners, nothing shall be said
> Against this play, because the poet's dead."

Dryden had now determined to renounce play-writing and devote himself to a translation of the whole of Virgil. Evelyn supped on January 11, 1694, at Mr. Edward Sheldon's, "where was Mr. Dryden, the poet, who now intended to write no more plays, being intent on his translation of Virgil: he read to us his prologue and epilogue to his valedictory play now shortly to be acted." The plays which he owned at the close of his dramatic career are twenty-seven in number.

Other labours had helped during the last six years to increase Dryden's ways and means. He had written in 1692 his poem "Eleonora," in honour of the memory of the Countess of Abingdon, written at the request of her husband. He had never seen the lady and was not acquainted with the husband: a handsome fee of five hundred guineas rewarded him for his execution of the sorrowing husband's commission. In 1693 he produced a translation of the Satires of Juvenal and Persius, in which he was aided by his two elder sons and others: and he prefixed to the work a Discourse on Satire, addressed to his old friend and benefactor, the Earl of Dorset. Dryden himself translated the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth Satires of Juvenal, and the whole of Persius. He wrote a Life of Polybius to be prefixed to a translation by Sir Henry Shere: this also appeared in 1692. A third volume of Miscellanies appeared in 1693, containing some translations by Dryden from Ovid and Homer; and a fourth volume of Miscellanies, the last which Dryden issued, appeared in 1694. To this volume he contributed a translation of the Third Georgic of Virgil, and his excellent poem addressed to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Congreve had commenced his career as a dramatic writer in January 1693, with "The Old Bachelor," produced on the stage when its author was no more than twenty-three. Southerne had introduced Congreve and his play to Dryden before its representation: and Dryden, always kind and encouraging to young authors of desert, had declared that he had never before seen such a first play. The success of Congreve's first play was great: but a second, brought out before the end of the same year, "The Double Dealer," was not so successful. It was on the appearance of "The Double Dealer" that Dryden addressed to Congreve the poem in which occur the beautiful lines prophesying for him literary eminence, and commending to his affectionate care his own reputation:

> "But you whom every muse and grace adorn,
> Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
> Be kind to my remains; and oh, defend,
> Against your judgment, your departed friend!

Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you,
And take for tribute what these lines express;
You merit more, nor could my love do less."

It is pleasant to read in a letter of Dryden, written to Tonson in 1695, of the friendship and respectful attention of Southerne and Congreve, who went four miles out of London to accompany Dryden back to the capital, on an occasion when he was returning from Northamptonshire.

Dryden's three sons were now residing at Rome, where the Pope extended to them his protection and favour. The eldest, Charles, was appointed Chamberlain to the Pope; and the second, John, obtained also some office in the Pope's household. The youngest became an officer in the Pope's guards.

The translation of Virgil, as a whole, was commenced in the end of 1693, and was finished about the end of 1696. It was published in July 1697. There is a tradition that the first lines of the work were written by Dryden with a diamond on a pane of a window in his cousin John Driden's house at Chesterton, in Huntingdonshire, where in the last ten or twelve years of his life the poet was a frequent and honoured guest, and where lived with her brother his early love, Honor, who had never married. The house at Chesterton was pulled down in the beginning of this century, and it casts some doubt on the truth of this traditional story that the pane of glass which bore so valuable an inscription has not been preserved. During three years Dryden worked with laborious assiduity at his great translation: one diversion only of importance occurred while he was translating Virgil. In 1695, he (to use his own expression) "borrowed two months" for a translation in prose of Du Fresnoy's "Art of Painting," and he prefixed to the translation an essay which he called a "Parallel of Poetry and Painting," the work, he said, of twelve mornings. Some of Dryden's correspondence with his publisher, Tonson, while he was engaged on the translation, is in print: it testifies to his assiduity, enables us to mark with some minuteness the progress of his labour, and reveals much bickering with Tonson. The work was to be published by subscription, and it was proposed to have a hundred and two subscribers at five guineas each, half to be paid at once: each of these was to be honoured by printing his coat of arms at the foot of one of a hundred and two engravings with which the book was to be adorned: and there was to be a second subscription, of two guineas, of persons whose names would only appear in a list printed with the book.* It is not clear how much of the produce of these subscriptions went to Dryden and how much to Tonson. It is to be supposed that the expense of the engravings was defrayed from the five-guinea subscriptions; of the five guineas, three were paid down at once. It is to be inferred from Dryden's letters to Tonson that the latter was

* Letter from Dryden to W. Walsh, December 12, 1693, published in R. Bell's Life of Dryden, prefixed to his edition of Dryden's Poetical Works, 1854.

under an undertaking to pay him fifty pounds on the completion of every two books of the Æneid,* and such an arrangement may or may not have extended to the Georgics, and there might have been also a sum of fifty pounds for the Pastorals. It is conjectured that these were payments to Dryden by Tonson for copyright, in addition to the portion of the subscription-money which went to the poet. There were in the end 102 subscribers of five guineas and 250 of two guineas, and Dryden in one of his letters calculates the guinea at twenty-nine shillings: this would make £1,469. If all expenses of plates, paper, printing, and publisher's charges were defrayed out of this sum alone, and Pope's statement that Dryden cleared £1,200 from his Virgil is correct, there would be left a very small balance for the expenses. If Tonson's payments of fifty pounds on completion of every couple of books of the Æneid were payments by him for copyright, to be added to Dryden's portion of the subscriptions, this would make £300 more if the payments were confined to the Æneid: £450 if, as has been supposed, the arrangement embraced the Georgics and if fifty pounds were in like manner given for all the Pastorals. It is clear from Dryden's letters that he received portions of the subscription-moneys, and that Tonson retained some. In one of his letters to Tonson, Dryden says: "I thank you for the civility of your last letter in the country; but the thirty shillings upon every book remains with me." This was written at a time when the second subscriptions were being collected, and probably means that he was to have thirty shillings for every two-guinea subscription. Dryden proceeds: "You always intended I should get nothing by the second subscription, as I found from first to last." The meaning of this may be that Tonson was opposed to the second set of inferior subscriptions of two guineas, regarding each copy so subscribed for as subtracted from the general sale of the book by which it may have been that he would solely profit. Dryden complains of Tonson's not having published in the first instance the proposals for the first subscriptions: had this been done, he says, he would have got more. In counting up the total of what Dryden may have received for his Virgil, the presents which would have come to him from the three noblemen, Lord Clifford, the Earl of Chesterfield, and the Marquis of Normanby (his old friend Mulgrave), to whom the Pastorals, the Georgics, and the Æneid were respectively dedicated, with what Dr. Johnson has called "an economy of flattery, at once lavish and discreet," must not be forgotten. Lord Chesterfield sent him a "noble present;" so Dryden called it in his letter of thanks, which has been lately published. These presents may have eked out Dryden's profits to some sum near that said to have been named by Pope: and, on the other hand, that sum, £1,200, may be an

* I agree with the Rev. Mr. Hooper, who has pointed out in his Memoir of Dryden prefixed to the new Aldine edition of Dryden's Poems (p. xci.), that the obvious inference from Dryden's letters is, that Tonson paid £50 on the completion of every couple of books of the Æneid, and not, as Malone and Scott understood, on the completion of every one.

exaggeration, for Spence's gossip cannot be implicitly relied on. The whole of this subject is involved in much obscurity. The general impression seems to have been that the Virgil was a pecuniary success for Dryden.*

The letters from Dryden to his publisher, Tonson, during the progress of the translation, which are extant, are full of grumbling at exactions and sharp practices, and for a time friendly relations between poet and publisher were interrupted. The coinage was then much deteriorated, and Dryden complains frequently of loss by Tonson's clipped and bad money. When he had concluded the fourth Æneid, and claimed fifty pounds, he writes: "You know money is now very scrupulously received; in the last which you did me the favour to change for my wife, besides the clipped money, there were at least forty shillings brass." A letter written October 29, 1695, is in the angriest tone. On September 13, Dryden had begun a letter with "My good friend;" now the beginning is "Mr. Tonson:"

"Mr. Tonson,—Some kind of intercourse must be carried on betwixt us while I am translating Virgil. Therefore I give you notice, that I have done the seventh Æneid in the country, and intend some few days hence to go upon the eighth: when that is finished, I expect fifty pounds in good silver, not such as I have had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I; nor stay for it beyond four and twenty hours after it is due."

And the letter proceeds with other accusations even more biting:

"You always intended I should get nothing by the second subscriptions, as I found from first to last. And your promise to Mr. Congreve that you had found a way for my benefit, which was an encouragement to my pains, came at last, for me to desire Sir Godfrey Kneller and Mr. Closterman to gather for me. I then told Mr. Congreve that I knew you too well to believe you meant me any kindness: and he promised me to believe accordingly of you, if you did not. But this is past, and you shall have your bargain, if I live to have my health."

The angry letter concludes with these words:

"I desire neither excuses nor reasons from you: for I am but too well satisfied already. The Notes and Prefaces shall be short, because you shall get the more by saving paper."

In February 1696, Dryden writes less angrily, but stiffly and complainingly. This letter begins:

"Sir,—I received your letter very kindly, because indeed I expected none: but thought you as very a tradesman as Bentley, who has cursed our Virgil so heartily."

He proceeds to say that he is not sorry that Tonson will allow him nothing for Notes, for to make them good would have cost him half a year. He says

* Mr. Malone has clearly misunderstood several of Dryden's allusions to the subscriptions. When Dryden writes, April 1695, "If the second subscriptions rise, I will take so much the more time, because the profit will encourage me the more," Malone explains this as looking to a higher rate of subscription after a certain day named: it clearly means, however, that Dryden hopes for a rise in the number of second subscriptions of two guineas. Again, Dryden writes to Tonson, October 25, 1695, "Some of your friends will be glad to take back their three guineas," on which Malone says in a note, "On receiving back their three guineas they would be placed on the list of second subscribers." The first subscribers had paid three guineas in advance: and all that Dryden means is that there were some who would be glad to have the three guineas back. Others were wanting to come in as first subscribers

that it would require seven years to translate Virgil exactly, and promises to do his best in the translation of the four remaining books, as he has hitherto done. Then he proceeds:

"Upon trial I find all of your trade are sharpers, and you not more than others; therefore I have not wholly left you. Mr. Aston does not blame you for getting as good a bargain as you could, though I could have got a hundred pounds more: and you might have spared almost all your trouble if you had thought fit to publish the proposals for the first subscriptions: for I have guineas offered me every day if there had been room: I believe, modestly speaking, I have refused already twenty-five. I misilke nothing in your letter therefore, but only your upbraiding me with the public encouragement, and my own reputation concerned in the notes, when I assure you I could not make them to my mind in less than half a year's time."

The letter concludes with a request for a little money. "Lord Derby's money" would probably be no more than three guineas, the first instalment of his five-guinea subscription:

"Having no silver by me, I desire my Lord Derby's money, deducting your own. And let it be good, if you desire to oblige me, who am not your enemy, and may be your friend,

"JOHN DRYDEN."

There was yet another cause of displeasure with Tonson. The publisher was very anxious that Dryden should dedicate the work to King William; and this Dryden resolutely refused to do. Hoping to gain his point, and perhaps counting on help from the trick in convincing Dryden at the last moment, Tonson caused the face of Æneas in the old engravings to be altered so as to make a resemblance to the King. Dryden himself mentions this in a letter to his sons, at Rome, of September 3, 1697, after the publication of the work. The mention of the trick is preceded by a complaint that Tonson had caused the miscarriage of all letters from the father to the sons, and from the sons to the father, during the past year. "I am of your opinion that by Tonson's means almost all our letters have miscarried for this last year. But, however, he has missed of his design in the dedication, though he had prepared the book for it, for in every figure of Æneas he has caused him to be drawn like King William, with a hooked nose." It is, however, clear from a subsequent letter to Tonson himself, that the complaint as to the loss of letters imputed nothing more than carelessness or choice of a bad agent. Writing to Tonson in November 1697, about forwarding a letter to his sons, he says: "I value not any price for a double letter: let me know it, and it shall be paid; for I dare not trust it by the post; being satisfied by experience that Ferrand will do by this, as he did by two letters which I sent my sons about my dedication to the King, of which they received neither." This passage has been overlooked by Scott and by other biographers who, with Scott, have regarded Dryden's complaint as a charge against Tonson of having deliberately intercepted his correspondence with his sons. If designed systematic suppression of letters had been charged, it is impossible to understand how Dryden could have remained on friendly terms with his publisher. The trick of giving Æneas

King William's hooked nose was a current joke, and gave rise to an excellent epigram.*

The literary world had looked forward to the publication of Dryden's translation of Virgil as a great event. "The expectation of his work," says Johnson, "was undoubtedly great: the nation considered its honour as interested in the event. One gave him the different editions of his author, another helped him in the subordinate parts. The arguments of the several books were given him by Addison." The editions of Virgil were given by Gilbert Dolben, son of Dryden's friend, the Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, afterwards Archbishop of York, who is eulogized in "Absalom and Achitophel:"

> "Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
> Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence."

Dr. Knightly Chetwode wrote the Life of Virgil and the Preface to the Pastorals; and Addison supplied not only the arguments of the books, but also an Essay on the Georgics. The translations of the first Georgic and of the greatest part of the last Æneid were made at Denham Court, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Sir William Bowyer, baronet: and the seventh Æneid was translated at Burleigh, the house of the Earl of Exeter.

The sale of the Virgil, published in July 1697, was so rapid that the first edition was all disposed of in a few months, and a second appeared in the following year, revised by Dryden. He wrote to his sons at Rome, in November 1697: "My Virgil succeeds in the world beyond its desert or my reputation. You know the profits might have been more, but neither my conscience nor my honour would suffer me to take them; but I never can repent of my constancy, since I am thoroughly persuaded of the justice of the cause for which I suffer." This refers, of course, to his refusal to comply with the wishes of his publisher and others that he should dedicate the Virgil to King William. It must be allowed that, after the Revolution, Dryden maintained on the whole a dignified and manly attitude. On the death of Queen Mary in 1694, he had been pressed by some of his friends to write a funereal poem of compliment, and he had refused to do so. To have turned his back on James or to have renounced his new religion would have been so indecent, that either for a man of Dryden's intelligence and pride was impossible; but the struggle must have been painful, in straitened circumstances,

* "Old Jacob, by deep judgment swayed,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

"To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking;
One took his father pick-a-pack,
And t'other sent his packing."

against the necessities of the position in which the Revolution of 1688 placed him ; and there are signs in a letter written by him to Montagu, in 1699, when he was hoping for some substantial favour from the Government through Montagu's good offices, of a disposition to soften and modify his utterances in politics, and to humour and conciliate Montagu, natural enough in one who felt the pangs of poverty and was smarting under bitter disappointment, but yet not quite accordant with thorough independence and single-mindedness.

Of Dryden's translation of Virgil little more need be said here than that it was naturally regarded as of greater merit at the time of its publication than justice warrants or later fame confirms ; more was then thought of the power of the translator's verse than of his accuracy or of harmony with Virgil's genius : Dryden's fame cast a halo round the work, which must always as a whole be regarded as a great achievement, and as making an epoch in our literature. The work at its best has many blemishes and inequalities, and Dryden's muse was not congenial with Virgil's sweet simplicity and naturalness. It has been said by one eminently fitted to judge—the poet Wordsworth—that wherever Virgil can be fairly said to have had his eye upon his object, Dryden always spoils the passage.*

Dryden's second Ode for the annual musical festival of St. Cecilia's Day, the more admired and celebrated of the two, the "Alexander's Feast," was composed in 1697, soon after the publication of the Virgil. The day of the festival was November 22. In a letter to his sons at Rome written in September, he says : "I am writing a song for St. Cecilia's Feast, who, you know, is the patroness of music. This is troublesome, and no way beneficial ; but I could not deny the stewards, who came in a body to my house to desire that kindness, one of them being Mr. Bridgman, whose parents are your mother's friends." This passage is interesting in two ways: first, on account of a story of Lord Bolingbroke's having been told by Dryden that he had finished the ode in one night ; and secondly, on account of a statement professing to come from Walter Moyle, that Dryden received from the Society forty pounds for this ode. It is improbable that Dryden did not receive payment for his Ode, and forty pounds would not have been an extraordinary sum. This statement may be true, though Dryden wrote beforehand that he did not expect his labour to be beneficial. The story of Dryden's speech to Lord Bolingbroke does not rest on very good authority : it is said by Dr. Warton to have been told him by a Mr. Berenger, who heard it from Gilbert West, who heard it from Pope, to whom Lord Bolingbroke is said to have told it. The story is that Bolingbroke, then Mr. St. John, visiting Dryden one morning, found him excited, and was told by the poet : "I have been up all night ; my musical friends made me promise

* Lockhart's "Life of Scott," vol. ii. p. 80.

to write them an Ode for their Feast of St. Cecilia: I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it: here it is finished at one sitting." This story after all is not irreconcilable with a statement in a letter of two months before, that he was then writing an Ode. It is possible that he was intending it, and saying or thinking that he was writing it two months before, and that the poem may have been virtually finished in one night of prolonged work and excitement.*

He had intended, after the Ode, to re-fashion for the stage a play written by his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, "The Conquest of China by the Tartars." "It will cost me six weeks' study," he wrote to his sons, "with the probable benefit of a hundred pounds." But this play never appeared; it is not known why Dryden relinquished the design. Some little time before this, Dryden had written a Life of Lucian for an intended edition, which did not appear till after his death. In 1698 he addressed a short poem to George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, one of his most kind and generous friends, on his tragedy, "Heroic Love," and he took occasion in this poem to complain in strong language of a recent revival, with alterations, of his "Conquest of Granada" by the company then acting in Drury Lane Theatre. There had been again a separation among the players in 1695, Betterton heading a secession from Drury Lane to the old theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The famous work of Jeremy Collier, a non-juring clergyman, on the immorality and profaneness of the English stage, denouncing plays in general, specially reprobating the licentiousness of the English comedies of the age, and indicting Dryden as one of the principal offenders, was published in March 1698. It is idle to pretend that the censures bestowed on Dryden and other contemporary writers were undeserved. Dryden took occasion in a short poem addressed soon after to Mr. Motteux, on his tragedy called "Beauty in Distress," to reply to Collier's work. The answer was adroit. He dwelt more on Collier's general diatribe against theatrical representations than on his special charges of indecency and immorality, and, lightly confessing occasional faults, endeavoured to represent Collier's attack on himself as instigated by resentment for his own attacks on clergymen :—

> "What I have loosely or profanely writ
> Let them to fires, their due desert, commit:
> Nor when accused by me, let them complain
> Their faults and not their function I arraign."

Sir Richard Blackmore, a physician and author of two long heroic poems, had already in 1695, in the Preface to his "Prince Arthur," censured Dryden in strong

* See the General Introduction to the Songs, Odes, and Lyrical Pieces, p. 366 of this volume, where proof is given from Dryden's copy of Spenser in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, that he had thought of a theme for an Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, distinct from those of the two odes which he composed.

language for the immorality of his plays. He again attacked Dryden in the end of 1699, in a poem called "A Satire upon Wit," and brought upon himself very severe flagellations from Dryden in the Preface to his "Fables," and in a Prologue written very shortly before his death; and in an epilogue written for the same occasion Dryden made a renewed reply to Collier.

Dryden had begun in the latter part of 1698 to make those versions of some of Chaucer's and Boccaccio's tales and Ovid's Metamorphoses, which were produced a few months before his death in a folio volume, bearing the title, "Tales, Ancient and Modern, translated into verse from Homer, Ovid, Boccacio, and Chaucer, with Original Poems," and more commonly known by the name of "The Fables." The contribution from Homer was the first book of the Iliad, which had been translated as a sample and beginning of a translation of the whole; but no more was ever done. We gain glimpses of Dryden's progress in this his last work in the more numerous letters of his of this period which have been preserved. Early in 1699 he writes to Mrs. Steward, the young and handsome daughter of his cousin, Mrs. Creed, who paid the old poet great attention, and whom he now frequently visited at Cotterstock in Northamptonshire:

"Old men are not so insensible of beauty as it may be you young ladies think. For my own part I must needs acknowledge that your fair eyes had made me your slave before I received your fine presents. Your letter puts me out of doubt that they have lost nothing of their lustre, because it was written with your own hand; and not hearing of a fever or an ague, I will please myself with the thoughts that they have wholly left you. I would also flatter myself with the hopes of waiting on you at Cotterstock some time next summer; but my want of health may perhaps hinder me. But if I am well enough to travel as far northward as Northamptonshire, you are sure of a guest, who has been too well used not to trouble you again. . . . In the meantime, betwixt my intervals of physic and other remedies which I am using for my gravel, I am still drudging on; always a poet, and never a good one. I pass my time sometimes with Ovid, and sometimes with our old English poet, Chaucer; translating such stories as best please my fancy; and intend, besides them, to add somewhat of my own; so that it is not impossible, but ere the summer be passed, I may come down to you with a volume in my hand, like a dog out of the water, with a duck in his mouth."

A later letter of March 4, 1699, to the same lady, contains the following. Collier's work was producing effect:

"We poor Catholics daily expect a most severe proclamation to come out against us: and at the same time are satisfied that the King is very unwilling to persecute us, considering us to be but a handful, and those disarmed; but the Archbishop of Canterbury is our heavy enemy. This day was played a revived comedy of Mr. Congreve's, called 'The Double Dealer,' which was never very taking. In the play-bill was printed—'Written by Mr. Congreve, with several expressions omitted.' What kind of expressions these were you may easily guess, if you have seen the Monday's Gazette, wherein is the King's order for the reformation of the stage: but the printing an author's name in a play-bill is a new manner of proceeding, at least in England. When any papers of verses in manuscript, which are worth your reading, come abroad, you shall be sure of them; because, being a poetess yourself, you like those entertainments. I am still drudging at a book of Miscellanies, which I hope will be well enough; if otherwise, threescore and seven may be pardoned."

On March 20, Dryden made an agreement with Tonson for publication of the work: he was to receive 250 guineas, in consideration of ten thousand verses, of which 7,540, more or less, were already in Tonson's possession. The 250

guineas were to be made up to £300 at the beginning of a second impression of the work. The 250 guineas, making £268 15*s.*, were paid on March 24. No second impression appeared till 1713, several years after Dryden's death, and the balance of £31 5*s.* was then paid to a niece of Dryden's widow for the benefit of the widow, then a lunatic. The published volume contained some twelve thousand verses, which doubtless originated the story told by Spence on Pope's authority, that Tonson had contracted to give Dryden sixpence a line for the Fables.

One of the pieces from Chaucer prepared for the volume was "The Good Parson:" and it appears that Samuel Pepys had suggested this to Dryden. On July 14, Dryden sends him his own "Good Parson" in manuscript, in an interesting letter:

"Padron Mio,—I remember last year when I had the honour of dining with you, you were pleased to recommend to me the character of Chaucer's Good Parson. Any desire of yours is a command to me: and accordingly I have put it into my English, with such additions and alterations as I thought fit. Having translated as many fables from Ovid and as many novels from Boccace and tales from Chaucer as will make an indifferent large volume in folio, I intend them for the press in Michaelmas term next. In the meantime my Parson desires the favour of being known to you, and promises, if you find any fault in his character, he will reform it. Whenever you please he shall wait on you, and for the safer conveyance, I will carry him in my pocket; who am

"My Padron's most obedient servant,
"John Dryden.

"For Samuel Pepys, Esq.
At his house in York Street, These."

Samuel Pepys graciously replied on the instant:

"Sir,—You have truly obliged me; and possibly in saying so I am more in earnest than you can readily think; as verily hoping from this your copy of one Good Parson to fancy some amends made me for the hourly offence I bear with from the sight of so many lewd originals. I shall with great pleasure attend you on this occasion, whene'er you'll permit it; unless you would have the kindness to double it to me by suffering my coach to wait on you (and who you can gain me the same favour from) hither, to a cold chicken and a salad, any *noon* after Sunday, as being just stepping into the air for two days.

"I am, most respectfully, your honoured and obedient servant,
"S. P."

Among the poems to make up the forthcoming volume was Dryden's epistle to his cousin, John Driden of Chesterton, member for Huntingdonshire; and we now find Dryden sending this poem, which had a political character, to Charles Montagu, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for his perusal, in a letter more courtier-like than independent. Dryden was looking for some favour from the Government, and his chief hopes were centred in Montagu. The verses previously sent for Montagu's judgment were the beautiful dedication of "Palamon and Arcite" to the Duchess of Ormond, in which Dryden, probably under the influence of his late long study of Virgil, is full of classical allusions as in his younger days, without the stiffness and pedantry which characterized his earlier poems, and with the free flow of melodious verse which he had acquired by long practice. The letter from which the following is extracted was written in October 1699:

"These verses had waited on you with the former, but that they wanted that correction which I have given them, that they may the better endure the sight of so great a judge and poet. I am

now in fear that I have purged them out of their spirit, as our master Busby used to whip a boy so long, till he made him a confirmed blockhead. My cousin Driden saw them in the country; and the greatest exception he made to them was a satire against the Dutch valour in the last war. He desired me to omit it (to use his own words) *out of the respect he had to his sovereign.* I obeyed his commands, and left only the praises, which I think are due to the gallantry of my own countrymen. In the description which I have made of a parliament-man, I think I have not only drawn the features of my worthy kinsman, but have also given my own opinion of what an Englishman in parliament ought to be, and deliver it as a memorial of my own principles to all posterity. I have consulted the judgment of my unbiassed friends, who have some of them the honour to be known to you, and they think there is nothing which can justly give offence in that part of the poem. I say not this to cast a blind on your judgment (which I could not do if I endeavoured it), but to assure you that nothing relating to the public shall stand without your permission: for it were to want common sense to desire your patronage and resolve to disoblige you; and as I will not hazard my hopes of your protection by refusing to obey you in anything which I can perform with my conscience or my honour, so I am very confident you will never impose any other terms on me."

This letter concludes with a statement that his thoughts are at present fixed on Homer, who, he says, he finds a poet more according to his genius than Virgil, and he consequently hopes to do him more justice "in his fiery way of writing, which, as it is liable to more faults, so it is capable of more beauties than the exactness and sobriety of Virgil." He then proudly asks for Montagu's patronage of his Homer: "Since 'tis for my country's honour as well as for my own that I am willing to undertake this task, I despair not of being encouraged in it by your favour."

Shortly after, Dryden wrote about his hopes from the Government to Mrs. Steward. It must be borne in mind, in reading the following interesting statement, that it is an old man writing to a young lady, who is pre-occupied in his favour, and to whom he is anxious to recommend himself:

"What has hindered me from writing to you was neither ill-health nor a worse thing, ingratitude; but a flood of little businesses, which yet are necessary to my subsistence, and of which I hoped to have given you a good account before this time. But the Court rather speaks kindly of me than does anything for me, though they promise largely; and perhaps they think I will advance as they go backward, in which they will be much deceived; for I can never go an inch beyond my conscience and my honour. If they will consider me as a man who has done my best to improve the language, and especially the poetry, and will be content with my acquiescence under the present Government, and forbearing satire on it, that I can promise, because I can perform it; but I can neither take the oaths nor forsake my religion: because I know not what church to go to if I leave the Catholic: they are all so divided amongst themselves on matters of faith necessary to salvation, and yet all assuming the name of Protestants. May God be pleased to open your eyes, as He has opened mine! Truth is but one, and they who have once heard of it can plead no excuse if they do not embrace it."

In a later letter to the same lady he speaks even more despondingly of his prospects from the Government, and mentions that the Lord Chancellor, Somers, is hostile to him: "I doubt I am in no condition of having a kindness done me, having the Chancellor my enemy."

The "Fables" were published in November 1699, and Dryden was delighted with the public's reception of them. "The town encourages them," he writes to Mrs. Steward, "with more applause than anything of mine deserves." The two poems addressed to his cousin John Driden and to the Duchess of Ormond seem to have been special labours of love, and he was very proud of the praises which

they received. Before the publication of the volume he had informed Mrs. Steward that Dorset and Montagu had both seen them, and were of opinion that he had never written better. "My other friends," he adds, "are divided in their judgments which to prefer: but the greater part are for those to my dear kinsman, which I have corrected with so much care, that they will now be worthy of his sight, and do neither of us any dishonour after our death." His cousin Driden rewarded him with a very handsome present. "I always thought my verses to my cousin Driden," he wrote to Mrs. Steward, April 11, 1700, within three weeks of his death, "were the best of the whole; and, to my comfort, the town thinks them so; and he, which pleases me most, is of the same judgment, as appears by a noble present he has sent me, which surprised me, because I did not in the least expect it." It has been said that the present was one of £500, and it has also been said that the Duchess of Ormond presented him with £500 in return for the beautiful poem addressed to her. Malone, however, was probably right in conjecturing that either present did not exceed £100. The volume of Fables was dedicated in prose to the Duke of Ormond.

The closing scene is now near at hand, and Dryden is a satirist to the last. Illness had for some years been a frequent companion: he suffered much from gout and gravel: in a letter of his of November 29, 1699, speaking of his health, he writes: "That of an old man is always crazy, and at present mine is worse than usual by a St. Anthony's fire in one of my legs." But he hoped to recover, and proceeded to speak of his hope, which he still cherished, of translating Homer. On August 9, 1700, he would have completed sixty-nine years. He died three months before, on May 1, 1700. Very shortly before his death he had written a prologue and epilogue, with two other small pieces, "The Secular Masque" and an additional scene for Fletcher's play, "The Pilgrim," for a representation designed for his or his son Charles's benefit, of which "The Pilgrim" was the principal part. Vanbrugh, a newly famous dramatist, soon to add to this fame that of an architect, revised "The Pilgrim" for this occasion. It was performed by the company at Drury Lane, whom, strangely enough, Dryden had within the last eighteen months attacked in his address to George Granville, praising in contrast Betterton, who had seceded and set up a rival company in the old theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The revival of "The Pilgrim" was also in imitation of a series of revivals of old plays by Betterton in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is doubtful whether this representation for the benefit of Dryden or his son took place or not on the 25th of March, 1700, the day for which it was intended, the first day of the new year, and supposed by a popular error the first of a new century. "The Secular Masque" was to inaugurate the new century. It is most probable that the first representation did not take place on that day, but on some day in April. Some have thought that the performance was not till after Dryden's death; because in the revised "Pilgrim" as published in June, there is at the very end a sentence referring to Dryden as

dead, and introducing "The Secular Masque." But it is quite as probable that these words were added to the piece for representation after the death of Dryden on May 1, or for the publication alone. The words are in the last speech: "I hope, before you go, you'll share with us an entertainment the late great poet of our age prepared to celebrate this day: let the Masque begin." Cibber, who spoke Dryden's prologue and epilogue, says that the epilogue had been assigned to him by Vanbrugh, and that Dryden, on hearing him rehearse a recital of it, insisted on his having the prologue also. The prologue and the epilogue are among Dryden's best performances of this sort; and each dealt with a foe. The prologue was chiefly devoted to Sir Richard Blackmore, the doctor and the knight, "quack Maurus," as he nicknamed him: and satire and personality were as strong in Dryden as ever. The epilogue was a milder reply to Jeremy Collier's attack on the stage, and Dryden endeavoured to throw the chief blame of the licentiousness of plays since the Restoration on the lewdness of the Court:

> "But sure, a banished court, with lewdness fraught,
> The seeds of open vice returning brought.
> The poets who must live by courts or starve,
> Were proud so good a government to serve:
> And, mingling with buffoons and pimps profane,
> Tainted the stage for some small snip of gain."

There is a passage in "The Wife of Bath's Tale," one of the Fables published a little before, in which Dryden had more pointedly charged upon Charles and his Court the licentiousness which is his own fault. He thus describes Charles's Court by its opposite as imagined in the days of King Arthur:

> "Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
> Ere made the common brothels of the town;
> There virgins honourable vows received,
> But chaste as maids in monasteries lived:
> The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,
> No bad example to his poets gave;
> And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
> Had not, to please the prince, debauched the stage."

Self-debasement to please a Court or to fill the pocket is no justification of Dryden, and there is even meanness in these efforts to throw blame from himself on the memory of Charles the Second, whom in his reign and in that of James he had flattered. It would have been better if Dryden had uniformly in his latter years adopted the tone of confession and contrition of the following passage in a letter of November 1699. He is giving advice about writing poetry to a young and fascinating literary lady, Mrs. Thomas, known as Corinna,—a fancy-name which Dryden himself suggested to her,—with whom in the last months of his life he carried on a correspondence of tender friendship:

"'Tis an unprofitable art to those who profess it; but you who write only for your diversion may pass your hours with pleasure in it, and without prejudice; always avoiding (as I know you will)

the licence which Mrs. Behn allowed herself of writing loosely, and giving, if I may have leave to say so, some scandal to the modesty of her sex. I confess I am the last man who ought in justice to arraign her, who have been myself too much a libertine in most of my poems: which I should be well contented I had leave either to purge or to see them fairly burned."

It was thus, too, that he had expressed himself in his lines to Motteux:

"What I have loosely or profanely writ,
Let them to fires, their due desert, commit."

If poverty haunted Dryden in his last months, friends did not fail him. Vanbrugh was not alone in kindness to the aged and invalid poet. George Granville designed in like manner for Dryden's benefit a drama, "The Jew of Venice," adapted from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice;" and Dryden dying before it was ready for the stage, his son Charles received the author's profits.

During the greater part of the months of March and April, Dryden was confined to his house by gout: the immediate cause of death was neglected inflammation of a toe, which brought on mortification. Hobbs, the famous surgeon of the day, advised at once amputation of the toe, to which Dryden would not consent; and when the evil had spread over the leg, Hobbs again advised amputation of the limb, which the old man refused also. Death was then inevitable. The illness was short. A London newspaper announced on the 30th of April, "John Dryden, Esq., the famous poet, lies a-dying."* At three in the following morning, May 1, he expired. His cousin, Mrs. Creed, who raised the monument to his memory in the church of Tichmarsh, was one of those who saw him on his death-bed: and she has recorded on the monument that, "when nature could be no longer supported, he received the notice of his approaching dissolution with sweet submission and entire resignation to the Divine will; and he took so tender and obliging a farewell of his friends, as none but he himself could have expressed: of which sorrowful number I was one." Words of this sort with reference to such an occasion from a sorrowing and zealous friend must always incur some suspicion of conventionalism: but we may believe that Dryden with his strong intellect and kindly nature, conscious of faults as well as of good qualities, and reviewing his life of industry and good acts humanly mixed with error and sin, was courageous, calm, and courteous on his death-bed.

Dryden died without a will, and his widow having renounced, his son Charles administered on June 10.† There was little or no personalty; and, indeed, debts of the moment would probably have exceeded any small assets. Dryden had nothing to transmit but his small landed inheritance in Northamptonshire and any small landed property which he may have acquired in Wiltshire. But the poet who died thus poor had a splendid funeral. There appears to have

* The *Postboy*.

† There is an entry in the margin of the register in Doctors' Commons: "Administratio de bonis nov. May 1713." This refers to a new administration by Lady Elizabeth Dryden's niece, Anne Sylvius, in 1713, when the balance of payment for the "Fables" was due from Tonson.

been in the first instance an intention of a quiet private interment: the state of his body rendered quick measures necessary: and it is said that Charles Montagu promptly offered to pay the expenses of the burial. But it appeared to others, among whom Lord Jeffries, the son of the chancellor of bad fame, was prominent, and of whom Dryden's lifelong friend, Dorset, was also one, that the poet merited burial in Westminster Abbey and a public funeral: and by their desire the body was embalmed, and application was made through Garth, a poet and physician, to the President and Censors of the College of Physicians for permission to deposit the body in the College until the funeral. So the body lay in state for several days in the College of Physicians. The funeral took place on May 13; it was preceded by a ceremony at the College, in the course of which Garth delivered a funeral oration in Latin, and the Ode of Horace beginning "Exegi monumentum ære perennius," was sung to music. Then there was a long procession from the College to Westminster Abbey, Dryden's friends who attended filling nearly fifty carriages, and the whole number of carriages that followed being about a hundred; music preceded the hearse, drawn by six horses. Dryden was buried in Poets' Corner, by the graves of Chaucer and Cowley.*

There had been carried in splendid state to a grave in that honoured spot the remains of one who, at the close of his life, was not only beyond comparison the greatest living British poet, but who had for some thirty years wielded a wide intellectual sway, wider in its scope than that which, after him, Addison, Pope, or Johnson exercised in literature, poetry, or criticism, and embracing, with the drama, all their several dominions. Six and thirty years before his death Pepys had spoken of him as "the poet," and one of "the wits of the town," at that same coffee-house, Will's,† where he afterwards was for so many years a literary king, holding a throne independent of royal favour or ministerial patronage, and

* I have not thought it necessary to allude in the text to the fabulous account of Dryden's funeral concocted by Mrs. Thomas, the lady whom Dryden christened Corinna, which was published in the book called "Wilson's Life of Congreve," and which is a discreditable and monstrous tissue of fiction invented for money. Mrs. Thomas, Dryden's young correspondent of his old age, got into discredit and into the Fleet Prison, from which she supplied Curll, the publisher, with a sensational romance about Dryden's death and funeral, the falsehoods and improbabilities of which were effectually exposed by Malone in his Life of Dryden. Farquhar, the dramatic author, who attended the funeral, wrote an ill-natured account of it, which is in print. "I come now from Mr. Dryden's funeral, where we had an Ode on Horace sung instead of David's Psalms; whence you may find that we don't think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for Hudibras than him; because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque: but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion, for I do believe there was never such another burial seen. The oration indeed was great and ingenious, worthy the subject, and like the author, whose prescriptions can restore the living, and his pen embalm the dead. And so much for Mr. Dryden; whose burial was the same as his life, variety and not of a piece: the quality and mob, farce and heroics: the sublime and ridiculous mixed in a piece; great Cleopatra in a hackney coach." This is evidently a letter written for effect, and an ill-natured criticism. It is difficult to eliminate the vulgar and the ludicrous from the solemnity of any funeral: and the more splendour is attempted, the more difficult is perfect congruity.

† Will's Coffee-house was on the north side of Russell Street, Covent Garden, at the corner of Bow Street, kept by William Unwin, familiarly called Will.

unaffected by change of creed or by worldly adversity; where he sat as "glorious John" in his own great arm-chair, regularly placed in winter by the fire and in summer on the balcony; where the younger and less famous visitors, sitting aloof from the chief table, went up to him occasionally to seek, that they might boast of, the honour of a pinch of snuff out of his snuff-box; where, in the last year of his life, was brought, in order to get a sight of the renowned old man, a boy of twelve, who had been born to the Roman Catholic faith which Dryden adopted, and who, but a few years after, began in very early manhood a poetical career, soon leading to a fame which rivals Dryden's. "Virgilium tantum vidi" is how Pope spoke afterwards of his one short sight of Dryden. In nine years after Dryden's death, Pope's Pastorals were published in the last volume of that series of Miscellanies of which Tonson had published four under the editorship of Dryden.

A collection of poems on Dryden's death by members of the two Universities and others soon appeared with the title of "Luctus Britannici," and nine ladies combined to make another tribute of poetry to his memory in a book called "The Nine Muses; or Poems written by nine several ladies on the death of the late famous John Dryden, Esq." Neither volume contains any poem of striking merit or by a renowned author; but they serve to show the strong and general sensation excited by Dryden's death.

It was twenty years before any monument was placed over Dryden's grave in Westminster Abbey. There was an expectation at the time of the burial that Montagu and Dorset would erect a monument:* but it was not so. In 1717, Congreve, in his dedication to Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, of his edition of Dryden's plays, complimented his Grace on his having ordered a monument—on his "having from pure regard to merit, from an entire love of learning, and from that accurate taste and discernment which he had so early obtained in the polite arts, given order for erecting, at his own expense, a splendid monument to the memory of a man whom he never saw, but who was an honour to his country."

* Samuel Pepys wrote from Clapham to John Jackson, May 9, 1700, about Dryden's death, saying that "he will be buried in Chaucer's grave and have his monument erected by Lord Dorset and Mr. Montagu." (Diary and Correspondence of Pepys, ed. 1849, vol. v. p. 336.) In a poem addressed to Garth in the "Luctus Britannici," Montagu's alleged intention is made the medium of a harsh and unjust attack:

> "Since generous Montagu a tomb designs
> For him he stabbed, when living, with his lines."

The "lines" are of course the burlesque of "The Hind and the Panther," which was principally in prose. Pope, in his well-known satirical sketch of Montagu as Bufo, has also misrepresented Montagu's relations with Dryden:

> "Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
> Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
> But still the great have kindness in reserve,
> He helped to bury whom he helped to starve."

Montagu evidently had the will to serve Dryden during the reign of William, but it was not possible for him to do so.

But nothing came of the Duke of Newcastle's thus lauded promise or intention. At last, Dryden's old friend and benefactor, Mulgrave, now Duke of Buckinghamshire, roused, it is said, by Pope's lines for an inscription on Rowe's tomb near Dryden's,—

> "Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
> And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust:
> Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
> To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes,"—

resolved that this reproach and shame should exist no longer. The Duke immediately gave order for a modest monument, which was erected in 1720, with a short Latin inscription, in which the year of Dryden's birth is wrongly given:

J. Dryden.
Natus, 1632. Mortuus, Maii 1, 1700.
Joannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiensis, posuit.
1720.

Pope, consulted by Buckinghamshire, had proposed this couplet:

> "This Sheffield raised: the sacred dust below
> Was Dryden once: the rest who does not know?"

The bust by Schumacher which now surmounts the monument was placed there in 1731 by the Duke of Buckinghamshire's widow, in substitution for an inferior one furnished in 1720.

Lady Elizabeth Dryden survived her husband several years, and died in June or July 1714. During the last ten or eleven years of her life she was insane. When, in 1713, Jacob Tonson printed a second edition of his Fables, the balance due under the agreement with Dryden of 1699 was paid for the benefit of Lady Elizabeth to her niece, Lady Sylvius, daughter of the Hon. William Howard, who became for this purpose administratrix to Dryden's estate; the eldest son, Charles, who had in the first instance administered, being now dead. Lady Elizabeth Dryden indeed survived not only her husband, but also all her three sons. The eldest, Charles, was drowned in August 1704, when swimming across the Thames near Datchet. John, the second son, died at Rome, very soon after his father's death, in January 1701. Erasmus Henry, the youngest, called "Harry" in his father's letters, succeeded in May 1710 to the baronetcy on the death of his cousin, Sir John Dryden, and died on December 4 of the same year.

Some notion of Dryden's personal appearance may be gathered from contemporary notices. He was of short stature, stout, and ruddy in the face. Rochester christened him Poet Squab, and Tom Brown always calls him "little Bayes." Shadwell in his "Medal of John Bayes" sneers at him as a cherry-cheeked dunce; another lampooner calls him "learned and florid." Pope remembered him as plump and of fresh colour, with a down look. Lady de Longueville, who died in 1763 at the age of 100, told Oldys that she remembered Dryden's dining with her husband, and that the most remarkable part of his appearance was

an uncommon distance between his eyes.* He had a large mole on his right cheek. The friendly writer of some lines on his portrait by Closterman says :

"A sleepy eye he shows, and no sweet feature."

He appears to have become gray comparatively early, and he let his gray hair grow long. We see him with his long gray locks in the portrait by which through engravings his face is best known to us, painted by Kneller in 1698.† The face, as we know it by that picture and the engravings, is handsome ; it indicates intellect, and sensual characteristics are not wanting.

Congreve, to whom Dryden consigned in beautiful lines the protection of his fame, has given in the dedication of his edition of Dryden's plays an account of his character, which must be read of course with the caution due to a formal eulogy for the public by a warm friend, and which evidently embraces only a part of the subject, but which there is every reason to believe is, so far as it goes, substantially correct. "He was," says Congreve, "of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate ; easily forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him. His friendship, when he professed it, went much beyond his professions ; and I have been told of strong and generous instances of it by the persons themselves who received them ; though his hereditary income was little more than a bare competency." And again : "He was of very easy, I may say of very pleasing, access ; but something slow and, as it were, diffident in his advances to others. He had something in his nature that abhorred intrusion into any society whatsoever. Indeed, it is to be regretted that he was rather blameable in the other extreme ; for by that means he was personally less known, and consequently his character might become liable both to misapprehensions and misrepresentations. To the best of my knowledge and observation he was, of all the men that I ever knew, one of the most modest, and the most easily to be discountenanced in his approaches either to his superiors or his equals." In several passages of his writings he has spoken of himself as unfitted to shine in conversation, and as bashful in cultivating and in soliciting his superiors. With his familiars he was at ease, and always lively and instructive. He had the shyness of pride with strangers and superiors. He dispensed even the fulsome flatteries of his dedications with the air of a patron. If his ways of living were more expensive

* See extracts from Oldys's notes in "Notes and Queries," Second Series, vol. xi. p. 162. This passage is from Oldys's notes on Langbaine's account of the English dramatists : and I have seen a copy of these notes in MS. with additional notes by Dr. Percy, in the possession of Mr. A. Holt White, of Clements Hall, Rochford.

† This portrait was painted by Kneller for Jacob Tonson, and is in the possession of Mr. W. R. Baker, of Bayfordbury Hall, Hertfordshire. Kneller is known to have made other portraits of Dryden ; one is in the possession of Mr. C. Beville Dryden. Those who wish to know more about the portraits of Dryden are referred to Malone's Life and to a statement appended to Mr. R. Bell's Life. A crayon drawing by Mr. Elstob, mentioned in a letter of Mr. G. Ballard, "as very masterly done, and an extraordinary fine likeness" (Nichols's Illustrations of Literature, iv. 213), is to be added to the lists of Malone and Bell.

than might have been, and if he was always seeking aid from Government, and often receiving it from noble friends, it cannot be denied that he worked diligently. His love of his sons is a charming feature of his character. It is touching to read in one of his letters to his publisher, written when he was old and ill, his solicitude about his son Charles in sickness at Rome: "If it please God that I must die of over-study, I cannot spend my life better than in saving his." The great number of Dryden's warm and steadfast friends is another proof of amiability of character. To younger authors he was always kind. There is a valuable testimony to his kindheartedness in the letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1745 which has been already quoted. "Posterity," says the aged writer who well remembered him, "is absolutely mistaken as to that great man; though forced to be a satirist, he was the mildest creature breathing, and the readiest to help the young and deserving."

Time has strengthened, if it has also corrected, the fame which surrounded Dryden's name when he died. There is a long chain of eulogy of his great powers in the works of leading minds which have succeeded. His immediate successor, Pope, venerated him as his great teacher of versification, and Pope's enthusiasm grew with years. "Great Dryden" he calls him in the "Prologue to the Satires." They who were "great Dryden's friends before" had hailed and encouraged his own first poems. In his early "Essay on Criticism," Pope had described the author of "Alexander's Feast" as another Timotheus:

> "The power of music all our hearts allow,
> And what Timotheus was is Dryden now."

Nearly thirty years later, in his "Imitations of Horace," Pope published the well-known glowing eulogy on Dryden's verse:

> "Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
> The long majestic march and energy divine."

Some fifteen years after, Gray, in his "Progress of Poesy," ushers in Dryden next after Milton:

> "Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
> Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
> Two coursers of ethereal race,
> With necks in thunder clothed and long-resounding pace."

To enumerate all the eulogies of succeeding poets is impossible. Those who have most criticised Dryden's poetry, or lamented and reprobated his grave faults, have joined in admiring the chief characteristics of his genius. There is no praise of his poetry more glowing than that to be found in the lines of a pious and learned poet of the last century, Hurdis, a gentle lover of nature, who stigmatizes Dryden's immoral writing and political and religious versatility in language neither less nor more strong than the later indignant prose of Lord Macaulay:

> "Then comes a bard
> Worn out and penniless, and poet still,

Though bent with years, and in impetuous rhyme
Pours out his unexhausted song. What muse
So flexible, so generous as thine,
Immortal Dryden! From her copious fount
Large draughts he took, and unbeseeming song
Inebriated sang. Who does not grieve
To hear the foul and insolent rebuke
Of angry satire from a bard so rare,
To trace the lubricous and oily course
Of abject adulation, the lewd line
Of shameless vice from page to page, and find
The judgment bribed, the heart unprincipled,
And only loyal at the expense of truth,
Of justice, and of virtue?" *

The great poet of nature and humanity, who early in this century renovated English poetry, while denying to Dryden, as is just, the highest attributes of imagination or the genuine pathos and simple tenderness which shine in Wordsworth's own poetry, recognizes his ardour and impetuosity and the excellence of his ear, and declares his high admiration of Dryden's talents and genius. These sentiments are expressed by Wordsworth in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, written while he was preparing his edition of Dryden. There is a passage of a letter from Scott during that period, to another friend, George Ellis, which unreservedly acknowledges Dryden's faults, and justifies by the example of a great name any succeeding editor of his unmutilated works:

"I will not castrate John Dryden. What would you say to any man who would castrate Shakespeare, or Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher? I don't say but that it may be very proper to select correct passages for the use of boarding-schools and colleges, being sensible that no improper ideas can be suggested in these seminaries, unless they are intruded or smuggled under the beards and ruffs of our old dramatists. But in making an edition of the works of a man of genius for libraries and collections (and such I conceive a complete edition of Dryden to be), I must give my author as I find him, and will not leave out the page, even to get rid of the blot, little as I like it. Are not the pages of Swift and even of Pope larded with indecency, and often of the most disgusting kind, and do we not see them upon all shelves and dressing-tables, and in all boudoirs? Is not Prior the most indecent of tale-tellers, not even excepting La Fontaine; and how often do we see his works in female hands? In fact, it is not passages of ludicrous indelicacy that corrupt the manners of a people: it is the sentimental story, half lewd, half methodistic, that debauches the understanding, and inflames the sleeping powers, and prepares the reader to give way as soon as a tempter appears. At the same time, I am not at all happy when I peruse some of Dryden's comedies: they are very stupid, as well as indelicate; sometimes, however, there is a considerable vein of liveliness and humour, and all of them present extraordinary pictures of the age in which he lived." †

The truth should be told, and it is important to produce Sir Walter Scott's censures of grossness in Dryden's writing, as there has been a tendency to treat Lord Macaulay's severities as unjust. This brilliant writer has fairly argued that the question of Dryden's religious sincerity is affected to his prejudice by his impure tastes in writing, quite as manifest after as before his conversion. "Even when he professed to translate," says Macaulay, "he constantly wandered from his originals in search of images which, if he had found them in his originals, he ought

* Hurdis's "Village Curate."
† Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, vol. ii. p. 77.

to have shunned. What was bad became worse in his versions. What was innocent contracted a taint from passing through his mind. He made the grossest satires more gross, interpolated loose descriptions in the tales of Boccaccio, and polluted the sweet and limpid poetry of the Georgics with filth which would have moved the loathing of Virgil."

Dr. Johnson, whose Life of Dryden is one of his most laboured and best, and whose general criticism of Dryden's intellectual characteristics is admirable, has thus tersely summed up his general services to the English language:

"To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments. By him we are taught 'sapere et fari,' to think naturally and express forcibly. Though Davies had reasoned in rhyme before him, it may be perhaps maintained that he was the first who joined argument with poetry. He showed us the true bounds of a translator's liberty. What was said of Rome, adorned by Augustus, may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry embellished by Dryden: 'Lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.' (He found it brick, and he left it marble.)"

"Dryden's practical knowledge of English," said Horne Tooke, "was beyond all others exquisite and wonderful." * Charles James Fox, one of whose literary dreams was an edition of Dryden, told Lord Holland that he would admit no word into his history, for which he had not the authority of Dryden.†

As, notwithstanding the fame amidst which he died, Dryden's tomb long remained without a monument, so it is remarkable that more than a century passed before the writings of one so admired and so famous appeared in any suitable collected edition. The poems on which his fame chiefly depends have been even more neglected in this respect than his plays. Of the latter, a fine edition, in two volumes folio, appeared in 1701, the year after his death: and Congreve in 1718 superintended another edition in six vols. 12mo. The folio volume of "Poems on Various Occasions and Translations from several Authors," published by Tonson in 1701, is a very incomplete collection: the poems in the volume of "Fables" of the year before are not included in it. An edition of "Poems and Fables," 2 vols. 12mo, Dublin, 1741, and another of "Original Poems and Translations," 2 vols. 12mo, London, 1743, are incomplete: the Epistle to John Driden and the famous ode, "Alexander's Feast," are not in either. The editor of the latter of these two editions was the Rev. Thomas Broughton, Prebendary of Salisbury, a contributor to the "Biographia Britannica." His name does not appear in the edition, but the fact is stated in the Preface to the second volume of Kippis's second edition of the "Biographia Britannica," 1780. An edition of Dryden's Poems, Tales, and Miscellaneous Poetical Translations, by Samuel Derrick, appeared in 1760, in four vols. 8vo, under the general title of "Dryden's Miscellaneous Works." The texts of both Broughton's and Derrick's editions are very incorrect. At last, in 1808, appeared Scott's edition of Dryden's Works, in eighteen volumes 8vo; a work

* Diversions of Purley, ii. 40.
† Lord Holland's Preface to Fox's History of James II. p. xl.

undertaken by the distinguished editor with enthusiastic admiration of Dryden's poems, and prosecuted with great labour in every respect except attention to the text. Scott's second edition of 1821 is only a reprint of the first of 1808, with a few typographical errors corrected. A booksellers' edition of Dryden's Poetical Works, in four vols. 8vo, appeared in 1811, with notes by Dr. Joseph Warton, said in the Preface to have been left for publication, by his son, the Rev. John Warton, and by others. It does not include the Plays or the translation of Virgil. This edition appears to have been altogether prepared before Scott's edition appeared, though it was published later. The text of this edition is also very incorrect; it was followed in the Aldine edition of 1832, to which the Rev. John Mitford prefixed a biography. In the second Aldine edition, 1866, a biography by the Rev. Richard Hooper has replaced Mr. Mitford's. The text of Mr. Robert Bell's edition of Dryden's Poetical Works, 3 vols. 12mo., 1854, is the worst of all the existing texts: but Mr. Bell's memoir contributed some new interesting facts in Dryden's life. All Dryden's prose writings were diligently collected and edited in 1800, in the edition by Edmond Malone, with a Life, which is a remarkable example of minute persevering industry, and remains the principal storehouse of materials for Dryden's biography.

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POEMS,

HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND CONTROVERSIAL.

A POEM

UPON THE DEATH

OF HIS LATE HIGHNESS, OLIVER,

LORD PROTECTOR OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,

AND IRELAND.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

This is the third poem of Dryden, in order of composition, the two of earlier date being that on the Death of Lord Hastings and the lines addressed to John Hoddesdon. This is Dryden's first poem of any pretension, and was written when he was twenty-seven, towards the end of 1658. *The date on the title-page of the first edition is* 1659. *There are two editions of that year, the first being probably that in "Three Poems upon the Death of his late Highness, Oliver, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland, written by Mr. Edm. Waller, Mr. Jo. Dryden, Mr. Sprat of Oxford: London, Printed by William Wilson, and are to be sold in Well-yard, near Little St. Bartholomew's Hospital:* 1659." *Dryden's poem is printed first in this collection, with the separate heading of "Heroic Stanzas, consecrated to the glorious Memory of his most Serene and Renowned Highness, Oliver, late Lord Protector of this Commonwealth, &c. written after the celebration of his Funeral." In the other edition of* 1659, *which has the same publisher's name, the poem is printed by itself. The titles given here are* verbatim *from this edition, which was probably revised by Dryden, and which may be presumed to be later than the other, as the spelling is more modern. There is no difference between the two, except of spelling and punctuation. The "Three Poems" were reprinted in* 1682, *without variation, except in the title-page, where "late Usurper" was substituted for the honours before given to Cromwell's name. This reprint naturally did not proceed from Dryden or any friend of his: he had then lately published "Absalom and Achitophel" and "The Medal," and was in full swing of fame and favour as the Court's champion. In the reign of William, Jacob Tonson, Dryden's publisher of his later years, re-issued the poem, in* 1695, *from the separate edition of* 1659. *It afterwards appeared in the first volume of the "State Poems," with several corruptions of the text, all or some of which are to be found in all subsequent editions. The corrupt copy of the "State Poems" was followed in the edition of the "Miscellany Poems" of* 1716; *and in that and in subsequent editions of the poem a few more mistakes crept in. In Scott's edition, most but not all of these corruptions were corrected.*

HEROIC STANZAS,

CONSECRATED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS HIGHNESS, OLIVER,

LATE LORD PROTECTOR OF THIS COMMONWEALTH, &c.

WRITTEN AFTER THE CELEBRATING OF HIS FUNERAL.

1

And now 'tis time; for their officious haste
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.*

2

Though our best notes are treason to his fame
Joined with the loud applause of public voice,
Since Heaven what praise we offer to his name
Hath rendered too authentic by its choice;

3

Though in his praise no arts can liberal be,
Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own;

4

Yet 'tis our duty and our interest too
Such monuments as we can build to raise,
Lest all the world prevent what we should do
And claim a title in him by their praise.

* Cromwell died September 3, 1658; his funeral obsequies were celebrated with great splendour on November 23. The opening lines are intended to justify the poet's having waited till after the funeral, and do not refer, as Scott supposes, to premature reports of Cromwell's death. At the close of the funeral ceremonies of a Roman emperor, which were regarded as his consecration or apotheosis, an eagle was let fly from the top of the building in which his effigy was burnt; and the bird mounting to the skies was thought to carry the deceased emperor's soul to heaven. Herodianus minutely describes these ceremonies in the 4th Book of his "Roman Histories," on occasion of the consecration of the Emperor Severus.

5

How shall I then begin or where conclude
To draw a fame so truly circular? *
For in a round what order can be shewed, †
Where all the parts so equal-perfect are?

6

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great, ere Fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

7

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poisoned, soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

8

Fortune, that easy mistress of the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard,
Him at that age her favourites ranked among
When she her best-loved Pompey did discard. ‡

9

He, private, marked the faults of others' sway
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun;
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

10

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing not to him but Heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join,
Rewards that less to him than us were given.

* *Circular* is similarly used to mean completeness or perfection by Massinger in "The Emperor of the East," act 3, sc. 2,—"In this, sister, your wisdom is not circular." Dryden probably had in his mind the Latin *rotundus*, which Horace uses in describing a model-man, *teres atque rotundus* (2 Sat. 7, 86), and Cicero in describing a finished style, *apta et quasi rotunda constructio* (Brutus, c. 78). In "Eleonora" Dryden compares the lady's perfection to an orb "truly round" (line 273), and "round eternity" in "The Hind and the Panther" (part 3, l. 19) must be explained as Dryden here explains "circular."

† The spellings *shew* and *show* both occur in the original editions of Dryden's works; and the spelling is adapted to the rhyme. Here *shewed* rhymes with *conclude*. In stanzas 32 and 37 *show* rhymes with *go*, and in stanzas 14 and 24, *shown* with *sown* and *own*. In the last couplet of "Astræa Redux," *foreshew* rhymes with *you*. The same is to be observed of *strew* and *strow*; see "Astræa Redux," 119.

‡ Pompey had established his brilliant military renown, and acquired from Sylla the title of "Great," before he was thirty, and the culminating point of his fame and fortunes was his splendid triumph on his forty-fifth birthday, B.C. 61, after his return to Rome from his great Eastern conquests. His subsequent rule at Rome was beset with many and ever-growing troubles, till at last, vanquished by Cæsar and a fugitive, he was assassinated in Egypt on the day before the completion of his fifty-eighth year. The civil war brought Cromwell's military qualities first into notice when he was forty-five; his greatness grew from that time, and never waned: he became Protector when he was fifty-four, and died at the age of fifty-nine in great fame and power.

11

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,*
First sought to inflame the parties, then to poise,
The quarrel loved, but did the cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

12

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade;
We inward bled, whilst they prolonged our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and assayed
To stanch the blood by breathing of the vein.†

13

Swift and resistless through the land he passed,
Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,
And made to battles such heroic haste
As if on wings of victory he flew.

14

He fought, secure of fortune as of fame,
Till by new maps the Island might be shown
Of conquests, which he strewed where'er he came,
Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.‡

* *Sticklers* were sidesmen or umpires, who interfered between combatants. In Dryden's play "The Assignation," act 1, sc. 1,—"Nay then 'tis time to stickle."

> "The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth
> And, stickler-like, the armies separates."
>
> SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, act 5, sc. 8.

The "former chiefs," who are compared to sticklers, are the parliamentary generals of the beginning of the civil war, Essex, Manchester, Waller, and others, who were thought unwilling to prosecute to the utmost advantages gained against the King.

† Dryden is fond of this use of *breathe* for opening a vein. Thus he translates *ferire venam* in Virgil's Georgics, iii. 460 (700 of Translation):

> "The ready cure to cool the raging pain
> Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein."

And again, *mediam pertundite venam* of Juvenal, vi. 46 (65 of Translation), "breathe the middle vein." In later days, when Dryden was a court-poet under Charles II. and James II., he was often taunted with this line as being a justification of Charles I.'s execution. Thus Shadwell, in the "Medal of John Bayes," refers to Dryden's praises of Cromwell:

> "On him you first showed your poetic strain,
> And praised his opening the basilic vein."

And in "The Laureat," printed in the "State Poems," vol. i. part 2:

> "Nay, had our Charles by Heaven's severe decree
> Been found and murdered in the royal tree,
> Even thou hadst praised the fact; his father slain
> Thou calledst but gently breathing of a vein."

It is not certain that Dryden meant quite so much by this line; but he was at this time so ardent a Cromwellite that he would doubtless have justified the execution of Charles.

‡ The meaning is, "till the Island might by new maps be shown thick of conquests, &c. as the galaxy is sown with stars." *Thick of* occurs again in Dryden:

> "He through a little window cast his sight,
> Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light."
>
> *Palamon and Arcite*, i. 230.

15

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thrived ;* no winter could his laurels fade:
Heaven in his portrait showed a workman's hand
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

16

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had banished and did now restore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air
To seat themselves more surely than before.†

17

Her safety rescued Ireland to him owes;
And treacherous Scotland, to no interest true,‡
Yet blessed that fate which did his arms dispose
Her land to civilize as to subdue.

18

Nor was he like those stars which only shine
When to pale mariners they storms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his mien§
Did love and majesty together blend.

19

Tis true his countenance did imprint an awe
And naturally all souls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.

* Aulus Gellius, quoting Aristotle and Plutarch, says that, "If you place great weights on the trunk of the palm-tree, and so press and load it that the weight is more than can be borne, the palm does not yield, nor does it bend within, but it rises back against the weight and forces itself upwards and bends itself back." (Noct. Att. iii. 6.) And this is why the palm is an emblem of victory. The palm referred to is the date-palm, and the palm of Scripture.

"Well did he know how palms by oppression speed,
Victorious and the victor's sacred meed;
The burden lifts them higher."

COWLEY, *Davideis*, book i.

† It is related that, when the French were besieged in Bologna in 1512 by the Papal, Spanish, and Venetian forces, a mine laid by the besiegers blew up a part of the walls on which stood a chapel dedicated to the Holy Virgin, and that this, having been raised so high that the besiegers saw through the breach into the town, fell down again exactly into its old place, and that there was no sign of injury. This marvellous story is related by Guicciardini as if it were true. (Storia d' Italia, lib. x.) See Roscoe's "Life of Leo X.," ii. 101.

‡ Scotland is called "treacherous" on account of the rising of 1648 under the Duke of Hamilton for Charles I. and the war afterwards carried on by the Scots for Charles II., which ended, after the defeat of Charles at Worcester, in the complete subjugation of Scotland. Only eighteen months later, Dryden transferred all his enthusiasm to Charles, and Scotch "treachery" was then virtue.

§ *Mien*, so printed in the separate edition of 1659; in the other of the same year, spelt *mine*. Rhyming with *shine*, the word was doubtless here pronounced *mine*. It is printed through the original editions of Dryden's works generally, *meen*, and always so when rhyming with *seen* and such words, as:

"For truth has such a face and such a meen
As to be loved needs only to be seen."

The Hind and the Panther, i. 33.

20

When, past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,*
He Mars deposed and arms to gowns made yield,
Successful counsels did him soon approve
As fit for close intrigues as open field.

21

To suppliant Holland he vouchsafed a peace,
Our once bold rival in the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease
And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

22

Fame of the asserted sea, through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that side must conquer he would own
And for him fiercely as for empire strove.

23

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embraced
Than the light Monsieur the grave Don outweighed:
His fortune turned the scale where'er 'twas cast,
Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

24

When absent, yet we conquered in his right:
For, though some meaner artist's skill were shown
In mingling colours or in placing light,
Yet still the fair designment was his own.

25

For from all tempers he could service draw;
The worth of each with its alloy he knew
And, as the confident of Nature, saw
How she complexions did divide and brew:

* There was a temple of Jupiter Feretrius in Rome, said to have been built by Romulus, who was also said to have given that title to Jupiter, in offering to him the spoils taken from Acro, king of the Cæninenses, whom he had slain in battle. Romulus is further said to have ordained that all spoils taken by a Roman general from an enemy's general whom he had slain should be given to Jupiter Feretrius: such spoils were called *spolia opima* (Livy, i. 10). In the history of Rome there were only two subsequent cases of *spolia opima*. Dryden here speaks of Feretrian Jove as if all spoils of war were given to him; and he introduces his name in the same way in translating a passage of Juvenal (x. 133, 208 of 'Translation'), where the two words *exuviæ bellorum* are rendered:

"The spoils of war brought to Feretrian Jove."

Virgil, alluding to the third instance of *spolia opima*, those gained by Marcellus, assigns the offering to Romulus and not to Jupiter Feretrius (Æn. vi. 860):

"Tertiaque arma patri suspendet capta Quirino."

Which Dryden translates (line 1188):

"And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."

26

Or he their single virtues did survey
By intuition in his own large breast,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay
That were the rule and measure to the rest.

27

When such heroic virtue Heaven sets out,
The stars, like Commons, sullenly obey,
Because it drains them, when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

28

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend,
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

29

He made us freemen of the Continent
Whom Nature did like captives treat before,
To nobler preys the English Lion sent,
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.*

30

That old unquestioned pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard
And trembling wished behind more Alps to stand,
Although an Alexander were her guard.†

31

By his command we boldly crossed the Line
And bravely fought where southern stars arise;
We traced the far-fetched gold unto the mine
And that which bribed our fathers made our prize.‡

* This refers to the auxiliary force of six thousand men sent by Cromwell in 1657 into Flanders to act with the French against the Spaniards, and to the cession to England of Dunkirk in the following year. James, duke of York, was a volunteer in the Spanish army, and was in the battle in which the Spaniards were defeated by the French and English at Dunkirk, June 17, 1658. In 1672, Dryden, dedicating to the Duke of York his play "The Conquest of Granada," referred in a very different strain to these events. Then, with his usual reckless adulation, he declares that in Flanders the Duke of York, serving against his country, alone reflected lustre on it: "You were then an honour to it, when it was a reproach to itself:" and he goes on to say that the Duke's fame drew over to the Spanish army from the English ranks "whole troops and companies of converted rebels, and made them forsake successful wickedness to follow an oppressed and exiled virtue." Dryden's poems immediately following the Restoration show how soon he became ardently loyal. In his "Vindication" of his play "The Duke of Guise," published in 1684, he was not ashamed to print that he began the play "in the year of his Majesty's happy Restoration," his object being the "setting forth the rise of the late rebellion, and by exploding the villainies of it upon the stage to precaution posterity against the like errors."

† The reigning Pope was Alexander VII.

‡ This stanza contains much exaggeration and misstatement. The fleet and army, sent at the end of 1654, under Penn and Venables, to attack Spain in America and the West Indies, did not cross the Line nor reach gold mines. The armament did not get further than the West Indies, where it was repulsed from Hispaniola or St. Domingo, and afterwards took Jamaica. The result was regarded as a great failure.

32

Such was our Prince, yet owned a soul above
The highest acts it could produce to show :
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

33

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to live ;
He seemed but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

34

His latest victories still thickest came,
As near the centre motion does increase ;
Till he, pressed down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the Vestal, under spoils decease.*

35

But first the Ocean as a tribute sent
That giant-prince of all her watery herd ;†
And the Isle, when her protecting Genius went,
Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferred.

36

No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey ;‡
And wars have that respect for his repose
As winds for halcyons when they breed at sea.

37

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest ;
His name a great example stands to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blessed
Where piety and valour jointly go.

* Tarpeia, crushed by the shields of the Sabines to whom she had betrayed the citadel of Rome. The comparison is very forced and inappropriate.

† Scott supposes that this refers to the great storm at the time of Cromwell's death. But it is impossible to explain, on that supposition, who was the "giant-prince of all her watery herd" sent by Ocean as a tribute. Mr. Holt White, in his MS. notes, interprets these two obscure lines as referring to the death of Blake, the great naval hero of the Commonwealth, who had died rather more than a twelvemonth before Cromwell, and had been buried with state in Westminster Abbey, September 4, 1657. This is a more probable interpretation. Derrick and the subsequent editors, including Scott, have printed "*the* giant-prince" instead of *that*, which is the word in the original editions. The difference is material ; *that* points to an individual. The two last lines of the stanza refer to the storm at the time of Cromwell's death.

‡ The first two months of Richard Cromwell's reign were serene, and there was no sign of danger or trouble till his Parliament met, January 27, 1659.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN

OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY

CHARLES THE SECOND.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.—VIRG. *Eclog.* iv. 6.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

"*Astræa Redux*" *and the two poems which follow, addressed to King Charles II. on his Coronation and to the Lord Chancellor Clarendon on New Year's Day,* 1662, *were successively published in folio by Henry Herringman. Dryden's name is printed* Driden *on the title-pages of two of them. All these poems were reprinted in* 1688 *in quarto, with a new edition of* "*Annus Mirabilis*," *and were then issued by Jacob Tonson; the spelling* Driden *being retained on the title-page of* "*Astræa Redux.*" *These three poems were not again reprinted till they appeared in the edition of the* "*Miscellany Poems*" *of* 1716.

A piece, which was first printed in the third volume of the "*State Poems*," *published after Dryden's death in* 1704, *and which has since appeared in every edition of Dryden's poems, with the heading* "*A Satire on the Dutch, written in the year* 1662," *is omitted in this edition. This* "*Satire*" *was put together by the publisher from the Prologue and Epilogue of Dryden's play of* "*Amboyna, or the Cruelties of the Dutch to the English Merchants*," *which appeared in* 1673, *the last year of the second Dutch war. There is nothing in the poem to show that it was written in* 1662 *or earlier than* 1673, *and no sign of its publication before the appearance of* "*Amboyna.*" *There is a similar instance at page* 2 *of the same volume of the* "*State Poems:*" *a* "*Satire upon Romish Confessors, by Mr. Dryden*," *which is a portion of the Epilogue of the* "*Spanish Friar.*"

ASTRÆA REDUX.

Now with a general peace the world was blest,
While ours, a world divided from the rest,*
A dreadful quiet† felt, and worser far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war.
Thus, when black clouds draw down the labouring skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid stillness first invades the ear‡
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
The ambitious Swede like restless billows tost,
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
Though in his life he blood and ruin breathed,
To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeathed;§
And Heaven, that seemed regardless of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create
Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace
As nature bred and interest did increase.
We sighed to hear the fair Iberian bride
Must grow a lily to the Lily's side;‖

* "Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos."—VIRG. *Eclog.* i. 67.
† "Ducemque terruit *dira quies*."—TACIT. *Ann.* i. 65.
‡ This line has been much ridiculed, and it is not easy to justify it.

> "Laureat, who was both learned and florid,
> Was damned long since for 'silence horrid,'
> Nor had there been such clutter made,
> But that this silence did invade;
> Invade! and so it might well, that's clear,
> But what did it invade?—an ear."
>
> *News from Hell* (Miscellany Poems, ii. 100, ed. 1716).

Dr. Johnson has defended the phrase "stillness invades the ear," by comparison of *stillness* or *silence* with *darkness*, *cold*, and *death*, all which, he says, similarly denote privation. "No man," he says, "scruples to say that *darkness* hinders him from his work, or that *cold* has killed the plants: death is also privation: yet who has made any difficulty of assigning to death a dart and the power of striking?" (Lives of the Poets, i. 272, Cunningham's edition.) But the instances are not in point. Death is personified. Stillness may help study or benefit an invalid, as darkness may prevent work, or cold injure plants; but there is decided incongruity in stillness or the absence of all sound *invading* or entering the ear.

§ Charles X. of Sweden, who had succeeded Queen Christina in 1654, died February 13, 1660. Sweden had been during the greater part of his reign, and was then, at war with Poland, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, and Holland. His son being a minor, Charles X. appointed by will regents, and on his deathbed exhorted these to restore peace to his kingdom. Peace was concluded with Denmark and Holland by the treaty of Oliva, May 1660, and with Austria, Prussia, and Poland by the treaty of Copenhagen in July 1660.

‖ By the treaty of the Pyrenees, by which peace was made between France and Spain, November 1659, it was agreed that Louis XIV., king of France, should marry the Infanta Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of Philip IV., king of Spain.

While our cross stars denied us Charles his bed
Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long absence Church and State did groan;
Madness the pulpit, faction seized the throne.
Experienced age in deep despair was lost
To see the rebel thrive, the loyal crost:
Youth that with joys had unacquainted been
Envied gray hairs that once good days had seen:
We thought our sires, not with their own content,
Had, ere we came to age, our portion spent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
Who ruined crowns would coronets exempt:
For when, by their designing leaders taught
To strike at power which for themselves they sought,
The vulgar, gulled into rebellion, armed,
Their blood to action by the prize was warmed;
The sacred purple then and scarlet gown,*
Like sanguine dye to elephants, was shown.
Thus, when the bold Typhoeus† scaled the sky
And forced great Jove from his own heaven to fly,
(What king, what crown from treason's reach is free,
If Jove and Heaven can violated be?)
The lesser gods that shared his prosperous state
All suffered in the exiled Thunderer's fate.
The rabble now such freedom did enjoy
As winds at sea that use it to destroy:
Blind as the Cyclops and as wild as he,
They owned a lawless savage liberty,
Like that our painted ancestors so prized,
Ere empire's arts their breasts had civilized.
How great were then our Charles his woes who thus
Was forced to suffer for himself and us!
He, tossed by fate and hurried up and down,
Heir to his father's sorrows with his crown,
Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age,
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquered yet in that forlorn estate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
Which by his virtue were with laurels drest.
As souls reach Heaven, while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his banishment.
That sun, which we beheld with cozened eyes
Within the water, moved along the skies.

* "The sacred purple then and scarlet gown:" the Bishops and the Peers.

† Typhoeus or Typhon (Τυφωεύς or Τυφώς). Milton calls him Typhon:

"Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held."—*Paradise Lost*, i. 199.

A hundred-headed giant of classical mythology, fabled to have once driven Jupiter and the gods from heaven. He was afterwards quelled by Jupiter with a thunderbolt, and stowed away, according to Homer, whom Milton follows, in Cilicia (Il. i. 783); but Virgil placed him under the islands Inarime and Prochyta, off the west coast of Italy, near Vesuvius (Æn. ix. 716).

How easy 'tis, when Destiny proves kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
But those that 'gainst stiff gales laveering* go
Must be at once resolved and skilful too.
He would not, like soft Otho,† hope prevent,
But stayed and suffered fortune to repent.
These virtues Galba in a stranger sought
And Piso to adopted empire brought.
How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express
That must his sufferings both regret and bless?
For when his early valour Heaven had crost,
And all at Worcester but the honour lost,‡
Forced into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries where he came his own,
And, viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
A royal factor for their kingdoms lay.
Thus banished David spent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime,
And, when restored, made his proud neighbours rue
Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.
Nor is he only by afflictions shown
To conquer others' realms, but rule his own;
Recovering hardly what he lost before,
His right endears it much, his purchase more.
Enured to suffer ere he came to reign,
No rash procedure will his actions stain.
To business ripened by digestive thought,
His future rule is into method brought,
As they who first proportion understand
With easy practice reach a master's hand.
Well might the ancient poets then confer
On Night the honoured name of Counseller;§
Since, struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In such adversities to sceptres trained,
The name of Great his famous grandsire gained:‖
Who, yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;

* To *laveer* is to tack; it is a word of Dutch origin:

> "To catch opinion as a ship the wind,
> Which blowing cross, the pilot backward steers,
> And, shifting sails, makes way when he laveers."
>
> DAVENANT, p. 280 of Works, fol. 1673.

† The Roman emperor Otho, of whom Eutropius says that he was "in privata vita mollis." (Book vii. c. 17.) Otho had raised an insurrection against his predecessor Galba, when the latter adopted Piso for his successor: and Galba, who had become emperor in June, A.D. 68, was slain in January, A.D. 69. Otho's reign was even shorter. Vitellius disputed his succession; and on the first defeat of his forces by those of Vitellius, he committed suicide at Brixellum near Parma in April, A.D. 69.

‡ A literal adaptation of the celebrated phrase ascribed to Francis I. of France, in announcing to his mother his defeat at Pavia and capture by the Imperial troops in 1525, "Tout est perdu hors l'honneur."

§ Εὐφρόνη, a Greek name for Night, is probably meant. It may be translated *well-minded* or *well-judging*.

‖ Henry IV. of France, maternal grandfather of Charles II.

Shocked by a covenanting League's vast powers,
As holy and as Catholic as ours :
Till Fortune's fruitless spite had made it known
Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.
Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
No action leave to busy chronicles :*
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epoches mistakes,†
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down
Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles his too too active age,
Which, governed by the wild distempered rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost, like Adam, wise.
Tremble, ye nations who, secure before,
Laughed at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore ;
Roused by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our Lion now will foreign foes assail.
With alga who the sacred altar strows ?‡
To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes ;
A bull to thee, Portunus,§ shall be slain,
A lamb to you the tempests of the main.
For those loud storms that did against him roar
Have cast his shipwracked vessel on the shore.
Vet, as wise artists mix their colours so
That by degrees they from each other go,
Black steals unheeded from the neighbouring white
Without offending the well-cozened sight,
So on us stole our blessed change, while we
The effect did feel but scarce the manner see.
Frosts that constrain the ground and birth deny
To flowers that in its womb expecting lie
Do seldom their usurping power withdraw,
But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw :

* Similar instances of rhyme occur in Dryden with the word *articles* in the "Letter to Sir George Etherege," 37, and with *miracles* in the "Threnodia Augustalis," 414. These words were probably pronounced *miraclees*, *chroniclees*, &c. In lines 14 and 241 *miracles*, so pronounced, improves the rhythm.

† This line is printed in the original edition of 1661 :

"In story chasmes, in epoche's mistakes."

And similarly in the second edition of 1688. The apostrophe of *epoche's* shows that Dryden intended this for the plural of *epoche* (ἐποχή). *Epoches* is therefore printed in the text, with omission of the apostrophe now disused ; and *chasmes* is printed *chasms*, according to modern spelling, the rhythm not being affected, as *chasm* has a dissyllabic sound. In the reprint of this poem in the "Miscellany Poems," ed. 1716, *epocha's* was printed. Derrick turned this into *epocha*, which is also in Scott's edition.

‡ *Strowes* in edition of 1661 : *strows*, 1688. Scott has printed *strews*, which is a common spelling in Dryden, but *strows* was here designed for the rhyme.

§ Portunus was the protector of harbours in Roman mythology, and was invoked to grant a happy return from a voyage. He is therefore suitably named here. Dryden introduces him also in a later poem, helping to speed the Duchess of Ormond's crossing the Channel to Ireland :

"Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand
Heaved up the lightened keel and sunk the sand"
Dedication of Palamon and Arcite, 48.

Our thaw was mild, the cold not chased away,
But lost in kindly heat of lengthened day.
Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive,
But what we could not pay for freely give.
The Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer
A gift unhoped without the price of war:
Yet, as He knew His blessing's worth, took care
That we should know it by repeated prayer,
Which stormed the skies and ravished Charles from thence,
As Heaven itself is took by violence.*
Booth's forward valour only served to show
He durst that duty pay we all did owe;
The attempt was fair, but Heaven's prefixed hour†
Not come: so, like the watchful travellour‡
That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
Lay down again and closed his weary eyes.
'Twas Monk, whom Providence designed to loose
Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
The blessed saints that watched this turning scene
Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean
To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With ease such fond chimeras we pursue
As Fancy frames for Fancy to subdue;
But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the mint, like gold that chymists make.
How hard was then his task, at once to be
What in the body natural we see
Man's architect distinctly did ordain
The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense,
The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let them play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
Wise leeches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude:

* St. Matthew xi. 12: "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

† This line is printed in the early editions:

"Th' attempt was fair, but Heav'n's prefixed hour."

Heaven must therefore be pronounced as one syllable, and *prefixed* a trisyllable

‡ *Travellour* in first edition; *travellor* in edition of 1688. The terminations *our*, *or*, and *er* occur indiscriminately in the early editions of Dryden's poems for words like *traveller*, *oppressor*, *conqueror*, &c. Here *our* is important for the rhyme, but *travellour* occurs elsewhere, where the rhyme does not need it. In the opening lines of "Religio Laici," *travellers* rhymes with *stars*, as in this poem (line 140) *confer* with *war*; the *er* probably pronounced *ar*

Deaf to complaints, they wait upon the ill,
Till some safe crisis authorise their skill.
Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear
To scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted nest
Whence Legion twice before was dispossest :*
Once sacred House, which when they entered in,
They thought the place could sanctify a sin ;
Like those that vainly hoped kind Heaven would wink,
While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.
And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
To part, before they taste forbidden bowls,
So these, when their black crimes they went about,
First timely charmed their useless conscience out.
Religion's name against itself was made ;
The shadow served the substance to invade.
Like zealous Missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in show, but made the gold their end.
The incensed powers beheld with scorn from high
An heaven so far distant from the sky,
Which durst with horses' hoofs that beat the ground
And martial brass belie the thunder's sound.†
'Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it fit
To speed their ruin by their impious wit ;
Thus Sforza, cursed with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the power his wit did gain.‡
Henceforth their fogue§ must spend at lesser rate
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffered to live, they are like Helots set
A virtuous shame within us to beget ;
For by example most we sinned before
And glass-like clearness mixed with frailty bore.‖
But since, reformed by what we did amiss,
We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss ;

* Referring to Cromwell's ejection of the Rump of the Long Parliament in April 1653, and to Lambert's dissolution of it in October 1659, after it had been restored on Richard Cromwell's deposition.

† Salmoneus, king of Elis, son of Æolus, wishing to be called a God and treated as such by his subjects, imitated thunder and lightning by driving his chariot over a brazen bridge, and flinging burning torches around him. Jupiter, provoked, struck him dead with a thunderbolt. See Virgil, Æn. vi. 585 (789 of Translation) :

> "Salmoneus suffering cruel pains I found
> For emulating Jove, the rattling sound
> Of mimic thunder and the glittering blaze
> Of pointed lightnings and their forky rays."

‡ Lodovico Sforza, who murdered his nephew Giovanni Galeazzo Sforza, duke of Milan, and usurped his dukedom, and after a course of very successful intrigues, was in 1499 driven from Italy by Louis XII. of France, and ultimately died a prisoner in France in 1508.

§ *Fogue.* So printed in the two early editions, from the French *fougue.*

‖ Scott, who has placed *glass-like* between two commas, says in a note that the original edition has "like glass ;" but this is a mistake. Both the early editions have "glass-like" without commas. Compare Shakespeare in "Measure for Measure," act 2, sc. 4.

> "*Angelo.* Nay, women are frail too.
> *Isabel.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
> Which are as easy broke as they make forms."

Like early lovers, whose unpractised hearts
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas this produced the joy that hurried o'er
Such swarms of English to the neighbouring shore
To fetch that prize by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoverished trade.
Oh, had you seen from Scheveline's barren shore,
Crowded with troops and barren now no more,
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True sorrow, Holland to regret a king,
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lowered sails denied;
The wavering streamers, flags, and Standard out,
The merry seamen's rude but cheerful shout,
And last the cannons' voice that shook the skies,
And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,*
But better to be lost in Charles his name,
Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets,
Receives her lord; the joyful London meets
The princely York, himself alone a freight;
The Swiftsure groans beneath great Gloucester's weight:†
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these
He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventured at a stake.
The same indulgence Charles his voyage blessed
Which in his right had miracles confessed.
The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
Their straightened lungs, or conscious of their charge.
The British Amphitrite, smooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear,
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted fasces of the main.‡

And welcome now, great Monarch, to your own!
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion.
It is no longer motion cheats your view;
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.

* The ship "Naseby," in which Charles embarked for Dover, received from him, as he was on the point of starting, the name "Royal Charles." See Pepys's Diary, May 23, 1660. The "Richard" was at the same time christened "Royal James."

† Henry, Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of Charles II. who died in September 1660.

‡ When Publius Valerius, being Consul, called the Roman people together to vindicate himself from false accusations, he made the lictors who preceded him with the fasces, emblems of his consular rank, lower them in recognition of the people's superior power; and Livy says, "*submissis fascibus* in concionem escendit" (ii. 7).

The land returns, and in the white it wears
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth show
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too,
By that same mildness which your father's crown
Before did ravish shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live,
A voice before His entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in His name.*
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws,
Whose rigid letter, while pronounced by you,
Is softer made. So winds, that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite.
And as those lees that trouble it refine
The agitated soul of generous wine,
So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,
Work out and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
Who in their haste to welcome you to land
Choked up the beach with their still growing store
And made a wilder torrent on the shore:
While, spurred with eager thoughts of past delight,
Those who had seen you court a second sight,
Preventing still your steps and making haste
To meet you often wheresoe'er you past.
How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
When you renewed the expiring pomp of May!
A month that owns an interest in your name;
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.
That star, that at your birth shone out so bright†

* "And He said, Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live." (Exodus xxxiii. 20.) "And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." (xxxiv. 6.)

† A star appeared at noon, on the day of Charles II.'s birth, May 29, 1630, as the King his father was proceeding to St. Paul's to give thanks to God for the event. Charles II. entered London, when restored to his throne, on his birthday; and Dryden ascribes renewed force to the star which had been observed on the day of his birth thirty years before. There is nothing to support Scott's unnecessary conjecture that the same star was again visible on May 29, 1660. Cowley, in his Ode on the Restoration, celebrates the star in the same way:

"No star amongst ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous assistance give,
As that which, thirty years ago,
At Charles his birth, did, in despite
Of the proud sun's meridian light,
His future glories and this year foreshow:
No less effects than these we may
Be assured of from that powerful ray
Which could outface the sun and overcome the day."

Compare "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 18. Lilly, the astrologer, declared it to be the planet Venus.

It stained the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.
And now Time's whiter series is begun,*
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run;
Those clouds that overcast your morn shall fly,
Dispelled to farthest corners of the sky.
Our nation, with united interest blest,
Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest.
Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow;
Your much-loved fleet shall with a wide command
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land;
And as old Time his offspring swallowed down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be;
Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.†
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes,
For what the powerful takes not he bestows;
And France that did an exile's presence fear‡
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sins,
But most your life and blest example wins.
Oh happy Prince, whom Heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh times like those alone
By fate reserved for great Augustus' throne,
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreshew
The world a Monarch, and that Monarch you!

* This use of *white* in the sense of *fortunate* is a Latinism:

"Sed current albusque dies horæque serenæ."

Silius Ital. xv. 53.

† Compare the first stanza of "Annus Mirabilis," where Holland is described, "crouching at home and cruel when abroad." And the same idea is presented in Dryden's play of "Amboyna," at the beginning and at the end. "We are secure," says Harman the Governor, before the massacre, "of our superiors there: well, they may give the King of Great Britain a verbal satisfaction, and with submissive fawning promises make show to punish us, but interest is their god as well as ours" (act 1, sc. 1). And, at the end, says the Fiscal, "Now for a smooth apology, and then a fawning letter to the King of England, and our work's done."

‡ Charles had quitted Paris to live at Cologne in the beginning of 1656, when the negotiations which led to the alliance of France with Oliver Cromwell began. His departure had not been suggested by the French king, but he did not press Charles to stay, and indeed encouraged him to go when Charles proposed it. Or the reference may be to Cardinal Mazarin's dislike of the visit of Charles to Fuentarabia in the autumn of 1659, when the treaty of the Pyrenees was being negotiated.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY,

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

1661.

In that wild Deluge where the world was drowned,
When life and sin one common tomb had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the Ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drowned,
It left behind it false and slippery ground,
And the more solemn pomp was still deferred
Till new-born nature in fresh looks appeared.
Thus, royal Sir, to see you landed here
Was cause enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat
Till they at once might be secure and great,
Till your kind beams by their continued stay
Had warmed the ground and called the damps away.
Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste these sacred rites prepared,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs shared:
But this untainted year is all your own;*
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refreshed our joys by adding more:
As Heaven of old dispensed celestial dew,
You gave us manna and still give us new.
Now our sad ruins are removed from sight,
The season too comes fraught with new delight
Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop:
Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy spring
And opened scenes of flowers and blossoms bring
To grace this happy day, while you appear
Not King of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart,
Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part:

* The Coronation was on April 24, 1661, and the year was then reckoned to begin on March 25. Dryden probably refers to the part of the preceding year before the Restoration in May, as "guilty months."

Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,
And Heaven this day is feasted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair spectators view
From their high standings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each singles out a prey
And longs to date a conquest from your day.
Now charged with blessings while you seek repose,
Officious* slumbers haste your eyes to close;
And glorious dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
Next to the sacred Temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head:
How justly from the Church that crown is due,
Preserved from ruin and restored by you!
The grateful quire their harmony employ
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy.
Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incense fly.
Music herself is lost; in vain she brings
Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings:
Her melting strains in you a tomb have found
And lie like bees in their own sweetness drowned.
He that brought peace and discord could atone,
His name is music of itself alone.
Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant scents begun from you are spread
Through the large dome, the people's joyful sound
Sent back is still preserved in hallowed ground;
Which in one blessing mixed descends on you,
As heightened spirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wishes do increase your store;
Full of yourself, you can admit no more.
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.
Nor is it duty or our hopes alone
Create that joy, but full fruition:†
We know those blessings which we must possess
And judge of future by past happiness.

* *Officious*, serviceable. Used frequently in this sense by Dryden, as "officious flood" in "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 184: the sense of the Latin *officiosus*.

> "Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries
> Officious, but to thee, Earth's habitant."
> *Paradise Lost*, viii. 99.

† Dr. Johnson hastily expressed his belief that this is the only instance in Dryden's poems of such a rhyme, which was common with his predecessors and early contemporaries. Another example occurs in his earliest poem, the "Elegy on Lord Hastings:"

> "No comet need foretell his change drew on,
> Whose corps might seem a constellation."

The following instance is from the Second Part of the "Conquest of Granada," act 4, sc. 3:

> "This with the dawn of morning shall be done;
> You haste too much her execution."

No promise can oblige a prince so much
Still to be good as long to have been such.
A noble emulation heats your breast,
And your own fame now robs you of your rest.
Good actions still must be maintained with good,
As bodies nourished with resembling food.
You have already quenched sedition's brand;
And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.
The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their synod take
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.*
Kind Heaven so rare a temper did provide
That guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be set,
But 'tis our King's perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to these rough northern climes
From milder heavens you bring, without their crimes.
Your calmness does no after-storms provide
Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire first from families did spring,
Then every father governed as a king:
But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay
Imperial power with your paternal sway.
From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,
Your pleasures are designed to noble ends;
Born to command the mistress of the seas,
Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire please.
Hither in summer evenings you repair
To take the fraischeur of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
With Cæsar's heart that rose above the waves.†
More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays;
No loyal subject dares that courage praise.
In stately frigates most delight you find,
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
What to your cares we owe is learnt from hence,
When even your pleasures serve for our defence.

* The King had issued a Declaration concerning ecclesiastical affairs in October 1660, which gave great satisfaction to the Presbyterians: in it he had signified his intention of submitting the Liturgy to revision by a synod composed equally of episcopalian and presbyterian divines and asking the advice of Convocation on matters of ceremony and discipline, and he had repeated the promise of his Declaration from Breda of "liberty to tender consciences, and that no man should be disquieted or called in question for differences of opinion in matters of religion, which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom." A bill introduced into the Convention Parliament shortly after for confirming this Declaration was rejected, some leading presbyterian members joining with the King's ministers in opposing it. The matter was thus left in the hands of the King, who proceeded to call a synod for revising the Liturgy. This synod had assembled about a month before the Coronation, and was now sitting at Savoy House. The result was unsatisfactory, and the Uniformity Act afterwards dashed the hopes of Nonconformists and the King's promises.

† Referring to the story told by Plutarch of Cæsar's courage in a storm at sea, when, being on board in disguise, he made himself known to the pilot who had determined to put back, and bade him proceed with the words, "Go on, my man; have courage, and fear nothing: you carry in your vessel Cæsar and Cæsar's fortune." But the comparison is a piece of hyperbolical flattery.

Beyond your court flows in the admitted tide,*
Where in new depths the wondering fishes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters sleep,
When tired at sea within this bay they creep.
Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects,
So safe are all things which our King protects.
From your loved Thames a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A Queen, from whose chaste womb, ordained by fate,
The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made discord cease;
Your love is destined to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride;
This to a mighty King presents rich ore,
While that with incense does a God implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom; and, as you choose,
This must receive a crown or that must lose.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are answers sought and destinies foretold:
Propitious oracles are begged with vows
And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
Your subjects, while you weigh the nations' fate,†
Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Choose only, Sir, that so they may possess
With their own peace their children's happiness.

* Charles had arranged the ornamental water in St. James's Park, supplied from the Thames. Waller wrote a poem in this same year, "On St. James's Park as lately improved by His Majesty," and introduced the sea with similar magniloquence:

> "Instead of rivers rolling by the side
> Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide;
> The sea, which always served his empire, now
> Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too."

† This has been printed by all editors *nation's fate*. *Nations* of the original text serves for either *nation's* or *nations'*. The reference seems to be to the fate of Spain and Portugal; and the probable meaning is that the independence of Portugal turned on the marriage of Charles with the Portuguese princess. Spain endeavoured to prevent this marriage, and to induce Charles to marry a princess of Parma.

TO MY LORD CHANCELLOR.

PRESENTED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

My Lord,
While flattering crowds officiously appear
To give themselves, not you, an happy year,
And by the greatness of their presents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love,
The Muses, who your early courtship boast,*
Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,
Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
They were your mistresses, the world may not:
Decayed by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love,
And now present, as ancient ladies do
That courted long at length are forced to woo.
For still they look on you with such kind eyes
As those that see the Church's Sovereign rise,
From their own order chose,† in whose high state
They think themselves the second choice of fate.
When our great Monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion suffered banishment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrapt in fire and smoke,
The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;‡
They with the vanquished prince and party go
And leave their temples empty to the foe.

* There is no trace of poetry written by Clarendon when young; but he had cultivated general literature, and had many literary friends in his younger days. "Among his early literary friends were Ben Jonson; Selden, whose society he felt to have been inestimably valuable to him, and for whose talents and learning he retained a veneration unimpaired by subsequent difference of political opinion; Charles Cotton, a man of taste and letters, now remembered chiefly as the literary associate of Isaac Walton; May, the able and candid historian of the parliament; Carew, whose graceful poetry still holds its place in public estimation; his more celebrated contemporary, Edmund Waller; the accomplished and versatile Sir Kenelm Digby; Hales, distinguished by his classical acquirements; Chillingworth, the profound theologian and acute controversialist: these were the literary men whose society was cultivated by Hyde."—Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, i. 15.

† The Pope.

‡ At the destruction of Troy:

> "Excessere omnes, adytis arisque relictis,
> Di quibus imperium hoc steterat."
>
> Virg. *Æn.* ii. 351.

> "The passive gods beheld the Greeks defile
> Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
> Their own abodes."
>
> 473 of Dryden's Translation.

At length the Muses stand restored again
To that great charge which nature did ordain,
And their loved Druids seem revived by fate,
While you dispense the laws and guide the state.
The nation's soul, our Monarch, does dispense
Through you to us his vital influence;
You are the channel where those spirits flow
And work them higher as to us they go.
  In open prospect nothing bounds our eye
Until the earth seems joined unto the sky:
So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our King and you.
Our sight is limited where you are joined
And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree
That, though your orbs of different greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use disposed,
His to enclose, and yours to be enclosed:
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptiness* had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart
And share his burden where he shares his heart.
In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures find
Their share of business in your labouring mind.
So, when the weary sun his place resigns,
He leaves his light and by reflection shines.
  Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft mercy from a private cause,
In your tribunal most herself does please;
There only smiles because she lives at ease,
And, like young David, finds her strength the more
When disencumbered from those arms she wore.
Heaven would your royal master should exceed
Most in that virtue, which we most did need;
And his mild father, who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with power was joined,
His fatal goodness left to fitter times,
Not to increase but to absolve our crimes:
But when the heir of this vast treasure knew
How large a legacy was left to you,
Too great for any subject to retain,
He wisely tied it to the Crown again:
Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers more,
As streams through mines bear tincture of their ore.
While empiric politicians use deceit,
Hide what they give and cure but by a cheat,
You boldly show that skill which they pretend
And work by means as noble as your end:
Which should you veil, we might unwind the clue
As men do nature, till we came to you.

* *An emptiness*, a vacuum.

And as the Indies were not found before
Those rich perfumes which from the happy shore
The winds upon their balmy wings conveyed,
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betrayed,
So by your counsels we are brought to view
A rich and undiscovered world in you.
By you our Monarch does that fame assure
Which kings must have, or cannot live secure :
For prosperous princes gain the subjects' heart,
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.
By you he fits those subjects to obey,
As Heaven's Eternal Monarch does convey
His power unseen, and man to His designs
By His bright ministers, the stars, inclines.
Our setting sun from his declining seat
Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat:
And, when his love was bounded in a few
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the favourite of his last sad times,
That is, a sufferer in his subjects' crimes :
Thus those first favours you received were sent,
Like Heaven's rewards, in earthly punishment.
Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny,
Even then took care to lay you softly by,
And wrapt your fate among her precious things,
Kept fresh to be unfolded with your King's.
Shown all at once, you dazzled so our eyes
As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise ;
When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,
She struck the warlike spear into the ground ;
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly enclose,
And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.
How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than war's do cease !
Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise.
And war more force, but not more pains employs.
Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind
That, like the earth's, it leaves our sense behind,
While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere
That rapid motion does but rest appear.
For as in Nature's swiftness, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
Moved by the soul of the same harmony,
So, carried on by your unwearied care,
We rest in peace and yet in motion share.
Let Envy then those crimes within you see
From which the happy never must be free ;
Envy that does with misery reside,
The joy and the revenge of ruined pride.
Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate
You can secure the constancy of Fate,

Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem
By lesser ills the greater to redeem ;
Nor can we this weak shower a tempest call,
But drops of heat that in the sunshine fall.
You have already wearied Fortune so,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe ;
But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
A fate so weighty that it stops her wheel.
In all things else above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet swells not into state,
But like some mountain in those happy isles,
Where in perpetual spring young Nature smiles,
Your greatness shows ;* no horror to affright,
But trees for shade and flowers to court the sight ;
Sometimes the hill submits itself a while
In small descents, which do its height beguile ;
And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,
Whose rise not hinders but makes short our way.
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rolling tempests vainly beat below ;
And, like Olympus' top, the impression wears
Of love and friendship writ in former years.
Yet, unimpaired with labours or with time,
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
(Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget
And measure change, but share no part of it.)
And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this New-year, whose motions never cease ;
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the centre of it is above.

* *Show* is an intransitive verb, and means *appear*, and is constantly so used in Dryden ; as among several instances in "Annus Mirabilis :"

"Like swans in long array his vessels show."—Stan. 66.

Otherwise, the passage would read more pleasantly, if there were no stop after *shows* and the verb had an active meaning. There is a resemblance in this passage to Denham's description of Windsor in "Cooper's Hill :"

"Windsor the next above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforced ascent
That no stupendious precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes ;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight."

VERSES

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS,

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY GAINED BY THE DUKE AGAINST THE HOLLANDERS, JUNE 3, 1665, AND ON HER JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO THE NORTH.*

MADAM,

WHEN for our sakes your hero you resigned
To swelling seas and every faithless wind,
When you released his courage and set free
A valour fatal to the enemy,
You lodged your country's cares within your breast,
The mansion where soft love should only rest,
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The noblest conquest you had gained at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:
And 'twas for him much easier to subdue
Those foes he fought with than to part from you.†
That glorious day, which two such navies saw
As each unmatched might to the world give law,
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
Held to them both the trident of the sea:‡
The winds were hushed, the waves in ranks were cast
As awfully as when God's people past,
Those yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,
These where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the Duke your Highness ruled the day;
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How powerful are chaste vows! the wind and tide
You bribed to combat on the English side.

* These verses, addressed to the Duchess of York (the Duke of York's first wife, Anne, daughter of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon), and written towards the end of 1665, were probably not published before their appearance in the Preface to "Annus Mirabilis." See p. 42. The journey into the North of England was with the Duke of York in August and September 1665. This poem reappeared in 1704 in the fifth volume of the "Poetical Miscellanies," afterwards named "Miscellany Poems," being the first volume of the series published after Dryden's death.

† War had been declared against the Dutch in February 1665. The Duke of York, who was Lord High Admiral, took the command of the fleet, and went to sea in the beginning of May. On the 3rd of June he engaged with the Dutch fleet off the coast of Suffolk, near Lowestoft, and obtained a decided victory, showing great bravery in the battle.

‡ Scott has observed that *sea*, which in Dryden's poetry almost always rhymes with words like *obey*, *way* (see line 43), &c. was probably pronounced suitably to such rhymes.

Thus to your much-loved lord you did convey
An unknown succour, sent the nearest way;
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought
(So Moses was upheld while Israel fought,*)
While from afar we heard the cannon play,
Like distant thunder on a shiny day.†
For absent friends we were ashamed to fear
When we considered what you ventured there.
Ships, men, and arms our country might restore,
But such a leader could supply no more.
With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
Fortune and victory he did pursue
To bring them as his slaves to wait on you:
Thus beauty ravished the rewards of fame
And the fair triumphed when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to spread another way
By land your conquests far as his by sea,
Leaving our southern clime, you marched along
The stubborn North, ten thousand Cupids strong.‡
Like Commons, the nobility resort
In crowding heaps to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like some new envoy from the distant sun,
And country beauties by their lovers go,
Blessing themselves and wondering at the show.
So, when the new-born phœnix first is seen,
Her feathered subjects all adore their queen,
And while she makes her progress through the East,
From every grove her numerous train's increast;
Each poet of the air her glory sings,
And round him the pleased audience clap their wings.

* When Joshua fought with Amalek, Exodus xvii. 11—13. "And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword." Dryden uses the same illustration in "Britannia Rediviva," line 296.

† The battle of June 3 was off the coast of Suffolk, near Lowestoft. A letter from the Earl of Arlington, Secretary of State, to the Lord Mayor, in the State Paper Office, giving the official news of the victory, mentions "the King having been in expectation ever since the guns were heard." (Mrs. Green's Calendar of State Papers, 1664-5, p. 408.) Dryden refers in the opening of his "Essay of Dramatic Poesy" to "that memorable day, in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch," and says: "The noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city, so that, all men being alarmed with it and in a dreadful suspense of the event which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him."

‡ The Duke of York was not permitted to go to sea again after his victory of June; the fleet was left under command of the Earl of Sandwich. In August the Duke was sent by the King into Yorkshire, there being fears of a rising in the north. His valour at sea and victory had made him very popular, and he and the Duchess were received throughout the journey with great honours.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

AN HISTORICAL POEM;

CONTAINING

THE PROGRESS AND VARIOUS SUCCESSES OF OUR NAVAL WAR WITH HOLLAND

UNDER THE CONDUCT OF HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE RUPERT AND HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ALBEMARLE,

AND DESCRIBING THE FIRE OF LONDON.

"Multum interest res poscat, an homines latius imperare velint."
Trajan Imperator ad Plin. PLIN. *Epist.* x. 33.

"Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos."—VIRG. *Æn.* ii. 363.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

In the first edition of "Annus Mirabilis," a little volume in small octavo, bound in brown calf, and "printed for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor of the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1667," *Dryden inserted this short notice:*

"To the Readers.

"*Notwithstanding the diligence which has been used in my absence, some faults have escaped the press; and I have so many of my own to answer for that I am not willing to be charged with those of the printer. I have only noted the grossest of them, not such as by false stops have confounded the sense, but such as by mistaken words have corrupted it.*"

With the aid of Dryden's list of errata, *the text of this first edition may be almost entirely relied on. The poem was reprinted in quarto in* 1688, *with several changes in the text, which are almost all deteriorations; and the text of* 1688 *was followed in the next reprint of the poem, in the edition of the "Miscellany Poems" of* 1716. *In subsequent editions other errors have been added. The text of Scott's edition is faulty; Scott had not seen the first edition of the poem. Dryden printed some notes to this poem, which are given among the notes between marks of quotation, and given* verbatim, *except only that his Latin quotations, often incorrectly given, are corrected. The variations of the second edition of* 1688 *from the original edition are specified in the notes. The marginal indications are Dryden's own.*

Since the publication of the poem addressed to the Lord Chancellor, the press had been placed under a licenser by the Act of 1662, *continued in* 1665. *This poem was licensed November* 22, 1666. *Samuel Pepys read and admired it on February* 2, 1666-7, *when he entered in his Diary, "I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall of Dryden's upon the present war, a very good poem.*"

TO THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

THE MOST RENOWNED AND LATE FLOURISHING CITY OF LONDON, IN ITS REPRESENTATIVES THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT OF ALDERMEN, THE SHERIFFS AND COMMON COUNCIL OF IT.

As perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation, so is it likewise consonant to justice, that he who was to give the first example of such a dedication should begin it with that City which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy. Other cities have been praised for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if any have so dearly purchased their reputation : their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human enemies ; to be combated at once from above and from below ; to be struck down and to triumph : I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation, the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had prince or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties ; he, through a long exile, various traverses of fortune, and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and withheld you from him : and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities ; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you, therefore, this Year of Wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so : you, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a phœnix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity. But Heaven never made so much piety and virtue, to leave it miserable. I have heard indeed of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation. Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general ; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am, therefore, to conclude that your sufferings are at an end, and that one part of my poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is by none more passionately desired than by

The greatest of your admirers and most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENSUING POEM,

IN A LETTER TO THE HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I am so many ways obliged to you and so little able to return your favours that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness.

It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me ;* and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject which any poet could desire : I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes of a most just and necessary war ; in it the care, management, and prudence of our King ; the conduct and valour of a royal Admiral and of two incomparable Generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen, and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have in the fire the most deplorable, but withal the greatest argument that can be imagined ; the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my King and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it : and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the noblesse of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments, whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the fire, I owe, first, to the piety and fatherly affection of our Monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the City; both which were so conspicuous that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem historical, not epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those who rank Lucan rather among historians in verse than epic poets ; in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble and of greater dignity both for the sound and number than any other verse in use amongst us ; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme, and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy (though not so proper for this occasion), for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet ; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of

* This play was probably the "Maiden Queen," which was brought out on the stage early in 1667. Dryden mostly resided at Charlton in Wiltshire, whence this letter is dated (the seat of the Earl of Berkshire, his father-in-law, and Sir R. Howard's father), from the middle of 1665 to the end of 1666; and during this period he composed the "Maiden Queen," the "Annus Mirabilis," and his "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," which was published towards the end of 1665, and led to a controversy and quarrel with Sir R. Howard. The plays produced by Dryden up to this date were the "Wild Gallant," the "Rival Ladies," and the "Indian Emperor," a sequel of Sir R. Howard's play, "The Indian Queen," of which Dryden had written some part.

the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practised. And for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations: with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately, as those who have read the Alaric, the Pucelle, or any of their latter poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrines or verses of six feet, such as, amongst us, is the old translation of Homer by Chapman;* all which by lengthening of their chain makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the Preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea; and if there be any such in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharsalia, yet I could not prevail myself of it† in the English; the terms of arts in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear, indeed, among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly as those who in a logical dispute keep in general terms would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in any poetical description would veil their ignorance.

> "Descriptas servare vices operumque colores
> Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?"‡

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn: and if I have made some few mistakes, it is only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them, the whole poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompensed by the pleasure; I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that as they are incomparably the best subject I have ever had, excepting only the royal family, so also that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them and made them fruitful; but here—*Omnia sponte sua reddit justissima tellus.*§ I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, that, without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit, it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real. Other greatness burdens a nation with its weight; this supports it with its strength. And as it is

* Chapman's translation of Homer is in lines of seven feet.

† A French idiom, which occurs again in Dryden in "Absalom and Achitophel," line 461:

> "Prevail yourself of what occasion gives;"

and both here and there all the later editors, following Derrick, have printed *avail* instead of *prevail*. Dryden also uses the French idiom *to profit of*: "To profit of the battles he had won" (Aurengzebe, act 2, sc. 1); and again, *to provide oneself of*, as "Provide yourself of some more worthy heir" (Love Triumphant, act 4, sc. 1).

‡ Hor. Ars Poet. 87.

§ A misquotation by Dryden, who probably confused in his memory two passages of Virgil: "Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus" (Georg. ii. 460), and "Omnis feret omnia tellus" (Ecl. iv. 39). Ovid also, "Per se dabat omnia tellus" (Metam. i. 102).

the happiness of the age, so is it the peculiar goodness of the best of kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him: for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digression to a farther account of my poem: I must crave leave to tell you, that, as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is or ought to be of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction), is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer; which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after: or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit in the general notion of it to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme), nor the jingle of a more poor paronomasia;* neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, driving, or moulding of that thought as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words. The quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one; his words, therefore, are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine anything that shows remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Byblis, the Althæa of Ovid. For as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge that, if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he represents us within their native figures, in their proper motions; but we so see them as our own eyes could never have beheld them, so beautiful in

* Spelt *paranomasia* by Dryden; a pun, or, as then commonly called, a clinch.

themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

"Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet." *

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

"Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum et lætos oculis afflarat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro." †

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas, and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him which was said by Ovid, *Materiam superabat opus*:‡ the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Pisos:

"Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum." §

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem: I have followed him everywhere, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldness for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are not better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper nor altogether unelegant in verse; and in this Horace will again defend me.

"Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem si
Græco fonte cadent parce detorta." ‖

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his or any other's, I have noted it in the

* Æneis, vi. 726. † Æn. i. 590. ‡ Metam. ii. 4. § Ars Poetica, 47. ‖ Ars Poet. 52.

margin, that I might not seem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter: for the one shows nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antic gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But though the same images serve equally for the epic poesy, and for the historic and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, *Stantes in curribus Æmiliani*,* heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, *Spirantia mollius æra*:† there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses which I wrote last year to her Highness the Duchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They have said, I did *humi serpere*,‡ that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, *Nunc non erat his locus*;§ I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour, or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.‖

And now, Sir, 'tis time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer.¶ In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks; *Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant*:** I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and, therefore, I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots. If not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter and, when her father denied the portion, christened all the children by his surname, that, if in conclusion they must beg, they should do so by one name as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 'tis but reason I should do you that justice to the readers to let them know, that, if there be anything tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to

* Sat. viii. 43.

† Æneis, vi. 848.

‡ "Serpit humi tutus nimium timidusque procellæ."—Hor. *Ars Poet.* 28.

§ Ars Poetica, 19.

‖ Here were inserted the "Verses" to the Duchess of York, which have been printed in chronological order before this poem.

¶ "In publica commoda peccem
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar."
Hor. 2 *Epist.* i. 3.

** Epist. vii. 28.

your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things who is,

Sir,

The most obedient and most faithful of your servants,

From Charlton, in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

1

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad;*
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own,
Our King they courted and our merchants awed.

2

Trade, which like blood should circularly flow,
Stopped in their channels, found its freedom lost:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And seemed but shipwracked on so base a coast.

3

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat,
In eastern quarries† ripening precious dew;
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat‡
And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

4

The sun but seemed the labourer of their year;§
Each wexing moon || supplied her watery store
To swell those tides which from the Line did bear
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

* See note on "Astræa Redux," line 307.

† "*In eastern quarries.* Precious stones at first are dew condensed, and hardened by the warmth of the sun or subterranean fires." Compare stanza 139 and note.

‡ "Odorato sudantia ligno balsama."—VIRG. *Georg.* ii. 118.

§ *Their year* in first edition, *the year* in edition of 1688, and so in Scott; an evident corruption, impairing the force of the line. This passage has been copied from by Oldham in his "David's Lamentation for the Death of Saul and Jonathan:"

> "For you the blest Arabia's spices grew,
> And eastern quarries hardened pearly dew;
> The sun himself turned labourer for you."

|| "*Each wexing moon.* According to their opinions who think that great heap of the waters under the Line is depressed into tides by the moon toward the poles." The spelling *wex* of the first edition is retained, though altered to *wax* in edition of 1688, as Dryden uses the old spelling to the last, as in "Palamon and Arcite," book 2, l. 649.

5

Thus mighty in her ships stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far,
Yet stooped to Rome, less wealthy but more strong;
And this may prove our second Punic war.*

6

What peace can be, where both to one pretend,
But they more diligent, and we more strong?
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end,
For they would grow too powerful, were it long.

7

Behold two nations then engaged so far
That each seven years the fit must shake each land;
Where France will side to weaken us by war
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

8

See how he feeds the Iberian† with delays
To render us his timely friendship vain;
And while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

9

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
O'er them whose cause he seems to take in hand,
And prudently would make them lords at sea,
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

10

This saw our King, and long within his breast
His pensive counsels balanced to and fro;
He grieved the land he freed should be opprest,
And he less for it than usurpers do.

11

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gathered but by birds of prey.

* Our first "Punic war" had been advantageously terminated by Cromwell in 1654; but this second Dutch war ended with humiliating disasters for England, and by no means as the second Punic war ended for Rome.

† "*The Iberian.* The Spaniard." Philip IV. of Spain died in September 1665, leaving the crown and all his dominions to his infant son, Charles II. Louis XIV., looking to the probability of a war with England as Holland's ally, abstained at this time from making any demand for the Spanish Netherlands, to which he preferred a claim in right of his wife, elder daughter by a prior marriage of Philip IV. But he was, notwithstanding, determined on ultimately acquiring the Spanish Netherlands. Meanwhile he postponed as long as possible declaring for Holland, and he made delusive proposals to Spain to prevent her entering into engagements with England.

12

The loss and gain each fatally were great,
And still his subjects called aloud for war:
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

13

He first surveyed the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judged, like vapours that from limbecs rise,
It would in richer showers descend again.

14

At length resolved to assert the watery ball,
He in himself did whole armados bring;
Him aged seamen might their master call,
And choose for General, were he not their King.

15

It seems as every ship their Sovereign knows,
His awful summons they so soon obey;
So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,*
And so to pasture follow through the sea.

16

To see this fleet upon the ocean move
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise;†

17

Whether they unctuous exhalations are
Fired by the sun, or seeming so alone,
Or each some more remote and slippery star
Which loses footing when to mortals shown;

* "*When Proteus blows*, or—

'Cæruleus Proteus immania ponti
Armenta, et magnas pascit sub gurgite phocas.'—VIRG."

So Dryden, who quotes incorrectly:

"Cæruleus Proteus, magnum qui piscibus æquor
Et juncto bipedum curru metitur equorum.

* * * *

Quippe ita Neptuno visum est, immania cujus
Armenta et turpes pascit sub gurgite phocas."

Georg. iv. 388.

† These two comets had appeared in December 1664, and in the end of March 1665. See Pepys's Diary, Dec. 17, 22, 1664, and April 6, 1665, and the Index to Mrs. Green's Calendar of State Papers, 1664-5.

18

Or one that bright companion of the sun,
Whose glorious aspect sealed our new-born King,
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring. *

19

Victorious York did first with famed success
To his known valour make the Dutch give place ; †
Thus Heaven our Monarch's fortune did confess,
Beginning conquest from his royal race.

20

But since it was decreed, auspicious King,
In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main,
Heaven as a gage would cast some precious thing,
And therefore doomed that Lawson should be slain. ‡

21

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,
Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lament :
Thus, as an offering for the Grecian state,
He first was killed who first to battle went. §

22

Their chief ‖ blown up, in air, not waves expired
To which his pride presumed to give the law ;
The Dutch confessed Heaven present and retired,
And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

23

To nearest ports their shattered ships repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay awed ;
So reverently men quit the open air
Where thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

* See note on line 291 of "Astræa Redux." Waller also, in complimenting Charles, had revived the star which appeared at noon on the day of his birth :

> " His thoughts rise higher when he does reflect
> On what the world may from that star expect,
> Which at his birth appeared to let us see
> Day for his sake could with the night agree."
>
> *Poem on St. James's Park, &c.*

† The battle and victory off the coast of Suffolk, June 3, 1665.

‡ Sir John Lawson, who had gained naval distinction in the Dutch war of the Commonwealth, was Rear Admiral of the Duke of York's division of the fleet in this battle ; he received a shot in the knee, and died a few days after.

§ Protesilaus, who was the first Greek that landed on the Trojan shore, was the first slain.

‖ "The Admiral of Holland." Opdam, who was blown up with his flag-ship while engaged in close fight with the Duke of York in the "Royal Charles."

24

The attempt at Berghen

And now approached their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising sun,
And precious sand from southern climates* brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

25

Like hunted castors conscious of their store,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coasts they bring;
There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
And winter brooded on the eastern spring.

26

By the rich scent we found our perfumed prey,
Which, flanked with rocks, did close in covert lie;
And round about their murdering cannon lay
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

27

Fiercer than cannon and than rocks more hard,
The English undertake the unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barred,
Besiege the Indies and all Denmark dare.

28

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those;
These fain would keep and those more fain enjoy;
And to such height their frantic passion grows
That what both love both hazard to destroy.

29

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odours armed against them fly:
Some preciously by shattered porcelain fall
And some by aromatic splinters die.

30

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find;
Our foes we vanquished by our valour left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind.†

* "*Southern climates.* Guinea." The war had been preceded by depredations of De Ruyter on British ships and subjects on the coast of Guinea, in retaliation of proceedings of Sir Robert Holmes against the Dutch near Cape Verde and at Goree early in 1664. War was declared by England against the Dutch in February 1665

† The affair at Berghen (August 3, 1665), of which Dryden has made the best, was unhappy both in conception and execution. Two rich Dutch merchant fleets from Smyrna and the East Indies had taken shelter in that neutral harbour. The King of Denmark agreed, on condition of receiving half the profits, to connive at the capture of the fleets by the English. Lord Sandwich, who was now in chief command, was too eager to wait till the Governor of Berghen had received instructions from the King; and, when the attack was made, the Danish garrison assisted the Dutch. The English ships had been compelled by a sudden change of wind to anchor close under the cannon of the castle. The attempt was a failure; one English ship was lost.

31

Nor wholly lost we so deserved a prey,
For storms repenting part of it restored,
Which as a tribute from the Baltic sea
The British ocean sent her mighty lord.*

32

Go, mortals, now and vex yourselves in vain
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come;
When what was brought so far and with such pain
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

33

The son who, twice three months on the ocean tost,
Prepared to tell what he had passed before,
Now sees in English ships the Holland coast
And parents' arms in vain stretched from the shore.

34

This careful husband had been long away
Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn,
Who on their fingers learned to tell the day
On which their father promised to return.

35

Such are the proud designs of human kind,†
And so we suffer shipwrack everywhere!
Alas, what port can such a pilot find
Who in the night of Fate must blindly steer!

36

The undistinguished seeds of good and ill
Heaven in his bosom from our knowledge hides,
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft for friends mistaken foes provides.

37

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,
In whom we seek the German faith‡ in vain;
Alas, that he should teach the English first
That fraud and avarice in the Church could reign!

* The Dutch fleet, under De Witt, which after the engagement convoyed the merchantmen from Berghen, was encountered by a storm, and Sandwich captured eight men-of-war and some of the richly laden merchant vessels.

† "*Such are, &c.* From Petronius: 'Si bene calculum ponas, ubique fit naufragium.'" (Satyr. c. 115.) The three previous stanzas are an imitation of Petronius in same chapter. "Hunc forsitan, proclamo, in aliqua parte terrarum secura expectat uxor; forsitan ignarus tempestatis filius; aut patrem utique reliquit aliquem, cui proficiscens osculum dedit. Hæc sunt consilia mortalium, hæc vota magnarum cogitationum. . . . Ite nunc, mortales, et magnis cogitationibus pectora implete," &c.

‡ "*The German faith.* Tacitus saith of them: 'Nullos mortalium armis aut fide ante Germanos esse.'"—Said of the Germans, according to Tacitus, by two of themselves. (Ann. xiii. 45.) The Bishop of Munster, a German sovereign prince, had, on the breaking out of the war, offered to

38

Happy who never trust a stranger's will
Whose friendship's in his interest understood;
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,
When power is too remote to make him good.

39

War declared by France.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove
The rest at gaze without the lists did stand;
And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

40

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade
Who envies us what he wants power to enjoy,
Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade
And weak assistance will his friends destroy;

41

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret hate to show;
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

42

With France to aid the Dutch the Danes unite,*
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave;
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

43

Lewis had chased the English from his shore,
But Charles the French as subjects does invite;†
Would Heaven for each some Solomon restore,
Who by their mercy may decide their right!‡

invade Holland with twenty thousand men, in consideration of a subsidy from England; and his offer was accepted, and a treaty made with him. He invaded Holland; but after France joined the Dutch in the war, he drew back in fear of France, and secretly made a separate treaty of peace with Holland, in April 1666. Sir William Temple was employed for the first time in diplomacy on this occasion to look after the Bishop, who told him, in his first interview, that "he would perform all points of the treaty with truth, plainness, and like a German." (Courtenay's Life of Temple, chap. 3.)

* France declared war against England in January 1666; and Denmark joined Holland and France in the following month.

† Charles, in his declaration of war against France, promised protection to all French and Dutch subjects remaining in England, or afterwards entering, who should behave dutifully and not correspond with the enemy: and he invited to come "especially those of the reformed religion, whose interest he would always particularly adopt." The French king made no like offer: three months were allowed the English to withdraw with their properties.

‡ As Solomon judged the true mother between the two women claiming the child, pronouncing for her who, in mercy, wished it given to the other, rather than that it should be divided in two with a sword (1 Kings iii.).

44

Were subjects so but only by their choice
And not from birth did forced dominion take,
Our Prince alone would have the public voice,
And all his neighbours' realms would deserts make.

45

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,
Which without rashness he began before:
As honour made him first the danger choose,
So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

46

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
Who in that bounty to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise
And in his plenty their abundance find.

47

Prince Rupert and Duke of Albemarle sent to sea.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,
Two such as each seemed worthiest when alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

48

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praise;
Their duty, faith, and interest too the same,
Like mighty partners, equally they raise.

49

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
But once possessed did absolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,
And conquered first those beauties they would gain.

50

The Duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain
That Carthage which he ruined rise once more,
And shook aloft the fasces of the main
To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

51

Together to the watery camp they haste,
Whom matrons passing to their children show;
Infants' first vows for them to Heaven are cast,
And future people bless them as they go.*

* "*Future people.* 'Examina infantium futurusque populus.'—PLIN. *jun. in Pan. ad Traj.*" c. 26.

52

With them no riotous pomp nor Asian train
To infect a navy with their gaudy fears,
To make slow fights and victories but vain ;
But war severely like itself appears.

53

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
They make that warmth in others they expect ;
Their valour works like bodies on a glass
And does its image on their men project.

54

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,* *Duke of Albemarle's battle, first day.*
In number and a famed commander bold :
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

55

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies ;
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

56

Both furl their sails and strip them for the fight ;
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air ;
The Elean plains † could boast no nobler fight,
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

57

Borne each by other in a distant line,
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move ;
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfixed and floating nations strove.‡

58

Now passed, on either side they nimbly tack ;
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind :
And in its eye more closely they come back
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

* On information that the Dutch fleet was not ready for sea, and that a French squadron was near the Channel on its way from the Mediterranean to join the Dutch, an order was sent by the government to Prince Rupert, in the last days of May, to proceed immediately from the Downs with twenty ships to meet the French. Albemarle, proceeding eastwards with fifty-four vessels, the remainder of the fleet, was surprised on the 1st of June by finding the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, numbering more than eighty, at anchor off the North Foreland. He resolved at once to fight. The English government had been altogether misinformed. The French fleet had not yet passed the Straits of Gibraltar. Prince Rupert was ordered back from St. Helen's on the 1st of June, the first day of the battle, and joined Albemarle on the evening of the 3rd.

† "*The Elean, &c.* Where the Olympic games were celebrated."

‡ "From Virgil : 'Credas innare revulsas Cycladas,' &c."—*Æn.* viii. 691.

59

On high-raised decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go;
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied
By the rhinoceros, her unequal foe.

60

And as the build,* so different is the fight;
Their mounting shot is on our sails designed:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

61

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
Whose battered rigging their whole war receives;
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scattered leaves.

62

Heroes of old when wounded shelter sought;
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
Even in their face his ship to anchor brought
And steeple-high stood propped upon the main.

63

At this excess of courage all-amazed,
The foremost of his foes a while withdraw;
With such respect in entered Rome they gazed
Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.†

64

And now as, where Patroclus' body lay,
Here Trojan chiefs advanced and there the Greek,
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

65

Meantime his busy mariners he hastes
His shattered sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

* *Build*, spelt *built* by Dryden; Scott, who generally adopts modern spelling, has in this instance preserved Dryden's.

† When the Gauls sacked Rome, B.C. 387, the barbarian invaders were struck with awe for a moment by the venerable appearance of the chief Roman citizens sitting in full costume in their chairs of state. "Adeo haud secus quam venerabundi intuebantur in ædium vestibulis sedentes viros, præter ornatum habitumque humano augustiorem, majestate etiam quam vultus gravitasque oris præ se ferebat, simillimos Diis." (Livy, v. 41.) "Patentes passim domos adeunt; ubi sedentes in curulibus sellis prætextatos senes velut Deos geniosque venerati, mox eosdem . . pari vecordia iactant." (Florus, Epit. Rer. Roman. i. 13.)

66

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce the important quarrel to decide :
Like swans in long array his vessels show,
Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

67

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea
They drive and squander the huge Belgian fleet ;
Berkeley alone, who nearest danger lay,
Did a like fate with lost Creusa meet.*

68

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still and they ashamed to leave :
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

69

In the English fleet each ship resounds with joy
And loud applause of their great leader's fame ;
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And slumbering smile at the imagined flame.

70

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,
Stretched on their decks like weary oxen lie ;
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,
Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

71

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or shipwracked labour to some distant shore,
Or in dark churches walk among the dead ;
They wake with horror and dare sleep no more.

72

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes, *Second day's battle.*
Till from their maintop joyful news they hear
Of ships which by their mould bring new supplies
And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

* Vice-Admiral Sir William Berkeley, in the van, fighting desperately against superior numbers, was shot in the throat with a musket-ball, the enemy having boarded his ship. In the first edition the third line of the stanza ends, "not making equal way." This was changed in the edition of 1688 to "who nearest danger lay ;" and this change must have been intentional and was probably authorized. *Not making equal way* was perhaps thought to convey a reflection on Berkeley. The change deprives the comparison with Creusa of its appropriateness

73

Our watchful General had discerned from far
This mighty succour, which made glad the foe;
He sighed, but, like a father of the war,
His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.*

74

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
Never till now unwilling to obey:
They not their wounds but want of strength deplore
And think them happy who with him can stay.

75

Then to the rest, "Rejoice," said he, "to-day!
"In you the fortune of Great Britain lies;
"Among so brave a people you are they
"Whom Heaven has chose to fight for such a prize.

76

"If number English courages could quell,
"We should at first have shunned, not met our foes,
"Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell;
"Courage from hearts and not from numbers grows."

77

He said, nor needed more to say: with haste
To their known stations cheerfully they go;
And all at once, disdaining to be last,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

78

Nor did the encouraged Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themselves, they stood:
So thick, our navy scarce could sheer† their way,
But seemed to wander in a moving wood.

79

Our little fleet was now engaged so far
That like the sword-fish in the whale they fought;
The combat only seemed a civil war,
Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

* "'Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.'—VIRG." *Æn.* ii. 213.

† In the first edition the word is *sheer*, the old spelling of *shear*, and Dryden's mode of spelling the word. In the second edition of 1688 *sheer* was turned into *steer*, which has appeared in all subsequent editions. But *sheer* or *shear* is an appropriate word in this passage.

"And through the brackish waves their passage sheer."
SPENSER'S *Faery Queen*, book 3, c 4.

80

Never had valour, no, not ours before
Done aught like this upon the land or main ;
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquests former Kings did gain.

81

The mighty ghosts of our great Harrys rose,
And armed Edwards looked with anxious eyes,
To see this fleet among unequal foes,
By which Fate promised them their Charles should rise.

82

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chase-guns through our sterns they send ;
Close by, their fire-ships like jackals appear
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

83

Silent in smoke of cannon they come on :
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide :*
In these the height of pleased revenge is shown
Who burn contented by another's side.

84

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Deceived themselves or to preserve some friend,
Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

85

Now at each tack our little fleet grows less ;
And, like maimed fowl, swim lagging on the main ;
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

86

Have you not seen when, whistled from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye designed,
And, with her eagerness the quarry missed,
Straight flies at check and clips it down the wind ;†

* "'Ille autem.'" Such is Dryden's reference to the passage in Virgil describing Cacus, pursued and attacked by Hercules, whose cattle he had stolen, and vomiting forth smoke to conceal himself. (Æn. viii. 251, 335 of Translation.) Cacus was son of Vulcan.

> "He from his nostrils and huge mouth expires
> Black clouds of smoke amidst his father's fires,
> Gathering with each repeated blast the night
> To make uncertain aim and erring sight."

† *To fly at check* is to fly at any bird whether game or not ; *to clip it* is to fly fast.

87

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

88

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer and disdained to fly:
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

89

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
To see those perish who so well had fought;
And generously with his despair he strove,
Resolved to live till he their safety wrought.

90

Let other Muses write his prosperous fate,
Of conquered nations tell and kings restored:
But mine shall sing of his eclipsed estate,
Which, like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

91

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitless force employs;
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.*

92

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
And following smoke obscured them from the foe;
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

93

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs subdue;
So Xenophon once led that famed retreat
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

94

The foe approached; and one for his bold sin
Was sunk, as he that touched the Ark was slain:†
The wild waves mastered him and sucked him in,
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

* So changed in the edition of 1688 from the first edition, in which the line stood:

"Remote from guns as sick men are from noise."

And this variation is an improvement.

† "And they carried the ark of God in a new cart out of the house of Abinadab: and Uzza and Ahio drave the cart....And when they came unto the threshing-floor of Chidon, Uzza put forth his

95

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood :
As if they had been there as servants set
To stay or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue but wait on his retreat.

96

So Libyan huntsmen on some sandy plain,
From shady coverts roused, the lion chase :
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.*

97

But if some one approach to dare his force,
He swings his tail and swiftly turns him round,
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

98

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night ;
Now hissing waters the quenched guns restore :
And weary waves,† withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lulled and panting on the silent shore.

99

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,
Upon the deck our careful General stood,
And deeply mused on the succeeding day.‡

100

"That happy sun," said he, "will rise again
"Who twice victorious did our navy see,
"And I alone must view him rise in vain,
"Without one ray of all his star for me.

101

"Yet like an English general will I die,
"And all the ocean make my spacious grave :
"Women and cowards on the land may lie ;
"The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave."

hand to hold the ark ; for the oxen stumbled. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzza, and he smote him, because he put his hand to the ark : and there he died before God." (1 Chronicles xiii. 7–10.)

* "The simile is Virgil's : 'Vestigia retro improperata refert.'" So briefly and imperfectly quoted by Dryden from the long and beautiful comparison of Turnus with the angry lion :

"Haud aliter retro dubius vestigia Turnus
Improperata refert, et mens exæstuat ira."
Æn. ix. 797.

† "*Weary waves*, from Statius :

'Nec trucibus fluviis idem sonus : occidit horror
Æquoris, et terris maria acclinata quiescunt.'"
Sylv. v. 4, 5.

‡ "The 3d of June, famous for two former victories ;" in 1653 and 1665, both over the Dutch.

102

Restless he passed the remnants of the night,
Till the fresh air proclaimed the morning nigh ;
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

103

Third day. But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
His naked valour is his only guard ;
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

104

Thus far had Fortune power, here forced to stay ;
Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife ;
This as a ransom Albemarle did pay
For all the glories of so great a life.

105

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad General knows ;
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

106

The anxious Prince had heard the cannon long
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of English overmatched, and Dutch too strong
Who never fought three days but to pursue.

107

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now silent eiry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forced away ;

108

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whistling as she flies ;
She stops and listens and shoots forth again
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

109

With such kind passion hastes the Prince to fight
And spreads his flying canvas to the sound ;
Him whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now absent, every little noise can wound.

110

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry
And gape upon the gathered clouds for rain,
And first the martlet* meets it in the sky,
And with wet wings joys all the feathered train;

111

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
Salute the appearance of the Prince's fleet,
And each ambitiously would claim the ken
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

112

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

113

Full in the Prince's passage, hills of sand
And dangerous flats in secret ambush lay,
Where the false tides skim o'er the covered land
And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

114

The wily Dutch, who, like fallen angels, feared
This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving vessels steered
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

115

But he unmoved contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he please to fight;
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth does† boasting valour slight.

116

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the substance, not the appearance, chose;
To rescue one such friend he took more pride
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

117

But when approached, in strict embraces bound
Rupert and Albemarle together grow;
He joys to have his friend in safety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

* *Martlet*, a swift or swallow. "Some swifts, the giants of the swallow-kind." (The Hind and the Panther, part 3, l. 547; where Dryden adds in a note: "otherwise called martlets.") "Guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet." (Shakespeare, Macbeth, i. 6.)

† *Does* in first edition: *doth*, edition of 1688 and subsequent editions.

118

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supplied,
Now long to execute their spleenful will;
And in revenge for those three days they tried
Wish one like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.*

119

Fourth day's battle.

Thus reinforced, against the adverse fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way;
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

120

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men;
It seemed as slaughter had been breathed all night,
And Death new pointed his dull dart again.

121

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct know
And matchless courage, since the former fight;
Whose navy like a stiff stretched cord did show,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

122

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends
His open side and high above him shows;
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And doubly harmed he double harms bestows.

123

Behind, the General mends his weary pace,
And sullenly to his revenge he sails;
So glides† some trodden serpent on the grass,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

124

The increasing sound is borne to either shore,
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear,
Their passion double with the cannons' roar,
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

125

Plied thick and close as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away:
So sicken waning moons too near the sun
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

* Joshua x. 13. "And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."

† "*So glides*, &c. From Virgil:

'Quum medii nexus extremæque agmina caudæ
Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes,' &c."

Georg. iii. 423.

126

And now, reduced on equal terms to fight,
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show,
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

127

The warlike Prince had severed from the rest
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main :
Which with his one so vigorously he pressed
And flew so home they could not rise again.

128

Already battered by his lee they lay ;
In vain upon the passing winds they call ;
The passing winds through their torn canvas play,
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

129

Their opened sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let in to shades below ;*
Without, grim Death rides barefaced in their sight
And urges entering billows as they flow.

130

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the Prince's main-mast bore :
All three now helpless by each other lie,
And this offends not and those fear no more.

131

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tired before the dog she lay,
Who, stretched behind her, pants upon the plain,
Past power to kill as she to get away :

132

With his lolled tongue he faintly licks his prey ;
His warm breath blows her flix† up as she lies ;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

* Dryden probably had in mind some words in Virgil's comparison of the bursting open of the cave of Cacus by Hercules with the opening to view of the shades below. "Trepidentque immisso lumine Manes." (Æn. viii. 246, 327 of Translation.)

> "The ghosts repine at violated night
> And curse the invading sun and sicken at the sight."

† *Flix*, the fur or soft hair of a hare or other animal. Mr. Halliwell mentions it as a Kentish provincialism. (Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words.) Dyer speaks of sheep with flix, like deer, and not a woolly fleece :

> "No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe
> Adorn, but sleek of flix and brown like deer."
>
> *The Fleece*, book i.

Dryden uses the word again for the fur of the hare in his Translation of the First Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

133

The Prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
Which hindered him to push his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuse
By mortal valour never must be done.

134

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
And warns his tattered fleet to follow home;
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.*

135

The General's force, as kept alive by fight,
Now not opposed, no longer can pursue;
Lasting till Heaven had done his courage right,
When he had conquered, he his weakness knew.

136

He casts a frown on the departing foe
And sighs to see him quit the watery field;
His stern fixed eyes no satisfaction show
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

137

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,†
He stands confessed even by the boastful Dutch;
He only does his conquest disavow
And thinks too little what they found too much.

138

Returned, he with the fleet resolved to stay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domestic joys and cares he puts away,
For realms are households which the great must guide.

139

As those who unripe veins in mines explore
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day;‡

* "From Horace:

'Quos opimus
Fallere et effugere triumphus est.'"

4 *Od.* iv. 51.

† St. Mark iii. 11, 12. "And unclean spirits, when they saw him, fell down before him, and cried, saying, Thou art the Son of God. And he straitly charged them that they should not make him known."

‡ See stanza 3 and Dryden's note. The same idea occurs again in Dryden's "King Arthur," in Merlin's prophecy of the greatness of England (act 5):

"Behold what rolling ages shall produce,
The wealth, the loves, the glories of our Isle
Which yet, like golden ore, unripe in beds,
Expect the warm indulgency of Heaven
To call them forth to light."

140

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,
The essay and rudiments of great success,
Which all-maturing time must bring to light,
While he, like Heaven, does each day's labour bless.

141

Heaven ended not the first or second day,
Yet each was perfect to the work designed:
God and kings work, when they their work survey,
And passive aptness in all subjects find.

142

His Majesty repairs the fleet.

In burdened vessels first with speedy care
His plenteous stores do seasoned timber send;
Thither the brawny carpenters repair
And as the surgeons of maimed ships attend.

143

With cord and canvas from rich Hamburg sent
His navy's moulted wings he imps once more;*
Tall Norway fir their masts in battle spent,
And English oak sprung leaks and planks restore.

144

All hands employed, the royal work grows warm;†
Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm
And some on bells of tasted lilies play;

145

With gluey wax some new foundation‡ lay
Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung;
Some armed within doors upon duty stay
Or tend the sick or educate the young:

* To *imp moulted wings* means to renew and invigorate wings, the feathers of which have been moulted. To *imp a wing* is properly, and technically in falconry, to repair it by grafting new pieces on broken feathers. So Shakespeare says metaphorically in "Richard II." act 2, sc. 1:

"Imp out our drooping country's broken wing."

Dryden elsewhere uses *imp* loosely. "Imped with wings" is part of his description of young bees in his Translation of the fourth Georgic; and in the play of "Œdipus," act 4, sc. 1:

"With all the wings with which revenge
Could imp my flight."

In Scott's edition *aid* appears for *imp*, the correct reading, in this passage of "Œdipus."

† "'Fervet opus;' the same similitude in Virgil." Dryden refers to the description of the labours of bees, part of which is closely imitated here:

"Pars intra septa domorum
Narcissi lacrimam et lentum de cortice gluten
Prima favis ponunt fundamina, deinde tenaces
Suspendunt ceras; aliæ spem gentis, adultos
Educunt fœtus: aliæ purissima mella
Stipant, et liquido distendunt nectare cellas."
Georg. iv. 159.

‡ *Foundation* in first edition; *foundations* in edition of 1688 and subsequent editions.

146

So here some pick out bullets from the side,
Some drive old oakum through each seam and rift:
Their left hand does the caulking-iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

147

With boiling pitch, another near at hand,
From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instops,
Which well paid o'er the salt sea waves withstand
And shake* them from the rising beak in drops.

148

Some the galled ropes with dauby marling† bind
Or sear-cloth‡ masts with strong tarpauling coats:
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

149

Our careful Monarch stands in person by,
His new cast cannons' firmness to explore;
The strength of big-corned powder loves to try,
And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

150

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,
And ships which all last winter were abroad,
And such as fitted since the fight had been
Or new from stocks were fallen into road.

151

"Loyal London" described

The goodly London,§ in her gallant trim,
The phœnix-daughter of the vanished old,
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

152

Her flag aloft, spread ruffling to the wind,
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire;
The weaver, charmed with what his loom designed,
Goes on to sea and knows not to retire.

* *Shakes* is printed in both of the early editions, but the grammar requires *shake*, and the addition of *s* is a common misprint.

† *Marling;* a small line, smeared with tar, used for winding round ropes and cables to prevent their being fretted by the blocks.

‡ *Sear-cloth*, a corruption of *cere-cloth*, is here a verb, meaning to cover with cere-cloth or cloth prepared with wax. "Some sear-cloth the masts with strong tarpauling coats." Sir Thomas Browne in his "Hydriotaphia" speaks of a dead body "sound and handsomely cereclothed that after seventy-eight years was found uncorrupted." See Richardson's Dictionary, *sear-cloth* and *cere-cloth*.

§ The old ship the "London," one of the navy of the Commonwealth, had perished by fire, and the City of London now presented the King with a new ship, called the "Loyal London."

153

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves,
Deep in her draught and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

154

This martial present, piously designed,
The loyal City give their best-loved King:
And, with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintained, to aid him bring.

155

Digression concerning shipping and navigation.

By viewing nature Nature's handmaid, Art,
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart
Their tail the rudder and their head the prow.

156

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,
An useless drift, which, rudely cut within
And hollowed, first a floating trough became
And cross some rivulet passage did begin.

157

In shipping such as this the Irish kern
And untaught Indian on the stream did glide,
Ere sharp-keeled boats to stem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars* did spread from either side.

158

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appeared,
When from lost empire he to exile went,
And with the golden age to Tiber steered,
Where coin and first commerce he did invent.†

159

Rude as their ships was navigation then,
No useful compass or meridian known;
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no North but when the pole-star shone.

* "Oar-finned galleys."—DENHAM, *Cooper's Hill.*

† It was fabled that Saturn, driven from his throne by his son Jupiter, fled to Italy and, there welcomed by Janus, king of Latium, and made a partner in his throne, civilized the Italians, who under his rule enjoyed a golden age. Derrick changed the last line of this stanza into

"Where coin and commerce first he did invent:"

and he has been followed by subsequent editors, including Scott. But Dryden placed the accent on the last syllable of *commerce*, as in stanza 163, and as was then universal.

160

Of all who since have used the open sea
Than the bold English none more fame have won;
Beyond the year, and out of Heaven's high way,*
They make discoveries where they see no sun.

161

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

162

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow
We, as arts' elements, shall understand,
And as by line upon the ocean go
Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

163

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,†
By which remotest regions are allied;
Which makes one city of the universe,
Where some may gain and all may be supplied.

164

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go
And view the ocean leaning on the sky:
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know
And on the lunar world securely pry.‡

165

Apostrophe to the Royal Society.

This I foretell, from your auspicious care
Who great in search of God and Nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
Since best to praise His works is best to know.

166

O, truly Royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind,
And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw
To fit the levelled use of human kind. §

* "'Extra anni solisque vias.'—VIRG." *Æn.* vi. 797.

† "By a more exact knowledge of longitude." In edition of 1688, "measure of longitude."

‡ Dr. Johnson cites this stanza as an example of Dryden's "delight in wild and daring sallies of sentiment, in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit," which, he says, "sometimes issued in absurdities of which probably he was not conscious." Johnson goes on to say: "These lines have no meaning, but may we not say, in imitation of Cowley on another book,

"'Tis so like *sense*, 'twill serve the turn as well'?"

It is difficult, however, to perceive the resemblance to sense in this stanza.

§ Dryden was an early member of the Royal Society, founded soon after the Restoration; he was elected November 19, 1662.

167

But first the toils of war we must endure
And from the injurious Dutch redeem the seas;
War makes the valiant of his right secure
And gives up fraud to be chastised with ease.

168

Already were the Belgians on our coast,*
Whose fleet more mighty every day became
By late success, which they did falsely boast,
And now by first appearing seemed to claim.

169

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
They knew to manage war with wise delay:
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

170

Nor stayed the English long; but, well supplied,
Appear as numerous as the insulting foe;
The combat now by courage must be tried
And the success the braver nation show.

171

There was the Plymouth squadron new † come in,
Which in the Straits last winter was abroad,
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been
And on the midland sea the French had awed.

172

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
Famed for his action on the Smyrna fleet;‡
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
While music numbers, or while verse has feet;

173

Holmes, the Achates of the Generals' fight,§
Who first bewitched our eyes with Guinea gold,
As once old Cato in the Roman's sight,
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.‖

* After the drawn battle of the 1st of June, the Dutch fleet was repaired, and was again on the English coast before the English were ready. A decisive battle took place on the 25th of July, off the North Foreland, which was an unquestionable victory for the English.

† *New* is the word in the first edition; *now* in that of 1688, which, as usual, has been followed, but the change is no improvement and was probably a misprint.

‡ Sir Thomas Allen had, at the beginning of the war, attacked in the bay of Cadiz a large Dutch merchant squadron homeward bound from Smyrna under convoy, about forty vessels in all, he having only seven ships; and he had routed them and made rich prizes.

§ Sir Robert Holmes had been the first to fight with the Dutch, before the beginning of the war, on the coast of Africa. This may be why he is called Achates, or it may be because, after the battle now to be narrated, he was sent by the "generals" with a squadron to the Dutch coast. The words have been usually printed, *Achates of the general's fight:* but, as there were two generals, the fight belonged to both. In the two early editions it is printed *generals*, which serves for either singular or plural genitive.

‖ Cato the Censor, urging the Romans in the year before his death to enter on the third Punic

174

With him went Spragge, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had brought ;*
Harman, who did the twice-fired Harry save
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.†

175

Young Hollis, on a Muse by Mars begot,‡
Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds,
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

176

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell, §
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn ;
And though to me unknown, they sure fought well
Whom Rupert led and who were British born.

177

Of every size an hundred fighting sail ;
So vast the navy now at anchor rides
That underneath it the pressed waters fail
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

war, and having lately returned from an embassy to Carthage, drew out from under his robe, one day in the Senate, some Carthaginian figs, saying that they had been gathered only three days ago at Carthage, so close was the enemy to Rome. Dryden uses this illustration again with reference to the Dutch, in the prologue of "Amboyna," written during the second Dutch war, in 1673 :

> "As Cato did his Afric fruits display,
> So we before your eyes their Indies lay."

* Sir Edward Spragge had been knighted by Charles for his bravery in the action of June 3, 1665. He was killed, in the next Dutch war, in battle, August 11, 1672.

† Sir John Harman had commanded the "Henry" in the four days' battle of June. He was in the van, with Sir George Berkeley's squadron, which broke through the Dutch fleet at the outset, when Berkeley lost his life. Harman, when his ship was disabled, was offered quarter, and refused it. Three fire-ships were then sent to burn his ship. She was disengaged successively from two of them, each of which had fired her, and both fires were put out. The third fire-ship was disabled by the "Henry's" guns. Harman carried his ship off, badly damaged : his leg was broken, a yard of one of the masts falling upon it.

‡ Sir Frescheville Hollis, son of Gervase Hollis, an antiquarian ; and this connexion of the father with literature is the probable explanation of the eccentric description of Hollis's parentage. Hollis had lost an arm in the battle of June 3, 1665. He was killed fighting against the Dutch in the next Dutch war, May 28, 1672. The phrase, "on a Muse by Mars begot," has been deservedly ridiculed. The Duke of Buckingham parodied it coarsely against Dryden :

> "Or more to intrigue the metaphor of man,
> Got on a Muse by father Publican."
> *Poetical Reflections on Absalom and Achitophel.*

Another satirist applied the phrase to the French musical composer who made the music for Dryden's "Albion and Albanius :"

> "Grabut his yokemate ne'er shall be forgot,
> Whom the God of tunes upon a Muse begot."
> (Quoted in Langbaine's "Dramatic Poets," p. 152.)

§ "Multi præterea quos fama obscura recondit."—VIRG. *Æn.* v. 302.

178

Now, anchors weighed, the seamen shout so shrill
That heaven and earth and the wide ocean rings:
A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

179

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw
And durst not bide it on the English coast;
Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw
And there lay snares to catch the British host.

180

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambushed in her silent den does lie,
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly;

181

Then, if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

182

The Belgians hoped that with disordered haste
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run,
Or, if with caution leisurely were past,
Their numerous gross might charge us one by one.

183

But, with a fore-wind pushing them above
And swelling tide that heaved them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move
And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

184

It seemed as there the British Neptune stood,
With all his host of waters* at command,
Beneath them to submit the officious flood,
And with his trident shoved them off the sand.†

185

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near
And summon them to unexpected fight:
They start, like murderers when ghosts appear
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

* "*Hosts* of waters" in edition of 1688, which has been generally followed. *Host* in first edition.

† "'Levat ipse tridenti et vastas aperit syrtes, &c.'—VIRG." *Æn.* i. 145.

186

Second battle.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,
The midmost battles hasting up behind,
Who view far off the storm of falling sleet
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

187

At length the adverse Admirals appear,
The two bold champions of each country's right;
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

188

The distance judged for shot of every size,
The linstocks* touch, the ponderous ball expires:
The vigorous seaman every porthole plies
And adds his heart to every gun he fires.

189

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' side
For honour, which they seldom sought before;
But now they by their own vain boasts were tied
And forced at least in show to prize it more.

190

But sharp remembrance on the English part
And shame of being matched by such a foe
Rouse conscious virtue up in every heart,
And seeming to be stronger makes them so.†

191

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain
Which did two Generals' fates and Cæsar's bear;
Each several ship a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

192

Their battered Admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthanked by ours for his unfinished fight;
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew
Who called that providence which we called flight.

193

Never did men more joyfully obey
Or sooner understood the sign to fly;
With such alacrity they bore away
As if to praise them all the States stood by.

* *Linstock*, a pointed stick with a fork at the end to hold a lighted match, used by gunners in firing cannon.

† "'Possunt quia posse videntur.'—VIRG." *Æn.* v. 231.

194

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet!
Thy monument inscribed such praise shall wear
As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
Because he did not of his Rome despair.*

195

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provoked the tardy English close to fight,
Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
As larks lie dared † to shun the hobby's flight.

196

Whoe'er would English monuments survey
In other records may our courage know;
But let them hide the story of this day,
Whose fame was blemished by too base a foe.

197

Or if too busily they will inquire
Into a victory which we disdain,
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Before the patron saint of injured Spain.‡

198

Repenting England, this revengeful day,
To Philip's manes § did an offering bring,
England, which first by leading them astray
Hatched up rebellion to destroy her King.

199

Our fathers bent their baneful industry
To check a monarchy that slowly grew,
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

* Terentius Varro, after defeat by Hannibal in the battle of Cannæ, was thanked by the Senate because he had engaged the enemy and not despaired for the State, "quia de republica non desperasset."

† *Dared*, frightened and bewildered; a word specially applied to larks, frightened by a hawk or by any object: a *hobby* is a species of hawk.

> "Dared like a lark that, on the open plain
> Pursued and cuffed, seeks shelter now in vain."
> *Conquest of Granada*, part 2, act 5, sc. 2.

> "Let his grace go forward
> And dare us with his cap like larks."
> SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.* act 3, sc. 2.

Scott has *hobbies'*, which is an error; *hobbies*, as it stands in the first two editions, being the genitive singular of *hobbie*, old spelling.

‡ "*Patron saint*; St. James, on whose day this victory was gained." July 25.

§ "*Philip's manes*; Philip II. of Spain, against whom the Hollanders rebelling were aided by Queen Elizabeth."

200

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go
And wander after pathless destiny;
Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be

201

But whate'er English to the blessed shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet,
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.*

202

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants and their land besets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

203

So close behind some promontory lie
The huge leviathans to attend their prey,
And give no chase, but swallow in the fry,
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

204

Burning of the fleet in the Uly by Sir Robert Holmes.

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;
Triumphant flames upon the water float
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.†

205

Those various squadrons, variously designed,
Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

206

Some bound for Guinea golden sand to find
Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear;
Some for the pride of Turkish courts designed
For folded turbans finest holland bear;

* By a curious flight of imagination Dryden represents the souls in heaven of Henry IV. of France and of William, the first prince of Orange, repenting rebellion; the first "disowning" hostility to Henry III. against whom he had fought to vindicate his right of succession to the throne, and the second "detesting" the Batavian fleet, the strength of the nation which with his aid had achieved independence.

† Immediately after the battle of the 25th, the English fleet sailed for the Dutch coast, and a squadron was detached, under the command of Sir Robert Holmes, with fire-ships, to attack the islands of Uly and Schelling. Holmes destroyed a very large Dutch merchant fleet off Uly, only eight or nine out of 170 escaping destruction; and he also destroyed with fire the chief town of Schelling. It was computed that upwards of a million sterling of property perished.

207

Some English wool, vexed in a Belgian loom
And into cloth of spungy softness made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

208

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest,
And, as the priests who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like and sacrifice the rest.

209

But, ah! how unsincere are all our joys,* *Transition*
Which sent from Heaven, like lightning, make no stay! *to the Fire*
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys, *of London.*
Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.

210

Swelled with our late successes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

211

Each element His dread command obeys
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;
Who as by one He did our nation raise,
So now He with another pulls us down.

212

Yet, London, empress of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
Great as the world's, which at the death of time
Must fall and rise a nobler frame by fire.†

* A Latin use of *sincere*, and so used on other occasions by Dryden:

"Nulla est sincera voluptas
Sollicitumque aliquid lætis intervenit."
OVID, *Metam.* vii. 453.

"But life can never be sincerely blest."
Absalom and Achitophel, 43.

"And none can boast sincere felicity."
Palamon and Arcite, book 3, 879.

† "Quum mare, quum tellus, correptaque regia cœli ardeat," &c. So quoted by Dryden, not quite correctly, from Ovid, Metam. i. 257:

"Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret."

Translated by Dryden:

"Remembering in the fates a time, when fire
Should to the battlements of Heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
And all the inferior globe to cinders turn."

213

As when some dire usurper Heaven provides
To scourge his country with a lawless sway;
His birth perhaps some petty village hides
And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way;

214

Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on;
His Prince, surprised, at first no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

215

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

216

The diligence of trades, and noiseful gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid;
All was the Night's,* and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

217

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
And first few scattering sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

* "The expression, 'All was the night's,'" says Dr. Johnson, "is taken from Seneca, who remarks on Virgil's line,

'Omnia noctis erant, placida composta quiete,'

that he might have concluded better, 'Omnia noctis erant.'" Dr. Johnson is much at fault in this statement. The line which he says is taken from Seneca, and which he calls Virgil's, is one of two lines of Varro, a fragment of the "Argonautica," quoted as excellent in the "Controversies" of the elder Seneca (iii. 16):

"Desierant latrare canes urbesque silebant,
Omnia noctis erant placida composta quiete."

And it is there observed that Virgil in imitating them in two lines of the Æneid (viii. 26) had improved on the excellent original. Virgil's lines (not a very close imitation) are:

"Nox erat, et terras animalia fessa per omnes
Alituum pecudumque genus sopor altus habebat."

Freely translated by Dryden (line 40 of Translation):

"'Twas night, and weary Nature lulled asleep
The birds of air and fishes of the deep,
And beasts and mortal men."

In the same passage of Seneca, Ovid is said to have been in the habit of saying of Varro's lines that they would have been much improved if the last part of the second line had been away, and they had ended with *omnia noctis erant*. Dryden probably imitated these words of Varro.

218

Then in some close-pent room it crept along
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed;
Till the infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walked boldly upright with exalted head.

219

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for prison which he breaks with gold,
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear
And dares the world to tax him with the old,

220

So scapes the insulting fire his narrow jail
And makes small outlets into open air;
There the fierce winds his tender force assail
And beat him downward to his first repair.

221

The winds, like crafty courtesans, withheld
His flames from burning but to blow them more:
And, every fresh attempt, he is repelled
With faint denials, weaker than before.*

222

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enraged desire,
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threatening fire.

223

The ghosts of traitors from the Bridge descend,
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice;
About the fire into a dance they bend
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.†

* "*Like crafty, &c.* 'Hæc arte tractabat virum
Ut illius animum cupidum inopia accenderet.'"
TERENCE, *Heautontim.* ii. 3, 126.

These words are quoted inaccurately by Dryden, *cupidum* being placed before *virum*, and the passage given, without author's name, as if it were prose. In other instances in these notes inaccuracies in Dryden's Latin quotations have been corrected without remark. It is evident that Dryden trusted greatly to his memory in these quotations. This beautiful description of the fire, as accurate in its details as it is picturesque, must, to be fully appreciated, be compared with the prose accounts of Clarendon, Evelyn, and Pepys. The fire broke out in the night of September 2, 1666, and raged for six days.

† It was an old custom to exhibit the heads of those executed for treason on London Bridge. A reference to the practice occurs in a passage of Shakespeare's "Richard III." act 3, sc. 2:

"*Catesby* (*to Lord Hastings*). The princes both make high account of you.
(*Aside*) For they account his head upon the bridge."

The heads of some of those executed since the Restoration had been placed on the bridge. Scott pronounces this a "most beautiful stanza," and says of the "sabbath notes," that they are "the infernal hymns chanted at the witches' sabbath, a meeting concerning which antiquity told and believed strange things."

224

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate,
Above the palace of our slumbering King;
He sighed, abandoning his charge to Fate,
And drooping oft looked back upon the wing.

225

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Called up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

226

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
Half-clothed, half-naked, hastily retire;
And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

227

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murmuring noises rise in every street;
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men justle as they meet.

228

So weary bees in little cells repose;
But if night-robbers lift the well-stored hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

229

Now streets grow thronged and busy as by day;
Some run for buckets to the hallowed quire;
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

230

In vain; for from the east a Belgian wind
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
The flames impelled soon left their foes behind
And forward with a wanton fury went.

231

A key of fire ran all along the shore
And lightened all the river with a blaze;*
The wakened tides began again to roar,
And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

* "'Sigæa igni freta late relucent.'—VIRG." *Æn.* ii. 312.

232

Old Father Thames raised up his reverend head,
But feared the fate of Simois would return ; *
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed
And shrank his waters back into his urn.

233

The fire meantime walks in a broader gross;
To either hand his wings he opens wide;
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross
And plays his longing flames on the other side.

234

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;
Now with long necks from side to side they feed ;
At length, grown strong, their mother-fire forsake,
And a new colony of flames succeed.

235

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their restless tide ;
In parties now they straggle up and down,
As armies unopposed for prey divide.

236

One mighty squadron, with a sidewind sped,
Through narrow lanes his cumbered fire does haste,
By powerful charms of gold and silver led
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

237

Another backward to the Tower would go
And slowly eats his way against the wind;
But the main body of the marching foe
Against the imperial palace is designed.

238

Now day appears ; and with the day the King,
Whose early care had robbed him of his rest ;
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

239

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place ;
Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks that drive against his sacred face.

* Scott has observed that it was the river Scamander or Xanthus which Homer describes as burnt up by Vulcan in defence of Achilles, and not the Simois : but as the Simois flowed into the Scamander, the former must have been dried up, if the Scamander were dry. And Scamander had called Simois to his aid against Achilles (Il. xxi. 307). Xanthus, however, would have been better here than Simois.

240

More than his guards his sorrows made him known
And pious tears which down his cheeks did shower;
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
So much the pity of a king has power.

241

He wept the flames of what he loved so well
And what so well had merited his love;
For never prince in grace did more excel
Or royal city more in duty strove.

242

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress;
He cheers the fearful and commends the bold
And makes despairers hope for good success.

243

Himself directs what first is to be done
And orders all the succours which they bring,
The helpful and the good about him run
And form an army worthy such a King.*

244

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast
That, where it seizes, all relief is vain,
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
That country which would else the foe maintain.

245

The powder blows up all before the fire;
The amazed flames stand gathered on a heap,
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

246

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,
But straight, like Turks forced on to win or die,
They first lay tender bridges of their fume
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

247

Part stays for passage, till a gust of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet;
Part, creeping under ground, their journey blind
And, climbing from below, their fellows meet.

* This is not flattery, and the Duke of York, who is mentioned in stanza 253, merited equal praise. "It is not indeed imaginable," says Evelyn, "how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen, by which he showed his affection to his people and gained theirs." (Diary, September 6, 1666.)

248

Thus to some desert plain or old wood-side
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round,
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

249

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way;
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

250

The rich grow suppliant and the poor grow proud:
Those offer mighty gain and these ask more;
So void of pity is the ignoble crowd,
When others' ruin may increase their store.

251

As those who live by shores with joy behold
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh,
And from the rocks leap down for shipwracked gold
And seek the tempest* which the others fly:

252

So these but wait the owners' last despair
And what's permitted to the flames invade;
Even from their jaws they hungry morsels tear
And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

253

The days were all in this lost labour spent;
And when the weary King gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective light.

254

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal picture of the general doom;
Where souls distracted, when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

255

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wandering friends:
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends:

* *Tempests* in edition of 1688, and in subsequent editions; *tempest* in first edition.

256

Those who have none sit round where once it was
And with full eyes each wonted room require,*
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murdered men walk where they did expire.

257

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run
And, while through burning labyrinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat† what they would shun.

258

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

259

While by the motion of the flames they guess
What streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant, waking, to the paps would press
And meets instead of milk a falling tear.

260

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's care,
Whose praise the afflicted as their comfort sing;
Even those whom want might drive to just despair
Think life a blessing under such a King.

261

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,
Outweeps an hermit and outprays a saint;
All the long night he studies their relief,
How they may be supplied and he may want.

262

King's prayer.

"O God," said he, "Thou patron of my days,
"Guide of my youth in exile and distress!
"Who me unfriended broughtst by wondrous ways,
"The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

263

"Be Thou my judge, with what unwearied care
"I since have laboured for my people's good,
"To bind the bruises of a civil war
"And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

* A Latin use of *require*, to seek for again.

† *Repeat*, a Latinism, meaning here *reseek;* so in Dryden's play of "Tyrannic Love," Berenice to Porphyrius:

"I'll lead you thence to melancholy groves
And there repeat the scenes of our past loves."—Act 3.

264

" Thou who hast taught me to forgive the ill
" And recompense as friends the good misled,
" If mercy be a precept of Thy will,
" Return that mercy on Thy servant's head.

265

" Or if my heedless youth has stepped astray,
" Too soon forgetful of Thy gracious hand,
" On me alone Thy just displeasure lay,
" But take Thy judgments from this mourning land.

266

" We all have sinned, and Thou hast laid us low
" As humble earth from whence at first we came ;
" Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
" And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

267

" O let it be enough what Thou hast done,
" When spotted deaths ran armed through every street,
" With poisoned darts, which not the good could shun,
" The speedy could outfly or valiant meet.*

268

" The living few and frequent funerals then
" Proclaimed Thy wrath on this forsaken place ;
" And now those few, who are returned again,
" Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

269

" O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree
" Or bind Thy sentence unconditional,
" But in Thy sentence our remorse foresee
" And in that foresight this Thy doom recall.

270

" Thy threatenings,† Lord, as Thine Thou mayest revoke :
" But if immutable and fixed they stand,
" Continue still Thyself to give the stroke,
" And let not foreign foes oppress Thy land."

271

The Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword,
And bade him swiftly drive the approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were stored.

* The Great Plague, which had destroyed a hundred thousand souls, which had begun in the summer of 1665, and was not extinct when the Great Fire desolated London in September 1666.

† *Threatnings* in first edition, the spelling of the time ; in edition of 1688, *threatings*.

272

The blessed minister his wings displayed,
And like a shooting star he cleft the night;
He charged the flames, and those that disobeyed
He lashed to duty with his sword of light.

273

The fugitive flames, chastised, went forth to prey
On pious structures by our fathers reared;
By which to Heaven they did affect the way,*
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

274

The wanting orphans saw with watery eyes
Their founders' charity in dust† laid low,
And sent to God their ever-answered cries;
For he protects the poor who made them so.

275

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise,
Though made immortal by a poet's song,‡
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

276

The daring flames peeped in and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire;
But, since it was profaned by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire.

277

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came
And, widely opening, did on both sides prey;
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

278

And now four days the Sun had seen our woes,
Four nights the Moon beheld the incessant fire;
It seemed as if the stars more sickly rose
And farther from the feverish North retire.

* "Viamque affectat Olympo" (Virg. Georg. iv. 562). *To affect*, to seek or desire. "Yet still affecting fame" (Absalom and Achitophel, 178).

† *In the dust*, in edition of 1688, a change decidedly for the worse.

‡ Alluding to a poem by Waller "Upon his Majesty's repairing of St. Paul's." Denham, in "Cooper's Hill," celebrated the same poem of Waller on the repairs made by Charles I.:

"Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse, whose flight
Has bravely reached and soared above thy height,
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they thy fall conspire!
Secure whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings."

279

In the empyrean Heaven, the blessed abode,
The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And a hushed silence damps the tuneful sky.

280

At length the Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touched His melting breast;
He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie
And eager flames give on* to storm the rest.

281

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipped above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

282

The vanquished fires withdraw from every place
Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep:
Each household Genius shows again his face
And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

283

Our King this more than natural change beholds,
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound;
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

284

As, when sharp frosts had long constrained the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain,†
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And straight the green fields laugh with promised grain:

* *Give on* in first edition, changed into *drive on* in the second, which, as usual, has been followed by subsequent editors. But "give on" is appropriate and more expressive, and is a phrase of Dryden's. It occurs in the "Indian Emperor," act 2, sc. 3. "The enemy gives on, by fury led." Waller uses the phrase in describing the Duke of York in his great naval battle:

> "Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
> Terror and death on his loud cannon waits."
> *Instructions to a Painter, &c.*

The admission of the word *drive* in this stanza probably led Derrick to change the word *strove* at the end of the next, so printed in the edition of 1688 as well as in the first of 1667, into *drove;* a corruption which also has place in Scott's edition.

† *Mild rain*, the reading of the first two editions, was changed into *cold rain* in the republication in the "Miscellany Poems," 1716, and it has been so printed always since. *Mild* is the more appropriate epithet, besides being Dryden's word; *cold* is inconsistent with "kindly thaw" and the effects described; and it is strange that Scott, who had the edition of 1688 before him, should have retained *cold.*

285

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
In every heart which fear had froze before;
The standing streets with so much joy they view
That with less grief the perished they deplore.

286

The father of the people opened wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied
And filled the empty with his daily bread.

287

This royal bounty brought its own reward
And in their minds so deep did print the sense,
That, if their ruins sadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

288

City's request to the King not to leave them.

But so may he live long that town to sway
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

289

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire
Or beg the pity of a vanquished foe.

290

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.*

291

The utmost malice of their stars is past,
And two dire comets which have scourged the town
In their own plague and fire have breathed their last,
Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown.†

* See Ezra i.—iii: the return of the Jewish tribes from Babylon after long captivity, and their setting to work to build the Temple in Jerusalem.

† Nothing had been seen of either comet since April 1665, nearly eighteen months; so that the mention of them here is a poetical licence.

292

Now frequent trines* the happier lights among
And high-raised Jove from his dark prison freed.
Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will gloriously the new-laid work† succeed.

293

Methinks already from this chymic flame
I see a city of more precious mould,
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver paved and all divine with gold.‡

294

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow
And seems to have renewed her charter's date
Which Heaven will to the death of time allow.

295

More great than human now and more August,§
New deified she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

296

Before, she like some shepherdess did show
Who sate to bathe her by a river's side,
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

297

Now like a maiden queen she will behold
From her high turrets hourly suitors come;
The East with incense and the West with gold
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

298

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train,
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

* A *trine*, or conjunction of planets in form of a triangle, was considered fortunate by astrologers: and to "frequent trines" Dryden adds another happy omen, the planet Jupiter in ascension. Dryden was learned in astrology, and a firm believer. The verb *succeed* has here an active meaning, *make to succeed*. So in Dryden's "State of Innocence," act 3, sc. 1, "Heaven your design succeed;" and also in the Translation of the Æneid, i. 109.

† *Work* in original edition; in edition of 1688 *works*, which, as usual, has been followed by subsequent editors.

‡ "Mexico."

§ "Augusta, the old name of London." "*New* deified" is the reading of both the early editions, in the next line: in Derrick's edition *new* became *now*, and *now* has appeared in all subsequent editions. A similar substitution of *now* for *new* has been noted in stanza 171.

299

The wealthy Tagus and the wealthier Rhine
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,*
Shall find her lustre stained and traffic lost.

300

The venturous merchant who designed more far
And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charmed with the splendour of this northern star,
Shall here unlade him and depart no more.

301

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet
The wealth of France or Holland to invade;
The beauty of this town without a fleet
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

302

And while this famed emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now disdain our trade to share
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

303

Already we have conquered half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind;
Our trouble now is but to make them dare
And not so great to vanquish as to find.†

304

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A constant trade-wind will securely blow
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

* A strained allusion to the designs of Louis XIV. on the Spanish Netherlands.

† The events of the next year, when the Dutch fleet ascended the Thames and burnt our ships at Chatham, June 1667, falsified this boast.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

"Si propius stes
Te capiat magis."

HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 361.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

"*Absalom and Achitophel*" was published in November 1681. The "*Essay on Satire*," which has been ascribed to Dryden and printed in several editions of his Poems, would have been inserted, in the order of time, between "*Annus Mirabilis*" and this poem, if it had been thought to be Dryden's. The reasons for treating it as not Dryden's are given in the prefixed biography. A clever political jeu d'esprit of 1680, "*On the Young Statesmen*," published as Dryden's in the "*State Poems*" (*vol.* I, *p.* 163), has also, most probably, been wrongly assigned to him. In the long interval of fifteen years since the composition of "*Annus Mirabilis*" Dryden had been assiduously writing plays for income; sixteen of these had been produced since 1667. A Translation of the Epistles of Ovid, in which Dryden bore a part, and for which he wrote a Preface, appeared in 1680.

A manuscript note in the copy of "*Absalom and Achitophel*," which was Mr. Luttrell's, fixes its publication on or a little before November 17, 1681. On November 24, the famous bill of indictment against the Earl of Shaftesbury for high treason was brought before a grand jury in London, and thrown out. Shaftesbury had been arrested and sent to the Tower on July 2, and he had been a prisoner ever since. When the invective against Shaftesbury of this powerful poem was sent forth, that statesman was a prisoner, waiting a trial for his life. It has been stated by Jacob Tonson, that the poem was undertaken in 1680, at the request of the King. Dryden was now his "servant," having been appointed in 1670 Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal. The poem was published anonymously, but the authorship was no secret. It produced a very great sensation.

The first edition was in folio, published by Jacob Tonson. A second edition in quarto appeared before the end of December. This second edition contained, with several minor changes, two notable additions; one in the description of Shaftesbury (*lines* 180–191), giving him praise as a judge, and the other in the King's Speech (*lines* 957—960), expressing a desire that Monmouth would repent and open the way for pardon. Seven more editions were published during Dryden's lifetime. That in the folio volume of Poems published by Tonson after Dryden's death in 1701, was called the tenth edition. The text of the second edition is here followed: some small variations in some of the succeeding editions of his lifetime are not amendments, and most perhaps misprints. But these and some more corruptions of text have been established in Broughton's, Derrick's, and the later editions; and Scott's is as faulty as any. All the changes from the first folio edition are mentioned in the following notes.

TO THE READER.

'Tis not my intention to make an apology for my poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are consequents of Whig and Tory;* and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There's a treasury of merits in the Fanatic church as well as in the Papist, and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads; but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham.† My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in the world; for there is a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party and, in all probability, of the best judges; for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating‡ the satire,

* These names for political parties were then new; they had been first applied in 1679 in the contentions about the Exclusion Bill. *Tory*, first given, according to Roger North, "signified the most despicable savages among the wild Irish," and Irishmen, as Roman Catholics, were the Duke of York's friends. The Anti-Exclusionists in retaliation called their opponents *Birmingham Protestants*, "alluding to false groats counterfeited at that place; this held a considerable time, but the word was not fluent enough for hasty repartee; and after diverse changes the lot fell upon *whig*, which was very significative, as well as ready, being vernacular in Scotland (from whence it was borrowed) for corrupt and sour whey." (North's Examen, p. 321.) Bishop Burnet gives a different explanation of the origin of *Whig*. "The south-west counties of Scotland," says Burnet, "have seldom corn enough to serve them round the year, and the northern parts producing more than they need, those in the west come in the summer to buy at Leith the stores that come from the north; and from a word, *whiggam*, used in driving their horses, all that drove were called the *whiggamors*, and, shorter, the *whigs*." He adds that *whiggamor* or *whig* was a political designation in Scotland from 1648, when a rising of the Scots, under Argyll and at the call of the General Assembly, against the Parliament, was called "the whiggamors' inroad, and ever after that all that opposed the court came in contempt to be called *whigs*." (Burnet's History of Own Time, i. 43.) Scott adopts Burnet's explanation.

† The *Anti-Bromingham* was Anti-Whig; and there may be special reference in *Bromingham* to Monmouth, as a pretender to the succession, whose illegitimacy suggested comparison with a counterfeit Birmingham groat. So in a ballad of this time, written in praise of "Old Jemmy," the Duke of York:

> "Old Jemmy is the top
> And chief among the princes,
> No mobile gay fop
> With Bromingham pretences."

And in another ballad:

> "Let Whig and Bromingham repine,
> They show their teeth in vain;
> The glory of the British line,
> Old Jemmy's come again."

These two stanzas are quoted by Scott from Mr. Luttrell's collection, which has been dispersed.

‡ To *rebate*, to blunt; a common word in Dryden's time, and frequently occurring in his poetry.

where justice would allow it, from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticize so weakly as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced at their own cost that I can write severely with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices; and other men's virtues I have commended as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am; but if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you commonwealth's-men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing of my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing, though 'tis hard for an author to judge against himself; but more probably 'tis in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both sides will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn; but they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory, it is no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to show Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist; and if the draught be so far true, it is as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconcilement of Absalom to David. And who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story: there seems yet to be room left for a composure; hereafter there may only be for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accused of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may at last be saved. For which reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he who writes honestly is no more an enemy to the offender than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease; for those are only in order to prevent the chirurgeon's work of an *Ense rescindendum*,* which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered state as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

"To rebate your jealousy of honour" (Duke of Guise, act 3, sc. 1). "The keener edge of battle to rebate" (Palamon and Arcite, book ii. l. 502). So in "Measure for Measure," act 1, sc. 4, Lucio says of Angelo:

> "One who never feels
> The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
> But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
> With profits of the mind, study, and fast."

* "Ense recidendum."—Ovid, *Met.* i. 191.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin,
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confined,
When nature prompted and no law denied
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride,
Then Israel's monarch after Heaven's own heart *
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves, and, wide as his command,
Scattered his Maker's image through the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear, †
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To god-like David several sons before.
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon: ‡
Whether, inspired by § some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust,
Or that his conscious destiny made way
By manly beauty to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown; ‖
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove
And seemed as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was opened in his face. ¶

* *Israel's monarch*, David; Charles II. king of England. "The Lord hath sought him a man after his own heart" (1 Sam. xiii. 14). "I have found David the son of Jesse, a man after mine own heart, which shall fulfil all my will" (Acts xiii. 22).

† *Michal*, Catharine of Portugal, queen of Charles II., childless like Michal.

‡ *Absalon*, James, duke of Monmouth, son of Lucy Walters, born at Rotterdam, April 9, 1649. The lady was mistress of Colonel Robert Sydney, brother of Algernon, when she made Charles's acquaintance, and there was reason to believe that Monmouth was Sydney's child. Here and at line 221 the word is spelt *Absolon* in the first edition, and *Absalon* in the second; doubtless for the rhyme; elsewhere always *Absalom* in first and all other editions.

§ *With* in first edition instead of *by*.

‖ The Duke of Monmouth had been in command of the British troops acting with the French army against the Dutch in 1672 and 1673, and he obtained great fame by his bravery at the siege of Maestricht, and was much commended by Louis XIV. In 1678, he commanded the British auxiliary forces acting with the Dutch against the French, and he again greatly distinguished himself in the battle of St. Denis, August 1678.

¶ "The desert smiled
And Paradise was opened in the wild."
Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, 133.

With secret joy indulgent David viewed
His youthful image in his son renewed;
To all his wishes nothing he denied
And made the charming Annabel his bride.*
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not or he would not see.
Some warm excesses, which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purged by boiling o'er;
And Amnon's murder by a specious name
Was called a just revenge for injured fame.†
Thus praised and loved, the noble youth remained,
While David undisturbed in Sion‡ reigned.
But life can never be sincerely blest;§
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews,‖ a headstrong, moody, murmuring race
As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace;
God's pampered people, whom, debauched with ease,
No king could govern nor no God could please;
Gods they had tried of every shape and size
That godsmiths could produce or priests devise;
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found
Of men by laws less circumscribed and bound,

* *Annabel,* Anne Scott, countess of Buccleuch in her own right, married to the Duke of Monmouth, 1665. The name of Scott was afterwards given to him, and he was created Duke of Buccleuch. The Duchess of Monmouth was an early and zealous friend of Dryden. He dedicated to her his play of the "Indian Emperor," published in 1667. Speaking of the Duke and Duchess in his "Vindication of the Duke of Guise" (1683), he says: "The obligations I have had to him were those of his countenance, his favour, his good word, and his esteem: all which I have likewise had in a greater measure from his excellent duchess, the patroness of my poor unworthy poetry." This was in reply to charges of ingratitude made against Dryden in this poem against Monmouth's schemes and party. But such charges were not just. In reproving Monmouth's ambitious designs, Dryden has so treated him personally that he might have even pleased him. To the Duchess, who deplored her husband's ambition, and whom he very soon deserted for Lady Wentworth, this poem could not have given offence; and it would appear from a passage in Dryden's Dedication of "King Arthur" to Lord Halifax (1691) that he did not lose the Duchess's favour. She had read that play in manuscript and recommended it to Queen Mary: "my first and best patroness," Dryden there calls her.

† By "Amnon's murder" is probably intended the attack made on Sir John Coventry in December 1670, by some officers and men of the troop of the King's horse-guards, of which Monmouth was captain, to punish him for a sarcasm spoken in the House of Commons about the King's amours. Monmouth was believed to be the instigator of this outrage. One of the party, Mr. O'Brien, son of the Earl of Inchiquin, was concealed by Monmouth after the fray. Coventry's nose was slit with a penknife. Very soon after this business, the Duke of Monmouth, with the young Duke of Albemarle and some others, was involved in a disgraceful riot in Whetstone Park, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, in which a beadle was killed. This event is the subject of a coarse poem in the "State Poems" (vol. i. p. 147), "On the three Dukes killing the Beadle on Sunday morning, February the 26th, 1670-1." Who was the third duke is not known: they are called "three bastard dukes." A royal pardon was granted to all the offenders in this fatal brawl. Though there was no murder in the case of the cowardly onslaught on Sir John Coventry, it is more probable that Dryden specially refers here to it, to which the excuse of "injured fame" is applicable. Precise description was not needed, and Dryden probably desired to avoid it. He would not have wished to mention the disreputable Whetstone Park homicide, and the artful vagueness of these extenuating lines is skilful.

‡ *Sion,* London.

§ A Latin use of *sincere:* see note on stanza 209 of "Annus Mirabilis."

‖ *The Jews,* the English.

They led their wild desires to woods and caves
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul* was dead, without a blow
Made foolish Ishbosheth† the crown forego;
Who banished David did from Hebron‡ bring,
And with a general shout proclaimed him King;
Those very Jews who at their very best
Their humour more than loyalty exprest,
Now wondered why so long they had obeyed
An idol monarch which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create
Or melt him to that golden calf, a State.
But these were random bolts; no formed design
Nor interest made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And looking backward with a wise affright
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight,
In contemplation of whose ugly scars
They cursed the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men, thus qualified,
Inclined the balance to the better side;
And David's mildness managed it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our biassed nature leans,
The careful Devil is still at hand with means
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause, revived, a plot requires,
Plots true or false are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths and ruin kings.

The inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites;§ the town so called from them,
And theirs the native right.
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn and weakened, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverished and deprived of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgraced, and burnt like common wood.

* *Saul*, Oliver Cromwell. † *Ishbosheth*, Richard Cromwell.

‡ *Hebron*, in the Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel," in which the names of the original poem were continued with the same applications, means Scotland; and it is so used in Dryden's portion of the continuation as well as by Tate. Here one would expect *Hebron* to mean the Netherlands, or, still more suitably, Brussels. But *Gath* stands for Brussels in line 365. A reference is perhaps made to Monk's march from Scotland to effect the Restoration, or to Charles's having been already crowned King of Scotland.

§ *Jebusites*, Roman Catholics. The old name of Jerusalem in the time of the Jebusites was Jebusi; but so far there is no parallel.

This set the heathen priesthood in a flame,
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish Rabbins,* though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
To espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse,
Raised in extremes, and in extremes decried,
With oaths affirmed, with dying vows denied,
Not weighed or winnowed by the multitude,
But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and crude.
Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with lies
To please the fools and puzzle all the wise:
Succeeding times did equal folly call
Believing nothing or believing all.
The Egyptian† rites the Jebusites embraced,
Where gods were recommended by their taste;
Such savoury deities must needs be good
As‡ served at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods,
For ten to one in former days was odds:
So fraud was used, the sacrificer's trade;
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews
And raked for converts even the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests§ the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which failed for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence;
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour which before
Slept quiet in its channels bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first ferment
Work up to foam and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Opposed the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great and, thrown from thence,
Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.

* *The Jewish Rabbins*, doctors of the Church of England.
† *Egyptian*, French. The three following lines are a sneer at transubstantiation.
‡ *And* in first edition instead of *as*.
§ *Hebrew priests*, clergymen of the Church of England.

Some by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne
Were raised in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel * was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels † fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles ‡ and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body § to decay
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,

* *Achitophel*, Anthony Ashley Cooper, earl of Shaftesbury. He had been Lord Chancellor, 1672–3. Very soon after he had been deprived of the Great Seal, he was entreated by the King, through Ruvigny, the French ambassador, to return to office, and great offers were at the same time made to him: but he refused. During the ferment of the Popish Plot, when the Privy Council was re-organized in April 1679, he was, by the King's special desire, made President of the Council; but he ceased to be President in October. Efforts were again made immediately after to induce him to return to office, and the Treasury was proposed to him: but he refused. (Henry Sidney's Diary, vol. i. pp. 181, 5.) Then followed his presenting the Duke of York as a Popish recusant, his promotion of the Exclusion Bill, and his advocacy of the Duke of Monmouth's pretensions to legitimacy. After the short session of the parliament at Oxford in 1681, he was apprehended at his house in London, July 2, on a charge of high treason and sent to the Tower; all his papers were seized; his trial was not brought on till November, when the Grand Jury threw out the bill, November 24, a few days after the publication of this poem.

† *Counsel* in first edition instead of *counsels*.

‡ *Principle* in first edition instead of *principles*.

§ Shaftesbury's small person was similarly, but less poetically, referred to in the "Essay on Satire," by the Earl of Mulgrave (Duke of Buckinghamshire), which has been ascribed to Dryden, and which may have received touches from Dryden's pen:

> "As by our little Machiavel we find,
> That nimblest creature of the busy kind;
> His legs are crippled, and his body shakes,
> Yet his bold mind that all this bustle makes
> No pity of its poor companion takes.
> What gravity can hold from laughing out
> To see that lug his feeble limbs about?
> Like hounds ill-coupled, Jowler is so strong
> He jades poor Trip and drags him all along.
> 'Tis such a cruelty as ne'er was known
> To use a body thus, though 'tis one's own."

The "Essay on Satire" was circulated in manuscript in 1679. This extract is taken from the revised edition in the "Works" of Mulgrave, which differs considerably from the first publication, always given by the editors who have printed this piece in Dryden's works.

Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.*
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state ;
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke ;†
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped‡ a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times§
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

* Lord Shaftesbury's son and successor was a man of no ability and of insignificant character. Nothing can excuse this savage attack on Shaftesbury through his son's weakness. The son was born in 1652 ; his mother, Shaftesbury's second wife, was of a loyal stock, daughter of an Earl of Exeter. Shaftesbury, though married three times, had only two children, sons, both by his second wife, Lady Frances Cecil ; one of them died in infancy. Dryden has appropriated for vilification the humorous definition of man, ascribed to Plato, ζῶον δίπουν ἄπτερον. (Diogen. Laert. Vit. Philosoph. vi. 40, in Life of Diogenes.) Shaftesbury's son, so contemptuously described by Dryden, was father of a man of great ability, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the "Characteristics," who, in that work, has ridiculed some of Dryden's faults and foibles. It was not in human nature that he should admire the insulting libeller of his father and grandfather. Dryden's attacks on the grandfather are not confined to "Absalom and Achitophel" and "The Medal." In one of the scenes of "Albion and Albanius," produced on the stage in 1685, after Shaftesbury's death, his bodily infirmities were disgracefully caricatured. "On the front of the pedestal is drawn a man with a long, lean, pale face, with fiends' wings, and snakes twisted round his body ; he is accompanied by several fanatical rebellious heads, who suck poison from him, which runs out of a tap in his side." This was the lately deceased Shaftesbury, who had had for many years an issue for relief of an internal abscess caused by a fall when he was in Holland, on the occasion of the Restoration, as one of the commissioners of the Parliament to compliment the King. It is sad to see Dryden's powers of mind so degraded by rancour or subserviency.

† This was the alliance with France of 1670 for war with Holland, destroying the policy of the triple alliance of England, Holland, and Sweden of 1667, which was directed against France. The leading ministers in 1670 were Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley), and Lauderdale ; the five whose names made "Cabal." It is now known that Shaftesbury and Buckingham were not in the King's and the three others' secrets : Buckingham because they would not trust him, and Shaftesbury because they feared him. Shaftesbury never knew of the secret treaty with France of June 1670. Dryden, however, as a contemporary, would not have known the secrets of the Cabinet, and he judged by appearances. But what is to be thought of this charge being fulminated against Shaftesbury by Dryden, who in his "Amboyna" had done his utmost at the same time to inflame his countrymen against the Dutch, and had dedicated that play to Lord Clifford, in 1673, with unmeasured praise of his wisdom and patriotism? In the Epilogue of "Amboyna" he had pronounced the French alliance against Holland necessary and beneficial :

> "Yet is their empire no true growth, but humour,
> And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour."

And as Shaftesbury, in a speech delivered in 1673 as Lord Chancellor in exposition of the King's policy, had said, after Cato, "Delenda est Carthago," so Dryden had in the same year concluded the Epilogue with a reference to the same phrase :

> "All loyal English will, like him, conclude,
> Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued."

Dryden's flagrant inconsistencies are very many, and neither his blame nor his praise has necessarily any value.

‡ *Assumed* in first edition instead of *usurped*.

§ The twelve lines 180-191 were added in the second edition. A very absurd story has been put forward, that Shaftesbury, immediately after the appearance of "Absalom and Achitophel," showed his magnanimity by giving Dryden a nomination for one of his sons to Charter-house School, and that Dryden requited the magnanimous gift with the praise at the end of these additional lines. The story was first published in Kippis's "Biographia Britannica," and was given on the authority of Mr. Martyn, then engaged in preparing a Life of Shaftesbury from the family-papers. Mr. Martyn's Life was published long after, and contains the same story. (Life of Shaftesbury, edited by G. Wingrove Cooke, i. 19.) Mr. Martyn's Life contains many absurd and

How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will,
Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin *
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.†
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.‡
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes § contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his Prince,

impossible stories; and this is one of them. Malone took great pains to refute the story. A son of Dryden was admitted to the school in February 1683, nominated by the King. The first edition of "Absalom and Achitophel" appeared in November, and the second in December, 1681. But it is enough to say that it was impossible for Shaftesbury, with the slightest self-respect, to offer a favour to Dryden after so truculent an attack; and in a few months Dryden again attacked Shaftesbury savagely in "The Medal." It is not easy to suppose Dryden so base as his subsequent attacks on Shaftesbury would prove him, if he had received this favour. Lord Campbell has argued for the probability of this absurd story. (Lives of the Lord Chancellors, iv. 175, ed. 1857.) Lord Campbell is right in considering Dryden's praise of little value; but it need not have been bought. In the interval between the two editions, the grand jury of London threw out the bill of high treason against Shaftesbury, and in his hour of triumph Dryden may have felt some disposition to conciliate one, on whom he had trampled without remorse when in prison and apparently utterly fallen.

* The *Abbethdin* (so spelt by Dryden, not *Abethdin*, as has been printed in all late editions) was president of the Jewish judicature, literally father (*ab*) of the house of judgment (*beth-din*).

† This arrogant boast, which has been justified, could only have been made in an anonymous publication. There is a similar boast in the lines contributed by Dryden to Tate's continuation of this poem, line 410:

"Who by my Muse to all succeeding times
Shall live, in spite of their own dogrel rhymes."

Want is used in a simple sense no longer current, *to be without:*

"Friend of my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song."
POPE, *Prologue to Satires*, 27.

‡ Lord Macaulay has traced these two lines to their probable origin in some verses in Knolles's "History of the Turks:"

"Greatness on goodness loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves for Fortune's ice Virtue's firm land."
MACAULAY'S *Essay on Sir William Temple.*

§ *Manifest of crimes* is a Latinism: "Manifestus tanti sceleris" (Sallust, Jugurtha, 39). The same idiom occurs again in Dryden:

"Calisto there stood manifest of shame."
Palamon and Arcite, book 1, l. 623.

Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.
The wished occasion of the Plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;*
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.†
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For governed by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews:
And once in twenty years their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.‡
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalon.
Not that he wished his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allowed
Would keep him still depending on the crowd,

* The charge against Shaftesbury of helping to invent the Plot is totally without proof and against all probability; yet it is one of the calumnies, engendered by the fury of political contention, which have clung to his name; and Dryden's splendid but little scrupulous satire has materially contributed to perpetuate injustice. Shaftesbury entirely believed in the Plot, as did others of calmer temperament whose goodness is unquestioned, and he prosecuted the discoveries with all the ardour of his vehement nature. He had his faults, but he was not a fiend, or base. Among those who were associated with him in all his inquiries, and who shared in his thorough belief, were the Earl of Essex and Lord Russell. In the paper which Lord Russell delivered to the sheriffs on the scaffold were these words: "As for the share I had in the prosecution of the Popish Plot, I take God to witness that I proceeded in it in the sincerity of my heart, being then really convinced, as I am still, that there was a conspiracy against the King, the nation, and the Protestant religion; and I likewise profess that I never knew anything either directly or indirectly of any practice with the witnesses; which I looked upon as so horrid a thing that I could never have endured it." Bishop Burnet, who disliked Shaftesbury, and who blames him for his vehement support of the evidence in the Plot, acquits him of all share in the invention. (History of Own Time, i. 438.)

† That Charles II. had privately declared himself a Roman Catholic, in 1669, to a few trusted councillors, and had shortly after made secret engagements with Louis XIV. for establishing the Roman Catholic religion in England, are now known facts beyond dispute. Extracts from despatches in the Archives of the French Foreign Office, published by M. Mignet in his work on the Negotiations relative to the Spanish succession, have made a considerable addition to the knowledge on this subject furnished by Dalrymple and Macpherson. A recent publication by Father Boero from the Archives of the Jesuits' College at Rome shows that Charles authorized proposals to the Pope for reconciling himself and England to Rome as early as 1662. See an interesting article in the "Gentleman's Magazine," January 1866. To "prove the king a Jebusite" was therefore no calumnious invention of Shaftesbury.

‡ The accent is on the last syllable of *instinct*, as again in line 535, and always with Dryden and his contemporaries. So in "Hudibras:"

> "To whom our knight by just instinct
> Of wit and temper was so linked."
> Part 1, canto 1, l. 232.

This note is not unnecessary, as in a recent edition Mr. R. Bell proposed to alter this line into

> "How they, by natural instinct, change their lord,"

in order, as he says, to "redeem the metre." The same editor has silently altered a line in another poem, where *triumph* occurs with the accent, as throughout Dryden, on the last syllable, to make it suit modern pronunciation (line 13 of Poem to Lady Castlemaine). And see the note on the word *commerce* in stanza 158 of "Annus Mirabilis."

That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.*
Him he attempts with studied arts to please
And sheds his venom in such words as these :

"Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
"Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,
"Thy longing country's darling and desire,
"Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire,
"Their second Moses, whose extended wand
"Divides† the seas and shows the promised land,
"Whose dawning day in every distant age
"Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage,
"The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
"The young men's vision and the old men's dream,
"Thee Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
"And never satisfied with seeing bless :
"Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
"And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.
"How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
"Starve and defraud the people of thy reign ?
"Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
"Like one of virtue's fools that feeds on praise ;
"Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
"Grow stale and tarnish with our daily sight.
"Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
"Or gathered ripe, or rot upon the tree.
"Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
"Some lucky revolution of their fate :
"Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
"(For human good depends on human will,)
"Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent
"And from the first impression takes the bent ;
"But, if unseized, she glides away like wind
"And leaves repenting folly far behind.
"Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize
"And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
"Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
"Not dared, when Fortune called him to be King
"At Gath‡ an exile he might still remain,
"And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
"Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
"But shun the example of declining age.
"Behold him setting in his western skies,
"The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise ;
"He is not now, as when, on Jordan's sand,§
"The joyful people thronged to see him land,
"Covering the beach and blackening all the strand,

* This alliterative line is reproduced in "The Hind and the Panther," book ii. i. 211.
† *Shuts up* in first edition instead of *divides*.
‡ *Gath*, Brussels.
§ *Jordan* represents the English seas : in line 821, "Jordan's flood" is the Irish Channel.

"But like the Prince of Angels, from his height
"Comes tumbling downward with diminished light:
"Betrayed by one poor Plot to public scorn,
"(Our only blessing since his curst return,)
"Those heaps of people, which one sheaf did bind,
"Blown off and scattered by a puff of wind.
"What strength can he to your designs oppose,
"Naked of friends,* and round beset with foes?
"If Pharaoh's† doubtful succour he should use,
"A foreign aid would more incense the Jews;
"Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring,
"Foment the war, but not support the King:
"Nor would the royal party e'er unite
"With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite;
"Or, if they should, their interest soon would break
"And with such odious aid make David weak.
"All sorts of men, by my successful arts
"Abhorring kings, estrange their altered hearts
"From David's rule: and 'tis the general cry,
"Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
"If you, as champion of the public good,
"Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
"What may not Israel hope, and what applause
"Might such a general gain by such a cause?
"Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower,
"Fair only to the sight, but solid power;
"And nobler is a limited command,
"Given by the love of all your native land,
"Than a successive title, long and dark,
"Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark."

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flattery soothes and when ambition blinds?
Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet sprung from high is of celestial seed;
In God 'tis glory, and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
The ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour and debauched with praise.
Half loth and half consenting to the ill,
For loyal blood within him struggled still,
He thus replied: "And what pretence have I
"To take up arms for public liberty?
"My father governs with unquestioned right,
"The faith's defender and mankind's delight,‡
"Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
"And Heaven by wonders has espoused his cause.

* *Naked of* is a Gallicism. Dryden uses *dry* similarly in his play "Amphitryon," act 3, sc. 1: "dry of those embraces." See note on *thick of*, in Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell, 14.
† *Pharaoh*, Louis XIV. king of France (Egypt).
‡ "Amor atque deliciæ generis humani," said of the Emperor Titus by Suetonius, chap. 1.

"Whom has he wronged in all his peaceful reign?
"Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
"What millions has he pardoned of his foes
"Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose.
"Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good,
"Inclined to mercy and averse from blood.
"If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
"His crime is God's beloved attribute.
"What could he gain his people to betray
"Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
"Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
"His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
"If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
"The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
"Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
"Turn rebel and run popularly mad?
"Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
"Oppressed the Jews and raised the Jebusite,
"Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
"Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands;
"The people might assert their liberty,
"But what was right in them were crime in me.
"His favour leaves me nothing to require,
"Prevents my wishes and outruns desire;
"What more can I expect while David lives?
"All but his kingly diadem he gives:
"And that"—But there he paused, then sighing said,
"Is justly destined for a worthier head;
"For when my father from his toils shall rest
"And late augment the number of the blest,
"His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
"Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
"His brother, though oppressed with vulgar spite,
"Yet dauntless and secure of native right,
"Of every royal virtue stands possest,
"Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
"His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,
"His loyalty the King, the world his fame.
"His mercy even the offending crowd will find,
"For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.*

* The Duke of York's character is thus drawn by Dryden in "The Duke of Guise" (act 5, sc. 1), the King of France praising his "brother of Navarre" to the Archbishop of Lyons:

"I know my brother's nature; 'tis sincere,
Above deceit, no crookedness of thought:
Says what he means, and what he says performs;
Brave, but not rash; successful, but not proud;
So much acknowledging that he's uneasy
Till every petty service be o'erpaid.
Archb. Some say revengeful.
King. Some then libel him:
But that's what both of us have learnt to bear;
He can forgive, but you disdain forgiveness."

The play of "The Duke of Guise" was first acted in December 1682.

"Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree
"Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
"Yet oh that Fate, propitiously inclined,
"Had raised my birth or had debased my mind,
"To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
"And then betrayed it to a mean descent!
"I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
"And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
"Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
"My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth
"And, made for empire, whispers me within,
"Desire of greatness is a god-like sin."*

Him staggering so when Hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintained her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
"The eternal God, supremely good and wise,
"Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain.
"What wonders are reserved to bless your reign!
"Against your will your arguments have shown,
"Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
"Not that your father's mildness I contemn,
"But manly force becomes the diadem.
"'Tis true he grants the people all they crave,
"And more perhaps than subjects ought to have:
"For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame
"And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
"But when should people strive their bonds to break,
"If not when kings are negligent or weak?
"Let him give on till he can give no more,
"The thrifty Sanhedrin† shall keep him poor;
"And every shekel which he can receive
"Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
"To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
"Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
"Which when his treasure can no more supply,
"He must with the remains of kingship buy.
"His faithful friends our jealousies and fears
"Call Jebusites and Pharaoh's pensioners,
"Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
"He shall be naked left to public scorn.
"The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
"My arts have made obnoxious to the State,

* Compare another passage of Dryden:

"Ambitious fools we are,
And yet ambition is a god-like fault!
Or rather 'tis no fault in souls born great,
Who dare extend their glory by their deeds."
King Arthur, act 1, sc. 2.

† *The Sanhedrin*, the Parliament.

"Turned all his virtues to his overthrow,
"And gained our elders to pronounce a foe.
"His right for sums of necessary gold
"Shall first be pawned, and afterwards be sold;
"Till time shall ever-wanting David draw
"To pass your doubtful title into law.
"If not, the people have a right supreme
"To make their kings, for kings are made for them.
"All empire is no more than power in trust,
"Which, when resumed, can be no longer just.
"Succession, for the general good designed,
"In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
"If altering that the people can relieve,
"Better one suffer than a nation* grieve.
"The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they chose
"God was their King, and God they durst depose.†
"Urge now your piety, your filial name,
"A father's right and fear of future fame,
"The public good, that universal call,
"To which even Heaven submitted, answers all.
"Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
"'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.
"Our fond begetters, who would never die,
"Love but themselves in their posterity.
"Or let his kindness by the effects be tried
"Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
"God said, He loved your father; could He bring
"A better proof than to anoint him King?
"It surely showed, He loved the shepherd well
"Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
"Would David have you thought his darling son?
"What means he then to alienate the crown?
"The name of godly he may blush to bear;
"'Tis after God's own heart to cheat his heir.‡
"He to his brother gives supreme command,
"To you a legacy of barren land,
"Perhaps the old harp on which he thrums his lays
"Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
"Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
"Already looks on you with jealous eyes,
"Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
"And marks your progress in the people's hearts;

* *Million* in first edition instead of *nation*.

† Dryden represents the government of the Commonwealth before Cromwell's Protectorate as a theocracy. Compare line 522, "their old beloved theocracy."

‡ The meaning of this is that Charles may blush to call himself "godly," when he declines to cheat the Duke of York of his succession, to do which would be "after God's own heart." Derrick turned this line into a question, changing *'tis* into *is't:*

"Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?"

This change makes an unmusical beginning of the line, and deprives the passage of meaning. Yet it has been established in the modern editions, including Scott's. David was "after God's own heart" because he fulfilled all his will. See note on line 7.

"Though now his mighty soul its grief contains,
"He meditates revenge who least complains;
"And like a lion, slumbering in the way
"Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,*
"His fearless foes within his distance draws,
"Constrains his roaring and contracts his paws,
"Till at the last, his time for fury found,
"He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground,
"The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
"But with a lordly rage his hunters tears;
"Your case no tame expedients will afford,
"Resolve on death or conquest by the sword,
"Which for no less a stake than life you draw,
"And self-defence is Nature's eldest law.
"Leave the warm people no considering time,
"For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
"Prevail yourself of what occasion gives,†
"But try your title while your father lives;
"And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
"Proclaim you take them in the King's defence;
"Whose sacred life each minute would expose
"To plots from seeming friends and secret foes.
"And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
"Perhaps his fear his kindness may control:
"He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
"For plighted vows too late to be undone.
"If so, by force he wishes to be gained,
"Like women's lechery to seem constrained.
"Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,
"Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
"Secure his person to secure your cause:
"They, who possess the Prince, possess the laws."

He said, and this advice above the rest
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblamed of life‡ (ambition set aside),
Not stained with cruelty nor puffed with pride,
How happy had he been, if Destiny
Had higher placed his birth or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claimed a throne
And blessed all other countries but his own;
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.

* This simile reappears in "Sigismunda and Guiscardo" (line 241) in describing Tancred's fury:

"For malice and revenge had put him on his guard:
So, like a lion that unheeded lay,
Dissembling sleep and watchful to betray,
With inward rage he meditates his prey."

† *Prevail*, Dryden's word, is here restored; *avail* was substituted by Derrick, and has been printed by all editors who have followed him. See note in p. 39.

‡ *Unblamed of life:* a frequent Latinism with Dryden, as "turbulent of wit" in line 153; "swift of despatch," line 191.

Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love,
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites,
Whose differing parties he could wisely join
For several ends to serve the same design;
The best, (and of the princes some were such,)
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men and patriots in their hearts,
Not wicked, but seduced by impious arts;
By these the springs of property were bent
And wound so high they cracked the government.
The next for interest sought to embroil the state
To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them joined all the haranguers of the throng
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the King;
The Solymæan rout,* well versed of old
In godly faction and in treason bold,
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restored,
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot† begun
And scorned by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites‡ headed these; who pulled before
From the ark, which in the Judges' days they bore,
Resumed their cant, and with a zealous cry
Pursued their old beloved theocracy,
Where Sanhedrin and priest enslaved the nation
And justified their spoils by inspiration;
For who so fit for reign as Aaron's race,§
If once dominion they could found in grace?
These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouthed against the government.
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such
Who think too little and who talk too much.

* *The Solymæan rout*, the City rabble; *Solyma*, Jerusalem.
† *Ethnic plot*, the Popish Plot.
‡ *Levites*, priests; the Presbyterian ministers, displaced by the Act of Uniformity.
§ *Aaron's race*, the clergy.

These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Adored their fathers' God and property,
And by the same blind benefit of Fate
The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be saved even in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri* stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!

* *Zimri*, George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, son of the minister of James I. and Charles I. murdered by Felton in 1628. This second duke was born in 1627. He married, in 1657, Mary Fairfax, the only child of Lord Fairfax, the old parliamentary general. After the dismissal of Clarendon, in 1667, Buckingham was for some time the chief Minister; but his volatile character and love of pleasure and vice rendered it impossible for him to maintain the ascendency, and he was outwitted and cheated by the King, Arlington, Clifford, and Lauderdale in the negotiations with France, which led to the secret engagements of 1670. He was, however, not less eager or unscrupulous than they in support of a French alliance, and he was afterwards united with them on that question against Shaftesbury. He was deprived of office at the close of the year 1674, in compliance with an address from the House of Commons; he then went as vehemently into opposition; he was never again a Minister. He united very brilliant talents with extreme profligacy of private and public life. Dryden and his plays had been unsparingly ridiculed by him in "The Rehearsal," published in 1671: the name of Bayes, under which he represented Dryden, stuck to him ever after. Dryden now took his revenge. He prided himself on the skilful moderation of this sketch of Buckingham. "The character of Zimri in my Absalom," Dryden writes in his "Essay on Satire," "is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it is intended was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly: but I managed my own work more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind sides and little extravagances; to which the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn, who began the frolic." Some similar touches are to be found in Pope's equally famous character of Buckingham, in describing his death:

"Alas! how changed from him
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay in Cleveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council in a ring
Of mimicked statesmen and their merry king.
No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."
Moral Essays, iii. 305.

Buckingham wrote a severe but by no means skilful poetical reply to "Absalom and Achitophel," which appeared within a few weeks after its publication, bearing the title, "Poetic Reflections on a late Poem, entitled Absalom and Achitophel, by a Person of Honour." A poem on the Duke of Buckingham, ascribed to Dryden in the second volume of the "State Poems," published in 1703, is most probably not Dryden's.

Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent or over civil
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.
Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
Of lords below the dignity of verse.
Wits, warriors, commonwealth's-men were the best;
Kind husbands and mere nobles all the rest.
And therefore in the name of dulness be
The well-hung Balaam* and cold Caleb† free;
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.‡
Let friendship's holy band some names assure,
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.

* *Balaam*, the Earl of Huntingdon, younger brother of the Lord Hastings, whose early death in 1649 was lamented in Dryden's first poem. No memory of that young friendship now restrained Dryden from launching a coarse insult at the brother, a man of unquestioned respectability and honour. Lord Huntingdon had been one of those who presented the Duke of York as a Papist, June 26, 1680; by reason of his rank his name was at the head of the signatures to the Reasons for the indictment. He was also one of the petitioners to the King in 1681 against holding the parliament at Oxford. He afterwards separated from the Opposition, and was appointed a member of the Privy Council in 1683. He was in the next reign staunch to James II., and was after the Revolution excluded from the Act of Indemnity.

† *Caleb*, Ford, Lord Grey of Wark. It was notorious that the Duke of Monmouth had an intrigue with Lord Grey's wife, and it was probably not known at this time that Lord Grey was carrying on an intrigue with an unmarried sister of his wife, the Lady Henrietta Berkeley. This intrigue of Lord Grey's became a great public scandal in the end of 1682, Lord Grey and others being indicted in the King's Bench by the Earl of Berkeley for a conspiracy to debauch his daughter. (Howell's State Trials, ix. 127, and see Macaulay's History of England, i. 529.)

‡ *Nadab*, William, Lord Howard of Escrick, the third peer of that title, to which he had succeeded in 1678. He had been lately a prisoner in the Tower on account of accusations made by Fitzharris, which were probably untrue. Lord Howard had declared his innocence in taking the Sacrament, while in the Tower. He is accused of having taken the Sacrament on this occasion, in a mixture called "lamb's wool," instead of wine. Scott says that lamb's wool is "ale poured on roasted apples and sauce." If Lord Howard did this, as is probable, his conduct was hardly more profane than Dryden's censure. Other poetical satirists of the time make the same allusion. In "Absalon's Nine Worthies," a poem which followed "Absalom and Achitophel," on the same side, it is said of Lord Howard:

> "With Mahomet wine he damneth, with intent
> To erect his paschal lamb's wool Sacrament."

And in "The Conspiracy, or Discovery of the Fanatic Plot," one of the poems on the Rye House Plot:

> "Next valiant and noble Lord Howard,
> That formerly dealt in lamb's wool."

Bishop Burnet says of Howard, at the time of this imprisonment: "He was a man of a pleasant conversation, but he railed so indecently both at the King and the clergy, that I was very uneasy in his company." (History of Own Time, i. 504.) He afterwards became infamous by his betrayal of Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney.

Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-faced Jonas,* who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is followed by a worse,
The wretch who Heaven's anointed dared to curse;
Shimei,† whose youth did early promise bring‡
Of zeal to God and hatred to his King,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray,
The City, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a vare§ of justice did uphold,
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime,
The sons of Belial had a glorious time;
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet loved his wicked neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gathered to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them:
And, if they cursed the King when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He packed a jury of dissenting Jews;

* *Jonas*, Sir William Jones, who, as Attorney-General, had conducted the prosecutions of the Popish Plot. He afterwards resigned this office, wishing to disconnect himself from the government, and he united himself closely with Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Russell, and the Opposition. Bishop Burnet says that he refused the Lord Chancellorship. Mr. Luttrell in a manuscript note says that Jones drew the Habeas Corpus Act: and he probably drew the Exclusion Bill.

† *Shimei*, Slingsby Bethel, who had been elected one of the sheriffs of London in 1680. He had been conspicuous as a Republican before the Restoration. He was author of several pamphlets, and the famous tract, "The World's Mistake in Oliver Cromwell," is ascribed to him. He is the author of a very interesting "Narrative" of Richard Cromwell's Parliament, which is in the Somers Collection of Tracts, vol. 6. He had lately published anonymously a pamphlet on "Interests of Princes and States," 1680. "Bethel was a man of knowledge," says Burnet, "and had writ a very judicious book of the interests of princes: but as he was a known Republican in principle, so he was a sullen and wilful man; and turned from the ordinary way of a sheriff's living into the extreme of sordidness, which was very unacceptable to the body of the citizens, and proved a great prejudice to the party." (Own Time, i. 480.) His stinginess became a by-word.

> "And though you've more than Buckingham has spent
> Or Cuddon got, like stingy Bethel save
> And grudge yourself the charges of a grave."
> OLDHAM, *Imitation of Eighth Satire of Boileau.*

‡ In the first edition this line stood: "Shimei, whose early youth did promise bring."

§ *Vare*, from the Spanish *vara*, is a wand. Derrick, not knowing the word, printed *vase*, and it is strange that this mistake has been continued in Scott's edition, for in the interval *vare* had been replaced in the Wartons' edition, and illustrated by a passage, communicated to the editors by the biographer Boswell, from Howel's Letters (p. 161, ed. 1728): "The proudest Don of Spain, when he is prancing upon his ginet in the street, if an alguazil show him his vare, that is, a little white staff he carrieth as a badge of his office, my Don will presently off his horse and yield himself his prisoner."

Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws:
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the King, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power,
Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,
His business was by writing to persuade
That kings were useless and a clog to trade:
And that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorred:
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns once burnt such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moses' laws he held in more account
For forty days of fasting in the mount.
To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breathed witness of the plot.
Yet, Corah,* thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.†
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthy vapours, ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue as by prince's son.
This arch-attester for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever asked the witnesses' high race
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite,‡ and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither choleric was nor proud:
His long chin proved his wit, his saint-like grace
A church vermilion and a Moses' face.§

* *Corah*, Titus Oates.

† The serpent of brass made by Moses and "set upon a pole" by God's command to save the Israelites from the fiery serpents which God had before sent for punishment. "And it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." (Numbers xxi. 6-9.)

‡ The father of Oates had been a ribbon-weaver; he was afterwards an Anabaptist minister during the Protectorate, and, after the Restoration, a clergyman of the Church of England. Titus himself had taken orders in the Church of England.

§ "A church vermilion and a Moses' face:" the rubicund look (*teint vermeil*) of a churchman, and a shining face, such as Moses had after he had been with God on Mount Sinai (Exod. xxxiv. 29–35). Lord Macaulay's graphic description of Oates includes "his purple cheeks and his monstrous length of chin" (History of England, i. 483).

His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots exceeding man's belief repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book,
But where the witness failed, the prophet spoke:
Some things like visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where;
And gave him his Rabbinical degree*
Unknown to foreign University.
His judgment yet his memory did excel,
Which pieced his wondrous evidence so well
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call
And rashly judge his writ† apocryphal;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made,
He takes his life who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to Heaven made him his Prince despise,
And load his person with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's ‡ murder call,
In terms as coarse as Samuel used to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The best that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall,
For Witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court;
Impatient of high hopes, urged with renown,
And fired with near possession of a crown.
The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy concealed,§ he sets himself to show,
On each side bowing popularly low,‖

* Oates pretended to have received a degree of Doctor of Divinity at Salamanca.

† *Wit* in first edition instead of *writ*.

‡ *Agag*, Sir Edmund Bury (or Berry) Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Oates had deposed on oath his story of the Popish Plot, and who was soon after found dead near Primrose Hill. That he was murdered there is little doubt, but by whom has never been ascertained. The believers in the Plot charged the Roman Catholics with the murder, as a revenge for his taking Oates's deposition. It is quite as probable that Oates and his witnesses instigated the murder in order to impute it to the Roman Catholics. Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey was reputed friendly to the Roman Catholics, and he is said to have been unwilling to receive Oates's deposition. Dryden's insinuation is that he was murdered, as a friend of the Roman Catholics, at the call of Oates. For Samuel's reproaches to Saul on his sparing Agag, see 1 Samuel xv.

§ *Dissembling joy* in first edition instead of *his joy concealed*.

‖ In Dryden's play of "The Duke of Guise," which was produced in the following year,

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His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus formed by nature, furnished out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said, but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops and far more sweet
"I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate,
"Though far unable to prevent your fate:
"Behold a banished man,* for your dear cause
"Exposed a prey to arbitrary laws!
"Yet oh that I alone could be undone,
"Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
"Now all your liberties a spoil are made,
"Egypt and Tyrus† intercept your trade,
"And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
"My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
"Charmed into ease, is careless of his fame
"And, bribed with petty sums of foreign gold,
"Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;‡
"Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys,
"And all his power against himself employs.
"He gives, and let him give, my right away;
"But why should he his own and yours betray?
"He, only he can make the nation bleed,
"And he alone from my revenge is freed.
"Take then my tears (with that he wiped his eyes),
"'Tis all the aid my present power supplies:
"No court-informer can these arms accuse;
"These arms may sons against their fathers use.
"And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign
"May make no other Israelite complain."

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail,
But common interest always will prevail;
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd that still believe their kings oppress
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
From east to west his glories he displays
And, like the sun, the promised land surveys.

Marmoutiere says, addressing Guise, who represents Monmouth (act 1, sc. 3):

"Sir, you seek it with your smiles and bows,
This side and that side congeeing to the crowd."

* Monmouth had been sent out of England by the King in September 1679; he returned without permission in November. The King then ordered him to quit England, and he disobeyed. He was then deprived of all his offices, and banished from court.

† *Egypt and Tyrus*, France and Holland.

‡ *Bathsheba*, Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, the ruling mistress.

Fame runs before him as the morning star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar;
Each house receives him as a guardian god
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar,* his wealthy western friend.
This moving court that caught the people's eyes,
And seemed but pomp, did other ends disguise;
Achitophel had formed it, with intent
To sound the depths † and fathom, where it went,
The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes,
And try their strength before they came to blows.
Yet all was coloured with a smooth pretence
Of specious love and duty to their prince.
Religion and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat and always please,
Are often urged; and good king David's life
Endangered by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant show a plot is made,
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh foolish Israel! never warned by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease,
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? Can people give away
Both for themselves and sons their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord;
And laws are vain by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestioned can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming covenant was declared
When kings were made, or is for ever barred.
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.

* *Issachar*, Thomas Thynne of Longleat, who on account of his wealth went by the name of Tom of Ten Thousand. He was murdered in February 1682 by assassins employed by Count Koningsmark, who desired to marry Lady Ogle, a young heiress to whom Thynne was betrothed. "Wise" is irony. In a Satire in the "State Poems" (vol. i. part 2, p. 33), ascribed to Rochester, who is believed to have instigated the assault on Dryden for suspected complicity in Mulgrave's "Essay on Satire," Thynne is thus joined with Dryden in a couplet:

> "What drudge would be in Dryden's cudgelled skin,
> Or who'd be safe and senseless like Tom Thynne?"

† *Depth* in first edition instead of *depths*.

Add that the power, for property allowed,*
Is mischievously seated in the crowd;
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolved by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few,
And faultless kings run down by common cry
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Nor only crowds but Sanhedrins may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagined crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they please,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itself at length must fall
To nature's state, where all have right to all.
Yet grant our lords, the people, kings can make,
What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more.
All other errors but disturb a state,
But innovation is the blow of fate.
If ancient fabrics nod and threat to fall,
To patch the flaws and buttress up the wall,†
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch our ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
Is work for rebels who base ends pursue,
At once divine and human laws control,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse.

Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were even in the worst of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file Barzillai first appears,‡
Barzillai, crowned with honour and with years.

* In the first edition this line stood, "That power which is for property allowed."

† This line is printed in all late editions, including Scott's,

"To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall."

Their for *the* before *flaws* is a corruption of Dryden's text introduced by Derrick. *Buttress of* in lieu of *buttress up* was a change which appeared in some editions in Dryden's lifetime, and again disappeared. The first two editions of the poem have *buttress up;* and the text of the second edition is the most authentic. In line 804 *our ark* was changed by Broughton into *the ark*, and he has been followed by all subsequent editors.

‡ *Barzillai*, the Duke of Ormond, an old Cavalier, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for Charles I. at the beginning of the Civil war, and had held the same post during a great part of

Long since the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood :
Unfortunately brave to buoy the state,
But sinking underneath his master's fate.
In exile with his godlike prince he mourned,
For him he suffered, and with him returned.
The court he practised,* not the courtier's art :
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
Which well the noblest objects knew to chuse,†
The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast ;
Now more than half a father's name is lost.‡
His eldest hope, with every grace adorned,
By me, so Heaven will have it, always mourned
And always honoured,§ snatched in manhood's prime
By unequal fates‖ and Providence's crime :
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfilled of subject and of son ;
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line ! ¶

Charles II.'s reign, and held it at the time of the publication of this poem. He was a man of high character, and one of the worthiest public men of that period. He was one of Dryden's patrons. To the Duke of Ormond he dedicated in 1683 the Translation of Plutarch's Lives, which was ushered into the world with a Life of Plutarch by Dryden. Ormond died in 1688, before the Revolution. Dryden dedicated his "Fables" in 1699 to the Duke's grandson and successor, son of the Earl of Ossory, whose premature death is lamented in the fine lines which follow.

* This use of the verb *to practise*, "the court he practised," is a Gallicism.

† *Chuse* and *choose* both occur in the early editions of Dryden's writings, and here and elsewhere the spelling *chuse* seems to have been adopted for the rhyme. *Chuse* is the spelling, rhyming with *use*, in "The Hind and the Panther," part i. line 40 See notes on *show* and *shew* (Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell, 5), and on *strow* and *strew* (Astræa Redux, 119).

‡ Ormond had had eight sons and two daughters, and six of the eight sons were dead. The eldest son, the Earl of Ossory, who is here lamented, had died in the previous year, July 30, 1680, as he was preparing to proceed to Tangier, of which place he had been appointed Governor. He was a man of high spirit and much beloved ; he had distinguished himself in war both on land and at sea. The Duke of Ormond is said to have replied to those who condoled with him, "Since I have borne the death of my King, I can support that of my child ; I would rather have my dead son than any living son in Christendom."

§ An almost literal translation of the words which Virgil makes Æneas apply to the anniversary of his father's death :

"Quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic Di voluistis, habebo."
Æn. v. 49.

Acerbum is not suitable to an individual, but Dryden quotes the very words of Virgil as above, applying them to Charles II. after his death, at the end of the Preface of "Albion and Albanius."

‖ "Unequal fates" is perhaps a translation of *fata iniqua* (Virg. Æn. ii. 257, and x. 380).

¶ The circle here represents the perfection of Ossory's fame ; the circle was small because the career was short, but it was an equally perfect circle. See note on *circular* (Stanzas on Cromwell, 5). The same idea occurs in "Eleonora," line 270 :

"Though all these rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow space of life confined,
The figure was with full perfection crowned,
Though not so large an orb, as truly round."

An epigram of Waller, "Long and Short Life," well illustrates the idea :

"Circles are praised, not that abound
In largeness, but the exactly round ;
So life we praise that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well."

By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infused the fainting Tyrians propped;
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopped.*
Oh ancient honour! oh unconquered hand,†
Whom foes unpunished never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of thy name:‡
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
It looks as Heaven our ruin had designed,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy disencumbered soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole:
From thence thy kindred legions mayest thou bring
To aid the guardian angel of thy King.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight;
No pinions can pursue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see
If thou canst find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanced to David's grace.§
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,‖
Of hospitable soul and noble stem;
Him of the western dome,¶ whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets' sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:

* Ossory had served with the English auxiliary force under the Prince of Orange, in 1678, against the French, and had greatly distinguished himself, as had also Monmouth, at the battle of St. Denis.

† "Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque bello
Dextera!" VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 879.

‡ *Birth* and *worth* ended this and the following line in the first edition instead of *name* and *fame*; the change of the second edition is a great improvement. *His* instead of *thy* before *name* crept into later editions, an evident corruption. It is, however, so printed in Scott's edition, "*his* name."

§ *Zadoc*, William Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury.

‖ *The Sagan of Jerusalem*, Henry Compton, bishop of London. The Sagan was the second priest among the Jews, next after the high-priest. Compton was son of an earl of Northampton, and so "of noble stem." He had had the superintendence of the education of the princesses Mary and Anne. At the Revolution he was conspicuous as a supporter of the Prince of Orange: and when the Princess Anne, after her husband Prince George of Denmark had deserted James II., fled from Whitehall, she went straight to the Bishop of London's house, and was escorted by him to Nottingham, the soldier-bishop riding in front of the carriage with pistols and a drawn sword. He is coarsely attacked for this proceeding in some lines quoted by Scott from a poem called "Suum Cuique," which has been ascribed to Dryden. But it is very unlikely that Dryden was the author of that poem.

¶ By "him of the western dome" is meant John Dolben, bishop of Rochester and dean of Westminster, who was afterwards archbishop of York. The "western dome" being Westminster Abbey, the "Prophets' sons" here are the Westminster school-boys. "The sons of the prophets." (2 Kings, ii. 3.)

For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws,
Who best could plead,* and best can judge a cause.
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend ;
Sharp-judging Adriel,† the Muses' friend,
Himself a Muse : in Sanhedrin's debate
True to his Prince, but not a slave of state ;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn
That from his disobedient son were torn.‡
Jotham§ of piercing‖ wit and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature and by learning taught
To move assemblies, who but only tried
The worse a while, then chose the better side,
Nor chose alone, but turned the balance too,
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai,¶ the friend of David in distress,
In public storms of manly stedfastness ;

* Broughton changed *who best could plead* into *who best can plead*, and succeeding editors have one after the other reprinted this corruption of the text. Dryden is speaking of the judges, who had been advocates : and the difference of *could* in the first half and *can* in the second half of the line was intentional.

† *Adriel*, John Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave, who was afterwards successively created Marquis of Normanby by King William and Duke of Buckinghamshire by Queen Anne. Mulgrave was a poet, and an especial friend of Dryden. He was the author of the "Essay on Satire" attributed to Dryden, who, very probably, being intimate with Mulgrave, had had his confidence and revised the poem. Mulgrave had joined with Dryden in a translation of one of the Epistles of Ovid, "Helen to Paris." Dryden pays a flattering compliment to his friend on his share in this translation, in the lines addressed to the Earl of Roscommon :

"How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleased to hear
His fame augmented by an English peer!
Now he embellishes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his softness and his sense improves."

Mulgrave was a temperate and consistent politician. He remained a constant friend to Dryden after the Revolution. Dryden had dedicated to him his play of "Aurengzebe" in 1676, and to him in 1697 was dedicated the Translation of the Æneid.

‡ When the Duke of Monmouth incurred the King's displeasure in 1679, by refusing to quit England, Charles deprived him of all his offices and honours ; and of these the Lord Lieutenancy of the East Riding of Yorkshire and the government of Hull were given to the Earl of Mulgrave.

§ *Jotham*, George Savile, who, having inherited a baronetcy, was successively created by Charles II. Viscount, Earl, and Marquis of Halifax, a statesman of fine intellect, brilliant wit, and varied accomplishments. He had been a member of the popular party, and had in the first instance favoured the Exclusion Bill ; but on the occasion on which it was debated and defeated in the House of Lords, November 15, 1680, he came forward against the measure, and his great eloquence mainly contributed to the defeat of the bill. Halifax was Lord Privy Seal and, more than any one else, virtual Prime Minister during the last four years of Charles II.'s reign. He afterwards was prominent in bringing about the Revolution of 1688. Dryden dedicated to him his play of "King Arthur," produced and printed in 1691.

‖ *Ready* in first edition instead of *piercing*.

¶ *Hushai*, Laurence Hyde, second son of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, created in 1680 Viscount Hyde, and in 1682 Earl of Rochester. He had been one of the plenipotentiaries at the Treaty of Nimeguen, and for some time ambassador in Holland. He was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Treasury in 1679, and soon became First Commissioner and a leading Minister. He was one of the "chits" ridiculed as setting up for statesmen in a clever political squib of 1680, attributed to Dryden, but probably incorrectly, "On the Young Statesmen :"

"But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests."

Hyde and Halifax divided and disputed ministerial ascendency in the last years of the reign of

By foreign treaties he informed his youth
And joined experience to his native truth.
His frugal care supplied the wanting throne,
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow,
But hard the task to manage well the low.
For sovereign power is too depressed or high,
When kings are forced to sell or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
For Amiel:* who can Amiel's praise refuse?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth and without title great:
The Sanhedrin long time as chief he ruled,
Their reason guided and their passion cooled:
So dexterous was he in the Crown's defence,
So formed to speak a loyal nation's sense,
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
They, like the unequal ruler of the day,
Misguide the seasons and mistake the way,
While he, withdrawn, at their mad labour smiles
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful band
Of worthies in the breach who dared to stand
And tempt the united fury of the land.
With grief they viewed such powerful engines bent
To batter down the lawful government.
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrins to plume‡ the regal rights;

Charles II. On the accession of James, he was made Lord Treasurer. Hyde was always a friend and patron of Dryden, and his influence at the Treasury appears to have been used for Dryden's benefit. The play of "The Duke of Guise" was dedicated to Rochester in 1682, and "Cleomenes" in 1692. In the dedication of the latter play Dryden speaks of Rochester's kindness to him when he was at the Treasury in the reigns of Charles II. and James II.: "Your goodness has not been wanting to me during the reign of my two masters, and even from a bare Treasury my success has been contrary to that of Mr. Cowley, and Gideon's fleece has there been moistened, when all the ground has been dry about it."

* *Amiel*, Edward Seymour, who had been Speaker of the House of Commons from 1673 to 1679. When re-elected Speaker by the new parliament called in 1679, he was not accepted by the King, who made an excuse; and the House ultimately acquiesced, and chose another Speaker. He succeeded to a baronetcy in 1688. He was the head of the house of Seymour, the then Duke of Somerset being of a younger branch of the family. He opposed the Bill of Exclusion; he was afterwards an eager promoter of the Revolution, joining the Prince of Orange at Exeter.

† Phaeton.

‡ To *plume*, to pluck out the regal rights, like the feathers of a bird. This use of the word is peculiar. Dryden uses it elsewhere in the sense of to strip by plucking:

"One whom, instead of banishing a day,
You should have plumed of all his borrowed honours."
Maiden Queen, act 2, sc. 1.

'Not with more ease the falcon from above
Trusses in middle air the trembling dove,
Then plumes the prey."
Translation of Æneid, xi. 1045.

The true successor from the Court removed;
The plot by hireling witnesses improved.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They showed the King the danger of the wound;
That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease;
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down;
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turned the plot to ruin Church and State;
The council violent, the rabble worse;
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries opprest,
And long revolving in his careful breast
The event of things, at last his patience tired,
Thus from his royal throne, by Heaven inspired,
The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.*

"Thus long have I, by native mercy swayed,
"My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delayed;
"So willing to forgive the offending age;
"So much the father did the king assuage.
"But now so far my clemency they slight,
"The offenders question my forgiving right.
"That one was made for many, they contend;
"But 'tis to rule, for that's a monarch's end.
"They call my tenderness of blood my fear,
"Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
"Yet since they will divert my native course,
"'Tis time to show I am not good by force.
"Those heaped affronts that haughty subjects bring
"Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
"Kings are the public pillars of the State,
"Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
"If my young Samson will pretend a call
"To shake the column, let him share the fall;
"But oh that yet he would repent and live!
"How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
"With how few tears a pardon might be won
"From nature, pleading for a darling son!†
"Poor pitied youth, by my paternal care
"Raised up to all the height his frame could bear!
"Had God ordained his fate for empire born,
"He would have given his soul another turn:

* The speech which follows bears some resemblance to parts of the speech delivered by Charles II. on opening the parliament at Oxford, on March 21, 1681. Spence says, on the authority of Pope, that "King Charles obliged Dryden to put his Oxford speech into verse, and to insert it towards the close of his 'Absalom and Achitophel' (Anecdotes, p. 112)." The story has not much value or probability; for David's speech is certainly not a paraphrase of the King's, and a hint from Charles would have sufficed.

† The four lines, 957-60, were added in the second edition.

" Gulled with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
" Is one that would by law supplant* his prince ;
" The people's brave, the politician's tool ;
" Never was patriot yet but was a fool.
" Whence comes it that religion and the laws
" Should more be Absalom's than David's cause ?
" His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
" Was never thought endued with so much grace.
" Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint !
" My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
" Would they impose an heir upon the throne ?
" Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their own.
" A king's at least a part of government,
" And mine as requisite as their consent :
" Without my leave a future king to choose
" Infers a right the present to depose.
" True, they petition me to approve their choice :
" But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
" My pious subjects for my safety pray,
" Which to secure, they take my power away.
" From plots and treasons Heaven preserve my years,
" But save me most from my petitioners.
" Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave,†
" God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
" What then is left but with a jealous eye
" To guard the small remains of royalty ?
" The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
" And the same law teach rebels to obey :
" Votes shall no more established power control,
" Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
" No groundless clamours shall my friends remove
" Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove ;
" For gods and godlike kings their care express
" Still to defend their servants in distress.
" Oh that my power to saving were confined !
" Why am I forced, like Heaven, against my mind
" To make examples of another kind ?
" Must I at length the sword of justice draw ?
" Oh curst effects of necessary law !
" How ill my fear they by my mercy scan !
" Beware the fury of a patient man.
" Law they require, let Law then show her face ;
" They could not be content to look on Grace,
" Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
" To tempt the terror of her front and die.‡

* *Destroy* in first edition instead of *supplant*.

† Proverbs xxx. 15, 16 : "There are three things that are never satisfied, yea, four things say not, It is enough : the grave ; and the barren womb ; the earth that is not filled with water ; and the fire that saith not, It is enough."

‡ This is an obscure and difficult passage. The first two editions have a comma after *Grace*, at the end of line 1007. Some of the succeeding editions of Dryden's lifetime, as the sixth and the seventh, have no comma after *Grace ;* and if this could be regarded as a change expressly made by Dryden,

" By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,
" Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.*
" Against themselves their witnesses will swear
" Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear,
" And suck for nutriment that bloody gore
" Which was their principle of life before.
" Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight ;
" Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.
" Nor doubt the event ; for factious crowds engage
" In their first onset all their brutal rage.
" Then let them take an unresisted course ;
" Retire and traverse, and delude their force :
" But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight
" And rise upon them with redoubled might :
" For lawful power is still superior found,
" When long driven back at length it stands the ground."

He said. The Almighty, nodding, gave consent ;
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran ; †
Once more the godlike David was restored,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

it would indicate that by *Grace her hinder parts* he intended *Grace's hinder parts*. In the other case, with the comma after *Grace*, the meaning would seem to be that Grace was "the hinder parts" of Law, a very strained metaphor. There is here of course, whichever be the meaning, a reference, as in "Astræa Redux" (lines 262-5), to the appearance of God to Moses : "And he [the Lord] said, Thou canst not see my face : for there shall no man see me and live. And the Lord said, Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock : and it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a clift of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by : and I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts : but my face shall not be seen." (Exod. xxxiii. 20-3.) The punctuation of the first two editions, which are the most authentic, is followed here. If the comma were away, there would still be difficulty with the word *Grace ;* but if *Grace* could mean the Divine glory or majesty, the passage would be much improved by doing away with the comma, and treating *Grace her* as *Grace's*, and the three lines, 1007-9, as containing a distinct illustration, complete in itself.

* "Neque enim lex æquior ulla est
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."
OVID, *De Art. Amat.* i. 655.

† Dryden had doubtless here in his mind the language of Virgil in the beginning of the fourth Eclogue : "Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo," and "Incipient magni procedere menses." And compare, in "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 18 :

"And now, a round of greater years begun,"

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

"Per Graium populos mediæque per Elidis urbem
Ibat ovans, Divumque sibi poscebat honorem."

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 558.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The rejection by the London grand jury on November 24, 1681, *of the bill of high treason presented against Lord Shaftesbury was celebrated by a medal, having on one side a portrait of Shaftesbury and on the other a sketch of London from the other bank of the river, showing the Bridge and the Tower, with the Sun rising and shining through a cloud, and the inscription,* Lætamur. *The event had been a great victory for the Whig party and a great discomfiture for the Court. When the foreman of the grand jury announced their decision with the word* Ignoramus, *the hall rang with cheers, which were caught up and prolonged for an hour by the multitude assembled without, and in the evening bonfires were lighted through the City. Spence says, on the authority of a Roman Catholic priest whom he met at Pope's, that Charles II. suggested this poem to Dryden. The story is thus told: "One day, as the King was walking in the Mall and talking with Dryden, he said, 'If I was a poet, and I think I am poor enough to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject in the following manner.' He then gave him the plan of 'The Medal.' Dryden took the hint, carried the poem, so soon as it was written, to the King, and had a present of a hundred broad pieces for it." Like "Absalom and Achitophel," the "Medal" was published anonymously; it was by the author of "Absalom and Achitophel;" and to the last Dryden's name did not appear on the title-page of any edition of either poem in his lifetime.*

"The Medal" was published in the beginning of March 1682, *within four months after the first publication of "Absalom and Achitophel." A second edition appeared in* 1683, *in which year "Absalom and Achitophel" reached its sixth edition; and a third edition, the last in Dryden's lifetime, was published in* 1692. *The text of this poem has remained remarkably free from change and corruption.*

After "The Medal," are printed three Prologues of political character written by Dryden in the first half of the year 1682; *the first on the occasion of a visit of the King and Queen to the King's Theatre early in the year, the second in honour of the Duke of York on his visiting his Theatre, April* 21, *after his return from Scotland, and the third in honour of the Duchess on her visiting the same theatre after her return from Scotland in May. As these three Prologues are of an entirely political character, they have been separated in this edition from Dryden's Prologues to plays.*

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

For to whom can I dedicate this poem with so much justice as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own hero: 'tis the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of the Tower, nor the rising Sun, nor the *Anno Domini* of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanced, that many a poor Polander* who would be glad to worship the image is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true; and though he sate not five times to me, as he did to B.,† yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the "No-Protestant Plot," that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg,‡ as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you

* This refers to a current subject of banter against Shaftesbury, that he aspired to be elected King of Poland, in 1675, when John Sobieski was elected to the throne. So, the Medal is called "The Polish Medal" in the opening of the poem. The idea of course originated with Shaftesbury's detractors. A long and elaborate banter on this subject appeared in a pamphlet published in 1682, with the title "A modest Vindication of the Earl of Shaftesbury, in a Letter to a Friend, concerning his being elected King of Poland;" and singularly enough, Dryden, his present reviler, is bantered with Shaftesbury and treated as one of Shaftesbury's party. Dryden is the Polish king's poet laureat: "Jean Drydenurtziz, our poet laureat for writing panegyrics upon Oliver Cromwell, and libels against his present master, King Charles II. of England; Tom Shadworiski, his deputy." Shadwell too, so soon to be Dryden's fierce adversary, is made his deputy-laureat. This pamphlet must have been published within a few months of the appearance of "Absalom and Achitophel;" so that Dryden must have been regarded as friendly to the Whig party up to the time of the publication of that poem. He had been the reputed author of Mulgrave's "Essay on Satire," in which the King had been freely spoken of.

† William Bower, the engraver of the medal.

‡ This renowned Albanian warrior, so terrible a foe to the Turks, died at Alessio, in Albania, in 1467. Some years after Mahomet took Alessio, and Scanderbeg's biographer says that his tomb was then opened by Mahomet's orders, and his remains were treated with reverence by the Turks, who eagerly sought for his bones that they might wear them as charms. Scanderbeg's name appears to have been current in Dryden's time in vulgar conversation. "Oh scanderbeg villains" is put into the mouth of one of the characters in the play of "Sir Martin Marall," act 5, sc. 3.

pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men who can see an inch before them may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question: What right has any man among you, or any association* of men (to come nearer to you) who out of parliament cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal of the public welfare† to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the King according to the laws, allow you the licence of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and by your very urging it you endeavour what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's disposition or his practice, or, even where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and the benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a crowd,‡ much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like, which in effect is everything that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers: and to show you that I have, the third part of your "No-Protestant Plot" is, much of it, stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the "Growth of Popery,"§ as manifestly as Milton's "Defence of the English People" is from Buchanan, "De Jure Regni apud Scotos," or your First Covenant and New Association‖ from the

* Among Lord Shaftesbury's papers seized, when he was taken prisoner, was a project of an Association for defence of the Protestant religion and of the King's person, and of the liberties of the subject, which had no signature and was not in Shaftesbury's handwriting, but which was much relied on in the unsuccessful prosecution of him for high treason. This new Association is made much of by Dryden in this Preface, and in the Poem, 205 and following lines.

† "Zeal *of* the public welfare," a Gallicism, which has disappeared in all editions, from Broughton's inclusive; *for* being substituted for *of*.

‡ An act of 1661, 13 Car. II. c. 5, which still exists, and was relied on by the Government so late as 1848, prohibited the repairing to the King or Houses of Parliament with any petition "accompanied with excessive number of people, nor at any one time with above the number of ten persons."

§ "Your dead author," so contemptuously referred to, is the celebrated Andrew Marvel, an earnest and incorruptible politician, the friend of Milton, a poet whose political satires are much disfigured by the same coarseness which so often offends in Dryden, but some of whose other pieces show a true soul of poetry. He was Dryden's senior by eleven years. They had both written elegies, in 1648, on the death of the young Lord Hastings; they had both celebrated the praises of Oliver Cromwell. Marvel had died August 28, 1678. Political feeling made Dryden here forget the respect due to kindred talent and superior virtue. Marvel is again referred to sneeringly in the Preface to "Religio Laici."

‖ Dryden was fond of the comparison of the Solemn League and Covenant with the French Holy League of the Guises before the late development of organized opposition to the Court under Shaftesbury's energetic direction. His play of "The Duke of Guise," which appeared in the end of this year, 1682, had been projected and begun immediately after the Restoration.

> "Shocked by a covenanting League's vast powers
> As holy and as Catholic as ours,"

Holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported that Poltrot, a Hugonot, murdered Francis, duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian (for our Church abhors so devilish a tenet), who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion: but I am able to prove from the doctrine of Calvin and the principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that, in same cases, you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the "No-Protestant Plot," and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended association you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the Papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pageantries of worship, but in times of war, when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close entrenched behind the Council of Trent, so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose. For, indeed, there is nothing to defend it but the sword. 'Tis the proper time to say anything, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this association and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other, without either the consent or knowledge of the King, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore, you do well to have recourse to your last evasion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury. But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it who have combated with so much success against "Absalom and Achitophel;" for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit. By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to wave the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government: for, if scandal be not

occurs in an allusion to Henry IV. of France in "Astræa Redux," 101. The Whigs and the project of Association imputed to them were now added for comparison. The Prologue to "The Duke of Guise" began:

> "Our play's a parallel; the Holy League
> Begot our Covenant, Guisards got the Whig."

Dryden worked out the parallel with great labour in his "Vindication of the Duke of Guise." "Our intention," he there says, "was to make the play a parallel betwixt the Holy League, plotted by the House of Guise and its adherents, and the Covenant plotted by the rebels in the time of King Charles I. and the new Association, which was the spawn of the old Covenant." The subject is further pursued by Dryden in his Postscript to the Translation of Maimbourg's "History of the League."

allowed, you are no freeborn subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock and welcome: let your verses run upon my feet; and, for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me; and, in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the rest, commend me to the Nonconformist parson, who writ the "Whip and Key."* I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste-paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which are printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy 'em up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.†

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society, who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and even Protestant socks are bought up among you out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a Protestant rhymer, as a dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of profane, and saucy Jack, and atheistic scribbler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him; by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations, and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter, and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

* Among the answers to "Absalom and Achitophel" was a pamphlet called "A Whip for the Fool's Back," written by a Nonconformist clergyman whose name is not known, and who further published "A Key with the Whip, to open the Mystery and Iniquity of the Poem called Absalom and Achitophel."

† "Derrick," says Scott, who is not often so severe and whose severity on this occasion is certainly not unwarranted, "is pleased to explain 'the brother of Achitophel' by favouring us with an account of Shaftesbury's brother, George Cooper, Esq. This is a remarkable instance of a knavish speech sleeping in a foolish ear. For the benefit of any person of equally obtuse intellects, it may be necessary to say that the Nonconformist parson is the party meant, whom Dryden styles 'brother to Achitophel,' if Achitophel according to his own derivation be brother to a fool; and truly the commentator seems to have been of the kindred." A recent editor, Mr. R. Bell, has repeated Derrick's blunder. Two other notes of Mr. Bell's on this poem are hardly less ludicrous. He thinks that Dryden "leads us to infer" that he had never seen Shaftesbury, from his saying in this Preface, "though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B., &c.;" and he interprets literally the description of the two Sheriffs as "two such gouty hands" for the "loyal head," the Lord Mayor (line 182), observing, "They were not the only gouty members of the Whig party. Shaftesbury was a martyr to gout. The malady was strictly impartial, for Dryden himself sank under it." But for such a note, it would have been difficult to think it necessary to explain that Dryden did not mean that the Sheriffs were sufferers from gout; and it may be taken for granted that Dryden had seen Shaftesbury very often, though Shaftesbury had not sat to him five times for the portrait of the following poem.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

Of all our antic sights and pageantry
Which English idiots run in crowds to see,
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone ;
A monster, more the favourite of the town
Than either fairs or theatres have shown.
Never did art so well with nature strive,
Nor ever idol seemed so much alive ;
So like the man, so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is filled with title and with face ;
And, lest the king should want a regal place,
On the reverse a tower the town surveys,
O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
The word, pronounced aloud by shrieval voice,
Lætamur, which in Polish is *Rejoice*,
The day, month, year, to the great act are joined,
And a new canting holiday designed.
Five days he sate for every cast and look,
Four more than God to finish Adam took.
But who can tell what essence angels are
Or how long Heaven was making Lucifer ?
Oh, could the style that copied every grace
And ploughed such furrows for an eunuch face,
Could it have formed his ever-changing will,
The various piece had tired the graver's skill !
A martial hero first, with early care
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war ;
A beardless chief, a rebel ere a man,
So young his hatred to his Prince began.*
Next this, (how wildly will ambition steer !)
A vermin wriggling in the usurper's ear,
Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould ;†

* Shaftesbury had begun on the King's side. In 1643, when he was already twenty-two, he raised a regiment of foot and a troop of horse at his own charge for the King, from whom he received commissions to be colonel of the first, captain of the second, and governor of Weymouth and Portland ; he was also in that year appointed Sheriff of Dorsetshire for the King. In the beginning of the following year he went over to the side of the Parliament. This "rebel ere a man" of twenty-three then performed military services in the West of England, under those early chiefs of the Parliament who had not proceeded against the King vigorously enough to please Dryden, when he sung the praises of Cromwell before the Restoration. See stanza 11 of the poem on Oliver Cromwell.

† Shaftesbury, then Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, was appointed a member of the Council of

Groaned, sighed, and prayed, while godliness was gain,
The loudest bag-pipe of the squeaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
There split the saint; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope;
Saints must not trade, but they may interlope.
The ungodly principle was all the same;
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and slack;
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.
Yet still he found his fortune at a stay,
Whole droves of blockheads choking up his way;
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and wit exact a double price.
Power was his aim; but thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turned loyal in his own defence,
And malice reconciled him to his Prince.
Him in the anguish of his soul he served,
Rewarded faster still than he deserved.
Behold him now exalted into trust,
His counsels oft convenient, seldom just;
Even in the most sincere advice he gave
He had a grudging still to be a knave.
The frauds he learnt in his fanatic years
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears.
At best, as little honest as he could,
And, like white witches, mischievously good.
To his first bias longingly he leans
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus framed for ill, he loosed our triple hold,*
(Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.)

State after the dissolution of the Barebone's parliament in July 1653, and he continued to sit as member of this Council until December 1654, when he ceased to attend; and after this he was estranged from Cromwell, why is not known. The salary of each member of this Council was 1000*l.* a year, but a paper printed in Thurloe's State Papers (iii. 581) shows that Cooper never received any salary. A statement made by Shaftesbury himself after the Restoration, that "he might freely speak because he never received any salary" (Parl. Hist. iv. 63) is thus by accident effectually confirmed. There is no authority, and probably no foundation, for the charge of "bartering his venal wit for sums of gold." Nor is there any truth in the imputation of his identifying himself with the "saints," because he was a member of the Barebone's parliament. He was an active member of a numerous moderate party in that assembly, which included Lord Lisle, Algernon Sydney's elder brother, afterwards earl of Leicester and a friend of Dryden; Edward Montagu, afterwards earl of Sandwich; Charles Howard, afterwards earl of Carlisle; Rouse, the provost of Eton; Sir Charles Wolseley, and several officers of the army: and this party ultimately prevailed over the fanatics. Bishop Burnet says of Shaftesbury that he was of great use to Cromwell "in withstanding the enthusiasts of that time" (Own Time, i. 165). The insinuation that Shaftesbury's licentiousness was the cause of his separation from the saints is also without authority, and the charge of licentiousness itself, as applied to Shaftesbury at that early period of his life, is probably without foundation; while, as regards his later years, it may be safely said that the same accusation, grossly made by many revilers, one copying another, was a great exaggeration.

* See note on line 175 of "Absalom and Achitophel" for Dryden's former laudations of the policy here denounced, and of Lord Clifford, one of its chief promoters.

From hence those tears, that Ilium of our woe:
Who helps a powerful friend forearms a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail so far,
When he cut down the banks that made the bar?
Seas follow but their nature to invade;
But he by art our native strength betrayed.
So Samson to his foe his force confest,
And to be shorn lay slumbering on her breast.
But when this fatal counsel, found too late,
Exposed its author to the public hate,
When his just sovereign by no impious way
Could be seduced to arbitrary sway,
Forsaken of that hope,* he shifts his sail,
Drives down the current with a popular gale,
And shows the fiend confessed without a veil.
He preaches to the crowd that power is lent,
But not conveyed to kingly government,
That claims successive bear no binding force,
That coronation oaths are things of course;
Maintains the multitude can never err,
And sets the people in the papal chair.
The reason's obvious, *interest never lies;*
The most have still their interest in their eyes,
The power is always theirs, and power is ever wise.
Almighty crowd! thou shortenest all dispute,
Power is thy essence, wit thy attribute!
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leapst o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way!†
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were tried;
As righteously they did those dooms repent;
Still they were wise, whatever way they went.
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the father and recall the son.
Some think the fools were most, as times went then,
But now the world's o'erstocked with prudent men.
The common cry is even religion's test;
The Turk's is at Constantinople best,
Idols in India, Popery at Rome,
And our own worship only true at home,
And true but for the time; 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so;
This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God Almighties in their turns.
A tempting doctrine, plausible and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true!

* "Forsaken of that hope;" a Gallicism. So in "Absalom and Achitophel," 568, in the description of Buckingham:

"He left not faction, but of that was left."

† An Alexandrine of seven feet; Alexandrines of six feet are to be found in lines 90, 166, 262, and 305, and there is one in "Absalom and Achitophel," line 851. This long Alexandrine of seven feet has been ridiculed by some of Dryden's detractors; but ridicule in this instance is not reason.

Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare;
And, that a lawful power might never cease,
Secured succession to secure our peace.
Thus property and sovereign sway at last
In equal balances were justly cast;
But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouthed horse,
Instructs the beast to know his native force,
To take the bit between his teeth and fly
To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we possess the freedom we pursue!
The lavish government can give no more;
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God tried us once; our rebel fathers fought;
He glutted them with all the power they sought,
Till, mastered by their own usurping brave,*
The free-born subject sunk into a slave.
We loathe our manna, and we long for quails;
Ah! what is man, when his own wish prevails!
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill,
Proud of his power and boundless in his will!
That kings can do no wrong we must believe;
None can they do, and must they all receive?
Help, Heaven, or sadly we shall see an hour
When neither wrong nor right are in their power!
Already they have lost their best defence,
The benefit of laws which they dispense.
No justice to their righteous cause allowed,
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd;
And medals graved, their conquest to record,
The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.

The man who laughed but once, to see an ass
Mumbling to make the cross-grained thistles pass,†
Might laugh again to see a jury chaw‡
The prickles of unpalatable law.

* This substantive, *brave*, taken from the French, a favourite word with Dryden, has not survived in our language; it has been superseded by *bravo*.

"The people's brave, the politician's tool."
Absalom and Achitophel, 967.

It occurs frequently in Dryden's plays:

"Morat's too insolent, too much a brave."
Aurengzebe, act 1, sc. 1.

† This refers to Marcus Licinius Crassus (grandson of the wealthy Crassus who acquired the name of Dives, and grandfather of the celebrated Triumvir), who was called Agelastus, because he never laughed (Plin. Hist. Nat. vii. 19). Cicero (de Finibus, v. 30) says that he laughed once in his life, but does not mention the cause of his one laugh. Tertullian, in his Treatise on the Soul, says that Crassus died from a fit of laughter, and later writers give as the cause of his laughter that mentioned by Dryden.

‡ Both forms *chaw* and *chew* occur in the early editions of Dryden's works. This rhyme occurs again in Dryden's Translation of the Seventh Eclogue of Virgil, 60:

"Deformed like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws."

The witnesses that, leech-like, lived on blood,
Sucking for them were medicinally good ;*
But when they fastened on their festered sore,
Then justice and religion they forswore,
Their maiden oaths debauched into a whore.
Thus men are raised by factions and decried,
And rogue and saint distinguished by their side ;
They rack even Scripture to confess their cause
And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.
But that's no news to the poor injured page,
It has been used as ill in every age,
And is constrained with patience all to take,
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking trumpet seize,
They make it speak whatever sense they please !
'Twas framed at first our oracle to inquire ;†
But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire.

London, thou great emporium of our isle,
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile !
How shall I praise or curse to thy desert,
Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part?
I called thee Nile ; the parallel will stand :
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fattened land ;
Yet monsters from thy large increase we find
Engendered on the slime thou leavest behind.
Sedition has not wholly seized on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Israel's tribes thou hast a numerous band,
But still the Canaanite is in the land.

* *Med'cinally* in Dryden's text, and the *i* of the second syllable of *medicinally* must be elided in pronunciation. In the third edition of 1692 *med'cinal* is printed for *med'cinally*. Could *medicinal* be read here, it would be an improvement; the second and third syllables being of course both short. The edition of 1692 is a mere reprint of that of 1684, and *med'cinal* probably is a misprint. The word occurs twice in "Threnodia Augustalis" lines 111 and 170, and it must be pronounced there in both places *med'c'nal*. But it is spelt in both places *med'cinal*; the spelling also of Milton:

"Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or med'cinal liquor can assuage."
Samson Agonistes, 626.

† The use of *inquire* here for *search into* or *investigate* is a Latinism. *Oracle*, it must be remembered, is a word of three syllables, and the second syllable long, as in *oraculum* and the French *oracle*. This line is printed in the early editions:

"'Twas framed at first our oracle t' enquire."

The plural rhymes with *seas* in Dryden's Translation of the Æneid, ix. 164:

"Their fates I fear not or vain oracles,
'Twas given to Venus they should cross the seas."

See note on line 106 of "Astræa Redux." But a rhyme in Hudibras requires the word to be pronounced *ora-kels:*

"And like the devil's oracles
Put into dogrel rhymes his spells."
Part 2, canto 3, 374.

Thy military chiefs are brave and true,
Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what's a head with two such gouty hands?*
The wise and wealthy love the surest way
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave;
None are so busy as the fool and knave.
Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge,
Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge,
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring
Nor angry Heaven nor a forgiving king!
In gospel-phrase their chapmen they betray;
Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey;
The knack of trades is living on the spoil;
They boast e'en when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing
That 'tis their charter to defraud their King.
All hands unite of every jarring sect;
They cheat the country first, and then infect.
They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they'll be sure to make His cause their own.
Whether the plotting Jesuit laid the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French Puritan,
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo
And kings and kingly power would murder too.

What means their traitorous combination less,
Too plain to evade, too shameful to confess?
But treason is not owned, when 'tis descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.
The men who no conspiracy would find,
Who doubts but, had it taken, they had joined?
Joined in a mutual covenant of defence,
At first without, at last against their Prince?
If sovereign right by sovereign power they scan,
The same bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not safe; his thunder could they shun,
He should be forced to crown another son.
Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich possession was the murderers' own.†

* The "head" was Sir John Moore, elected Lord Mayor in 1681, who zealously supported the Court. The "two gouty hands" were the two Whig sheriffs, Thomas Pilkington and Samuel Shute. Sir John Moore is the Ziloah of the Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel," where he is described as encumbered with a viler pair of assistants than Cornish and Bethel:

> "This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem
> And boldly all sedition's surges stem,
> Howe'er encumbered with a viler pair
> Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the chair."

† See the parable of the lord of the vineyard and the husbandmen, St. Matthew xxi. 33-39. Scott, following Derrick, has wrongly printed *murderer's*.

In vain to sophistry they have recourse ;
By proving theirs no plot they prove 'tis worse,
Unmasked rebellion, and audacious force,
Which, though not actual, yet all eyes may see
'Tis working, in the immediate power to be ;
For from pretended grievances they rise
First to dislike, and after to despise ;
Then, Cyclop-like, in human flesh to deal,
Chop up a minister at every meal ;
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king,
But clip his regal rights within the ring ;
From thence to assume the power of peace and war
And ease him by degrees of public care.
Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,
He should have leave to exercise the name,
And hold the cards while Commons played the game.
For what can power give more than food and drink,
To live at ease and not be bound to think ?
These are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time ;
On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian band
That waits impatient for the last command :
Thus outlaws open villainy maintain ;
They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plain ;
And if their power the passengers subdue,
The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
For in some soils Republics will not grow :
Our temperate Isle will no extremes sustain
Of popular sway or arbitrary reign :
But slides between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest.
And, though the climate, vexed with various winds,
Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds
To recommend the calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
(O crooked soul and serpentine in arts !)
Whose blandishments a loyal land have whored,
And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord,
What curses on thy blasted name will fall,
Which age to age their legacy shall call,
For all must curse the woes that must descend on all !
Religion thou hast none : thy mercury
Has passed through every sect, or theirs through thee.
But what thou givest, that venom still remains,
And the poxed nation feels thee in their brains.
What else inspires the tongues and swells the breasts
Of all thy bellowing renegado priests,

That preach up thee for God, dispense thy laws,
And with thy stum* ferment their fainting cause,
Fresh fumes of madness raise, and toil and sweat,
To make the formidable cripple great?
Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless power
Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,
Thy god and theirs will never long agree;
For thine, if thou hast any, must be one
That lets the world and human kind alone;
A jolly god that passes hours too well
To promise Heaven or threaten us with Hell,
That unconcerned can at rebellion sit
And wink at crimes he did himself commit.
A tyrant theirs; the heaven their priesthood paints
A conventicle† of gloomy sullen saints;
A heaven,‡ like Bedlam, slovenly and sad,
Foredoomed for souls with false religion mad.
Without a vision poets can foreshow
What all but fools by common sense may know:
If true succession from our Isle should fail,
And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
Not thou nor those thy factious arts engage
Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
With which thou flatterest thy decrepit age.
The swelling poison of the several sects,
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
Shall burst its bag; and fighting out their way,
The various venoms on each other prey.
The Presbyter, puffed up with spiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride,
His brethren damn, the civil power defy,
And parcel out republic prelacy.
But short shall be his reign; his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny sects provoke,
And frogs, and toads, and all the tadpole train
Will croak to Heaven for help from this devouring crane.
The cut-throat sword and clamorous gown shall jar
In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war;

* *Stum*, new wine used for fermenting old or dull wine. Oldham employs the verb metaphorically:

"As the poor drunkard, when wine stums his brains,
Anointed with that liquor, thinks he reigns."
Letter from the Country, &c.

† *Conventicle* has the accent always on the third syllable in Dryden and in his time: it was pronounced *conventickle*.

"He used to lay about and stickle
Like ram or bull at conventicle."
Hudibras, part 1, canto 2, 437.

‡ In this poem Dryden departed from his custom of *an* before words beginning with *h*. The *a* here might have been regarded as a misprint, but that in the Preface we have *a Hugonot* twice. See p. 125.

Chiefs shall be grudged the part which they pretend ;
Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit shall contend.
The surly Commons shall respect deny
And justle peerage out with property.
Their General either shall his trust betray
And force the crowd to arbitrary sway,
Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame,
And thrust out Collatine * that bore their name.

Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
Or wars of exiled heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting vengeance overtook our age,
And our wild labours, wearied into rest,
Reclined us on a rightful monarch's breast.

" *Pudet hæc opprobria vobis*
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli." †

* Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus, the husband of Lucretia, was nephew of the king Tarquinius Superbus, and cousin of Sextus Tarquinius who ravished his wife, and whose crime caused the expulsion of the Tarquins and the abolition of monarchy in Rome. Collatine, notwithstanding his wrongs and his share in deposing the king, went into exile on account of the hatred felt towards the Tarquin family, of which he was a member. This is of course an allusion intended for Monmouth.

† OVID, *Metam.* i. 758. Dryden, addressing the Whigs, has changed *nobis* into *vobis*.

THREE POLITICAL PROLOGUES.

1682.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND THE QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE.*

When first the Ark was landed on the shore,
And Heaven had vowed to curse the ground no more,
When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
And the new scene of earth began to draw,
The Dove was sent to view the waves' decrease,
And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needless to apply, when those appear,
Who bring the olive and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal Dove,
Still Innocence is harbinger to Love.†
The Ark is opened to dismiss the train
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, you powers, why should vain man pursue
With endless toil each object that is new,
And for the seeming substance leave the true?
Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loathe the manna of his daily food?
Must England still the scene of changes be,
Tost and tempestuous like our ambient sea?
Must still our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a slave?

* The exact date of this visit of the King and Queen to the King's Theatre in Drury Lane is not known, but it was in the beginning of 1682. The play acted on the occasion was "The Unhappy Favourite, or the Earl of Essex," by John Banks. The royal visit was on the fifth night of its representation. Another prologue, which was published with the play (together with this one and with a third by the author), had been recited, it is stated, on the four previous nights by the actor Mohun, and was superseded on the fifth night by this one, "written on purpose by Mr. Dryden." This prologue indeed has no connexion with the play, and refers only to the royal visit. The epilogue for this play was written by Dryden, and will be found among the Prologues and Epilogues printed in this volume. This play was doubtless chosen for the royal visit on account of much resemblance in the story to the attitude at that time of the King's favourite and disobedient son, Monmouth, to whom the fate of Essex might be a warning. A few corrections have been made in the text of the prologue, as given by Broughton, Derrick, and the subsequent editors, from the first edition of the tragedy, 4to, 1685.

† This line was altered, without any need for change, and altered for the worse, by Broughton, into

"Still innocent as harbinger of love,"

and has been printed after Broughton by Derrick, Bell, and others.

Or what can wars to after-times assure,
Of which our present age is not secure?
All that our Monarch would for us ordain
Is but to enjoy the blessings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden and the main's our fence,
While we preserve our state of innocence:
That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,
And first their lord and then themselves destroy.
What civil broils have cost we knew too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And every heart conspire, with every tongue,
Still to have such a King, and this King long.

PROLOGUE.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE SINCE HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, APRIL 21, 1682.*

In those cold regions which no summers cheer,
When † brooding darkness covers half the year,
To hollow caves the shivering natives go,
Bears range abroad and hunt in tracks of snow;
But when the tedious twilight wears away
And stars grow paler at the approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run,
Happy who first can see the glimmering sun;
The surly savage offspring disappear,
And curse the bright successor of the year.
Yet though rough bears in covert seek defence,
White foxes stay with seeming innocence;
That crafty kind with daylight can dispense.
Still we are thronged so full with Reynard's race
That loyal subjects scarce can find a placé.
Thus modest truth is cast behind the crowd,
Truth speaks too low, hypocrisy too loud.
Let them be first to flatter in success;
Duty can stay, but guilt has need to press.

* The Duke of York had been sent by the King out of England to Brussels in the beginning of 1679, during the first great excitement of the Popish Plot. At the close of that year he went to reside in Edinburgh, still in obedience to the desire of the King and his advisers that he should be out of the way. In a few months he returned to London, but he was again sent away to Scotland in the autumn of 1680; he remained there from that time till March 1682. Against the opinion of Halifax, who was now the leading Minister, and through an intrigue of the Duchess of Portsmouth, who wished to conciliate the Duke of York, Charles now sent for his brother. He came in the first instance alone, and, obtaining a promise from the King that he should be permitted to reside permanently in England, he went back to Edinburgh in May to fetch the Duchess and his family, and immediately returned with them. The occasion of this prologue was on the Duke of York's visiting the theatre in Dorset Gardens, called his House, on April 21, 1682, before the return of the Duchess. Otway's "Venice Preserved, or a Plot Discovered," was acted on the occasion. The play was new in that year, and was levelled at the Whig party and Shaftesbury, who is represented in the character of Antonio. Otway wrote a new epilogue expressly for this occasion of the Duke's visit, and Dryden was selected to write the prologue for the day.

† *When* was changed into *where* by Broughton, who has been followed by the subsequent editors; the change spoils the sense.

Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call
To make their solemn show at Heaven's Whitehall,
The fawning Devil appeared among the rest
And made as good a courtier as the best.
The friends of Job, who railed at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet late repentance may perhaps be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue.
A tyrant's power in rigour is exprest;
The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
We grant an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend,
But most are babes that know not they offend;
The crowd, to restless motion still inclined,
Are clouds that rack according to the wind.*
Driven by their chiefs, they storms of hailstones pour,
Then mourn and soften to a silent shower.
Oh welcome to this much-offending land
The Prince that brings forgiveness in his hand!
Thus angels on glad messages appear;
Their first salute commands us not to fear.
Thus Heaven, that could constrain us to obey,
(With reverence if we might presume to say,)
Seems to relax the rights of sovereign sway,
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free will.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE DUCHESS ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.†

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The Queen of Beauty, and the Court of Love,
The Muses drooped with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts.
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deserts turned,
Like Eden's face when banished man it mourned:
Love was no more when Loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne.

* The word *rack* of this line was changed by Broughton into *tack;* a very decided deterioration of the text. The corresponding substantive, *rack*, for the light clouds, occurs in Dryden: "The doubtful rack of heaven" (Translation of Æneid, x. 498, and again xii. 544). In the "Duke of Guise," act. 4, sc. 2:

"The rack of clouds is driving on the winds
And shows a break of sunshine."

† This is addressed to the second Duchess of York, Mary of Este, Princess of Modena. Anne, the first duchess, whom Dryden had complimented with a poem in 1665, had died in 1671. The Duke married his second wife in 1673. Dryden celebrated her beauty and virtues in the Dedication of his "State of Innocence," adapted from "Paradise Lost," and published in 1674. The exact date of the Duchess's appearance at the theatre to receive the compliment of this prologue is not known: but it would have been soon after her return from Scotland, which was in the end of May 1682. The Duke, in his passage from London to Edinburgh to fetch her, had been shipwrecked and had narrowly escaped death. This prologue was reprinted by Dryden in 1693 in the Third Part of the "Miscellany Poems."

Love could no longer after Beauty stay,
But wandered northward to the verge of day,
As if the sun and he had lost their way.
But now the illustrious Nymph, returned again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train :
The wondering Nereids, though they raised no storm,
Forslowed* her passage to behold her form;
Some cried a Venus, some a Thetis past,
But this was not so fair nor that so chaste.
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride,
And Envy did but look on her, and died.
Whate'er we suffered from our sullen fate,
Her sight is purchased at an easy rate:
Three gloomy years against this day were set,
But this one mighty sum has cleared the debt.
Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom ;
The famine past, the plenty still to come.
For her the weeping heavens become serene,
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green,
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has for her delayed the spring.
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love, restored, his ancient realm surveys,
Recalls our beauties and revives our plays ;
His waste dominions peoples once again,
And from her presence dates his second reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit ;
Pleasing yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
The people's wonder and the poet's theme.
Distempered zeal, sedition, cankered hate
No more shall vex the Church and tear the State ;
No more shall faction civil discords move,
Or only discords of too tender love :
Discord like that of music's various parts,
Discord that makes the harmony of hearts,
Discord that only this dispute shall bring,
Who best shall love the Duke and serve the King.

* *Forslowed*, or *foreslowed* (old spelling), retarded. An obsolete word which occurs again in Dryden:

"Enough already has the year forslowed
His wonted course."
Britannia Rediviva, 169.

In the passage of "Britannia Rediviva," Proughton printed *foreshowed*, which has been followed by Derrick and Bell. In this present passage Bell has printed *foreflowed*. Scott has preserved *foreslowed* in both passages.

"If we forslow the siege, I well foresee
From Egypt will the pagans succoured be."
Fairfax's Translation of Tasso, i. 28.

Shakespeare uses the verb *forslow* intransitively:

"Forslow no longer, make we hence amain."
Henry VI. part 3, act 2, sc. 3.

MAC FLECKNOE;

OR,

A SATIRE ON THE TRUE BLUE PROTESTANT POET,

T. S.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Among the answers to "The Medal" was one by Thomas Shadwell, the dramatist, who published a most savage poem against Dryden, called "The Medal of John Bayes." Shadwell and Dryden had been friends; in 1678 *Dryden had written the Epilogue for Shadwell's play, "A True Widow." But the fury of political opposition now produced the bitterest enmity. Shadwell was a strong Whig or True Blue. Severe as is the following satire on Shadwell, it is not too severe for the provocation of Shadwell's most rancorous and scurrilous attack. Flecknoe, who gives the name to this poem, and of whom Shadwell is treated as the son and heir, was a dull poet, who had always laid himself open to ridicule. It is not known if he had ever given Dryden offence; but it is certain that his "Epigrams," published in* 1670, *contain some lines addressed to Dryden of a most complimentary character, beginning:*

> *"Dryden, the Muses' darling and delight,*
> *Than whom none ever flew so high a height."*

Richard Flecknoe was an Irishman by birth; he had died in 1678. *The plan of this poem required a dead author, and Flecknoe suited the purpose.*

"The Medal" had been published in March 1682. *"Mac Flecknoe" was published in October of the same year. It was published anonymously, and not by Tonson, but by a bookseller named Green; but the title-page, like that of "The Medal," bore that it was by the author of "Absalom and Achitophel." Shadwell has said in the Preface to his Translation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, published in* 1687, *that Dryden, being taxed by him with the authorship, had denied it. Dryden may have felt himself entitled to deny when questioned by Shadwell, whose own attack had deprived him of all right of complaint and all claim to courtesy. But Dryden's authorship could not be, and of course was not, a secret. He spoke of the poem as his own in his "Essay on Satire" published in* 1692; *and "Mac Flecknoe" is printed at the beginning of the volume of Miscellanies edited by Dryden in* 1684. *The publication in this volume was the second edition of the poem; a third edition, a reprint of that of* 1684, *appeared in* 1692. *The first edition contained many misprints: these were corrected, and a few changes introduced, in the second edition of* 1684, *published in the "Miscellany Poems." The text, as altered in* 1684, *is Dryden's authorized text.*

MAC FLECKNOE.

All human things are subject to decay
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire and had governed long,
In prose and verse was owned without dispute
Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.*
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, "'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he
"Should only rule who most resembles me.
"Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,†
"Mature in dulness from his tender years;

* Flecknoe died in 1678; the first of his many publications was in 1626, "Hierothalamium, or the Heavenly Nuptials of our blessed Saviour with a pious Soul." He was a Roman Catholic priest, but he dropped that character after the Restoration of Charles II. Andrew Marvel, in his younger days, fell in with him at Rome, and has written a ludicrous poem upon him, entitled "Flecknoe, an English priest at Rome." Marvel must have seen him at Rome some time between 1642 and 1645. He describes him as a poet and musician, ever reciting his poetry, and, when the hearer was tired, turning to his lute. He gives a grotesque description of his lank person:

> "This basso-relievo of a man
> Who, as a camel tall, yet easily can
> The needle's eye thread without any stitch;
> His only impossible is to be rich."

And then he describes him as stuffing out his thin figure with his many rhymes:

> "Lest his too noble body, growing rare,
> Should leave his soul to wander in the air,
> He therefore circumscribes himself in rhymes,
> And, swaddled in his own papers seven times,
> Wears a close jacket of poetic buff,
> With which he does his third dimension stuff."

Flecknoe must have died at a very advanced age in 1678, for Marvel speaks of him as an old man, and the time of their meeting at Rome could not have been later than 1644. Marvel in that year was twenty-four.

† Thomas Shadwell, born 1640, died 1692, a writer of comedies, coarse and witty. His plays were generally in prose: the few exceptions, "Psyche," which is in rhyme, and "The Royal Shepherdess," and "Timon," which are in blank verse, do not place him high as a poet. But he was a man of wit; and Rochester, who could judge, said of him, that "if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet." Dryden and Shadwell, now furious foes, had written together in 1674, in conjunction with Crowne, a very spiteful criticism on "The Empress of Morocco" by Settle. Shadwell and Settle were now both antagonists of Dryden; and they are pilloried together by Dryden as Og and Doeg in the

"Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
"Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
"The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
"But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
"Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
"Strike through and make a lucid interval;
"But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
"His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
"Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye
"And seems designed for thoughtless majesty,*
"Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain
"And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
"Heywood and Shirley† were but types of thee,
"Thou last great prophet of tautology.
"Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
"Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
"And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget ‡ came
"To teach the nations in thy greater name.
"My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
"When to King John of Portugal I sung,§
"Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
"When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
"With well-timed oars before the royal barge,
"Swelled with the pride of thy celestial charge,
"And, big with hymn, commander of an host;
"The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.‖
"Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
"The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.

lines which he supplied to Tate's Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel." After the Revolution, King William took away from Dryden the offices of Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal, and gave them to Shadwell.

* Shadwell was as large as Flecknoe had been thin. Shadwell's size is again alluded to ill-naturedly near the end of the poem, lines 193-6, and still more fiercely in Dryden's lines in the Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel."

† Thomas Heywood, a very prolific play-writer who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, and also an actor. He had, according to his own account, "either an entire hand or a main finger" in two hundred and twenty plays (Langbaine's Dramatic Poets, p. 257). James Shirley, another voluminous dramatic author of the same period, superior to Heywood, and judged by competent modern critics to have been unjustly treated by Dryden in this contemptuous mention. Indeed his contemporaries placed him next to Fletcher, and very near him (Langbaine, pp. 474, 485). Shirley died in 1666, from fatigue and anxiety during the Fire of London.

‡ Curiously enough, there is a friendly account of Dryden, communicated to the "Gentleman's Magazine" in 1745, more than forty years after Dryden's death, by one who had known him, and who remembered him in the early part of his career of authorship, describing him as dressed in Norwich drugget in his early London life. "I remember plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget." Shadwell came from Norfolk, and that may have been in Dryden's mind.

§ Flecknoe had lived some time at Lisbon, and had been kindly treated by King John. From Lisbon he made a voyage to Brazil, leaving Lisbon apparently in 1646, and returning there in 1649 or 1650. Having asked King John for his permission, which was necessary, for visiting Brazil, he received not only permission, but also a present of two hundred crowns to help to pay his expenses. This is stated in Flecknoe's "Travels of Ten Years in Europe, Asia, Afrique, and America." In his dedication of his "Moral Epigrams" to the Queen of England, in 1670, he mentions his great obligations to her father, King John of Portugal.

‖ A reference to Shadwell's play called "Epsom Wells," and to a phrase suitable enough in a comedy, which occurs in another of his plays, "The Sullen Lovers:" "Such a fellow as he deserves to be tossed in a blanket."

"At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore to shore
"The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar ;*
"Echoes from Pissing-alley Shadwell call,
"And Shadwell they resound from Aston-hall.
"About thy boat the little fishes throng,
"As at the morning toast that floats along.†
"Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
"Thou wieldst thy papers in thy threshing hand.
"St. André's‡ feet ne'er kept more equal time,
"Not even the feet of thy own 'Psyche's'§ rhyme :
"Though they in number as in sense excel,
"So just, so like tautology, they fell
"That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
"The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,
"And vowed he ne'er would act Villerius more."‖
Here stopped the good old sire and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclined,)¶
An ancient fabric raised to inform the sight
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight ;
A watch-tower once, but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains ;
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And, undisturbed by watch, in silence sleep.**

* Shadwell was a musician as well as poet. In the Preface to his opera of "Psyche" he says that he guided the composing of the music for the songs, and claims to be allowed to have some knowledge of music, as he says that he had been bred to it during many years of his youth.

† This line was substituted in the second edition for the following, which is in the first :

"And gently waft thee over all along."

‡ St. André was a celebrated French dancing-master. He is similarly alluded to by Dryden in the "Kind Keeper," act 3, sc. 1.

"St. André never moved with such a grace."
OLDHAM, *Imitation of Horace.*

§ "Psyche" was an opera in rhyme by Shadwell, produced in 1674.

‖ Singleton was a singer of the time. Villerius, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, was a principal character in Davenant's opera of "The Siege of Rhodes," where there is a long lyrical dialogue between Villerius and Solyman, the two opposed generals, which had been ridiculed in "The Rehearsal" as a combination of "lute and sword ;" and Dryden here does not disdain to follow in the wake of his adversary.

¶ A political reference to the fears of the King and Popery which prevailed in the city of London.

** A parody of two lines near the opening of the First Book of Cowley's "Davideis:"

"Where their vast court the mother-waters keep
And, undisturbed by moons, in silence sleep."

And the lines 76–7 are fashioned after another couplet of the same passage of the "Davideis:"

"Beneath the dens where unfletcht tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try."

Near these a Nursery erects its head,*
Where queens are formed and future heroes bred,
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins† the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanished minds;
Pure clinches‡ the suburbian muse affords
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously designed his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker§ prophesied long since
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense,
To whom true dulness should some "Psyches" owe,
But worlds of "Misers" from his pen should flow;
"Humourists" and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families and tribes of Bruce.‖
Now empress Fame had published the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Roused by report of fame, the nations meet
From near Bunhill and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay;
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies and relics of the bum.

* The Nursery was a Theatre for the training of boys and girls for the stage, established under royal letters patent (1662), which prohibited "obscene, scandalous, or offensive passages," and restricted the performances to "what may consist with harmless and inoffensive delights and recreations." (Shakespeare Society Papers, iii. 162.) The plays performed there were suited for the young. Oldham mentions it in the warning of Spenser's ghost against poetry. The modern editors of Oldham have spoilt the second line of the following passage by printing *bridge* for *badge:*

> "Mayest thou go on unpitied, till thou be
> Brought to the parish-badge and beggary,
> Till urged by want, like broken scribblers, thou
> Turn poet to a booth, a Smithfield show,
> And write heroic verse for Bartholomew;
> Then slighted by the very Nursery,
> Mayest thou at last be forced to starve like me."

In "The Rehearsal" Bayes, representing Dryden, is made to vow vengeance on the actors by devoting himself henceforth to the Nursery: "I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, I vow to gad I have been so highly disobliged by the peremptoriness of these fellows that I'm resolved hereafter to bind my thoughts wholly for the service of the Nursery, and mump your proud players, I gad" (act 2, sc. 2).

† Maximin, the chief character of Dryden's play of "Tyrannic Love," who defies the gods in death.

‡ *Clinch,* also spelt *clench;* a pun:

> "Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes."
> POPE, *Dunciad,* i. 63.

§ Decker was a former City poet, the contemporary of Ben Jonson.

‖ "Psyche," "The Miser," and "The Humourists" are plays by Shadwell. Raymond is a character in "The Humourists," "a gentleman of wit and honour," and Bruce "a gentleman of wit and sense" in "The Virtuoso." The word "Hypocrite" has no special reference.

Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,*
But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.
Bilked stationers for yeomen stood prepared
And Herringman† was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appeared,
High on a throne of his own labours reared.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,
Rome's other hope‡ and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs instead of glories grace,
And lambent dulness played around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit nor truce with sense.§
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;

* Ogleby, originally a dancing-master, translated Homer, Virgil, and Æsop, and was the author of other poems and of a History of China.

"Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great."
POPE, *Dunciad*, i. 141.

The works of Shirley, here mentioned again with Heywood, were clearly in disrepute at this time. Oldham also mentions his works as drugs in the market, in the Satire in which he introduces Spenser's ghost to warn against the poet's calling. Oldham died in December 1683: and this Satire of his, if not written before, must have been written immediately after "Mac Flecknoe." It is interesting to compare Oldham's list of the despised with Dryden's:

"How many poems writ in ancient time,
Which thy forefathers had in great esteem,
* * * * *
Have grown contemptible, and slighted since,
As Pordage, Flecknoe, or the 'British Prince.'
Quarles, Chapman, Heywood, Wither had applause,
And Wild and Ogilby in former days;
But now are damned to wrapping drugs and wares
And cursed by all their broken stationers.
And so mayest thou, perchance, pass up and down
And please awhile the admiring court and town,
Who after shalt in Duck-lane shops be thrown
To mould with Silvester and Shirley there,
And truck for pots of ale next Stourbridge fair."

† Herringman was the chief publisher during the greater part of Charles II.'s reign; he had published for Dryden till within the last few years, when Jacob Tonson took his place. Shadwell, in his "Medal of John Bayes," had called Dryden Herringman's journeyman:

"He turned a journeyman to a bookseller,
Writ prefaces to books for meat and drink,
And, as he paid, he would both write and think."

A note was added to these lines by Shadwell: "Mr. Herringman, who kept him at his house for this purpose."

‡ "Et juxta Ascanius, magnæ spes altera Romæ."
VIRG. *Æn.* xii. 168

§ In place of this line the first edition had:

"Would bid defiance unto wit and sense."

"Love's Kingdom"* to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practised young
And from whose loins recorded "Psyche" sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seemed to consecrate his head.
Just at that point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
The admiring throng loud acclamations make
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging God;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:
"Heavens bless my son! from Ireland let him reign
"To far Barbadoes on the western main;
"Of his dominion may no end be known
"And greater than his father's be his throne;
"Beyond 'Love's Kingdom' let him stretch his pen!"
He paused, and all the people cried "Amen."
Then thus continued he: "My son, advance
"Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
"Success let others teach, learn thou from me
"Pangs without birth and fruitless industry.
"Let 'Virtuosos' in five years be writ,
"Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.†

* "Love's Kingdom" was a play by Flecknoe.

† While Dryden accuses Shadwell of slowness in composition, Rochester attributes his faults to haste. Dryden, of course, in his anger is not just to Shadwell. Rochester depreciated Dryden, and praised Shadwell.

"Well, sir, 'tis granted, I said Dryden's rhymes
Were stolen, unequal, nay dull many times;
What foolish patron is there found of his
So blindly partial to deny me this?
But that his plays, embroidered up and down
With wit and learning, justly pleased the town,
In the same paper I as freely own.
Yet having this allowed, the heavy mass
That stuffs up his loose volumes must not pass.

* * * * *

Of all our modern wits none seem to me
Once to have touched upon true comedy
But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley.
Shadwell's unfinished works do yet impart
Great proof of force of nature, none of art:
With just bold strokes he dashes here and there,
Showing great mastery with little care,
Scorning to varnish his good touches o'er
To make the fools and women praise them more."

Allusion to Tenth Satire of First Book of Horace.

Rochester died in 1680, before this feud; but he had a quarrel of his own with Dryden.

" Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,*
" Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage ;
" Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
" And in their folly show the writer's wit.
" Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence
" And justify their author's want of sense.
" Let them be all by thy own model made
" Of dulness and desire no foreign aid,
" That they to future ages may be known,
" Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
" Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
" All full of thee and differing but in name.
" But let no alien Sedley † interpose
" To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
" And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
" Trust nature, do not labour to be dull ;
" But write thy best and top ; and in each line
" Sir Formal's ‡ oratory will be thine.
" Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill.
" And does thy northern dedications fill. §
" Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame
" By arrogating Jonson's hostile name ; ‖
" Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise
" And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
" Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part :
" What share have we in nature or in art ?
" Where did his wit on learning fix a brand
" And rail at arts he did not understand ?
" Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein ¶
" Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain ?

* "Gentle George" is Sir George Etherege, a man of wit and fashion, a light poet, and writer of comedies which were very popular. He was Minister Resident for many years at Ratisbon. Dryden addressed to him there his poetical epistle. Dryden wrote the Epilogue for his play, "The Man of Mode," acted in 1676. The names in the two lines which follow are names of characters in Etherege's plays.

† Sir Charles Sedley had written the Prologue for Shadwell's play "Epsom Wells," produced in 1672. Dryden here insinuates that Sedley helped Shadwell in composition, and he accuses him in line 184 of wholesale pillage from Etherege. This is an old accusation of others; for Shadwell complains in the dedication of his "Psyche" (1675) of its having been represented to the King by his enemies that the best parts of his plays were written by others: and again the two following lines occur in a Prologue composed by himself for his "Epsom Wells," when acted at Whitehall before their majesties :

" If this for him had been by others done,
After this honour sure they claim their own."

Shadwell dedicated his "True Widow" to Sedley, 1679; and mentioning that that play had had the benefit of Sedley's revision, he takes occasion to say that he wishes all his plays had had the same advantage.

‡ Sir Formal Trifle is a vain, florid, oratorical talker in Shadwell's "Virtuoso."

§ By the "northern dedications," is meant Shadwell's frequent dedications to the Duke of Newcastle ; he dedicated also to the Duchess, and to their son, the Earl of Ogle. In the "Vindication of the Duke of Guise," where Dryden again lashes Shadwell, he calls him "the northern dedicator."

‖ Ben Jonson was a constant theme with Shadwell for eulogy ; and his praises seem sometimes to insinuate a comparison of himself with Jonson, while they were likely to nettle living authors, like Dryden, who are treated as altogether inferior.

¶ Prince Nicander is a character in Shadwell's "Psyche."

" Where sold he bargains, 'whip-stitch, kiss my arse,'*
" Promised a play and dwindled to a farce?
" When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
" As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine?
" But so transfused as oil on waters flow,† 185
" His always floats above, thine sinks below.
" This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
" New humours to invent for each new play:‡
" This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
" By which one way to dulness 'tis inclined, 190
" Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
" And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.§
" Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
" Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
" A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ, 195
" But sure thou art but a kilderkin of wit.
" Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
" Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
" With whate'er gall thou setst thyself to write,
" Thy inoffensive satires never bite; 200
" In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
" It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
" Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
" In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
" Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command 205
" Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
" There thou mayest wings display and altars raise,
" And torture one poor word ten thousand ways;
" Or, if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
" Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute." 210
He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,
For Bruce and Longville had a trap prepared,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.‖
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind. 215
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part
With double portion of his father's art.

* Similar phrases are used by Sir Samuel Hearty, a character in "The Virtuoso," whose conversation is very coarse. *To sell bargains* was a trick of answering innocent questions with such coarse words as are here quoted; and there was a game of this sort.

† All the early editions have *oil on waters flow;* the verb is made plural, following the plural noun. The later editors have substituted *oil and waters flow.*

‡ A reference to a passage in Shadwell's Dedication of "The Virtuoso." "Four of the humours are entirely new; and without vanity I may say I ne'er produced a comedy that had not some natural humour in it not represented before, and I hope I never shall."

§ These lines 189-192 are adapted from Shadwell's Epilogue to "The Humourists:"

> "A humour is the bias of the mind
> By which with violence 'tis one way inclined,
> It makes our actions lean on one side still,
> And in all changes that way bend the will."

‖ This is an allusion to an incident in Shadwell's "Virtuoso," where Bruce and Longville make Sir Formal Trifle disappear through a trap-door while he is speechifying.

THE SECOND PART OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

"Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget."

VIRG. *Ecl.* vi. 10.

[*By* NAHUM TATE, *with assistance from* DRYDEN.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The following explanation of the production of the Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel" was given by Jacob Tonson, in reprinting the poem in the edition of "Miscellany Poems" of 1716; *and it has always been regarded as authentic:*

"*In the year* 1680 *Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of 'Absalom and Achitophel' upon the desire of King Charles the Second. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a second part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning,*

'*Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,*'

and ending,

'*To talk like Doeg and to write like thee,*'

containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's composition, besides some touches in other places."

This Second Part was published in November 1682, *in the month following that of the publication of "Mac Flecknoe." Dryden's part of the poem (lines* 310-509) *contains a second bitter elaborate attack on Shadwell under the name of Og.*

Nahum Tate, the author of the greater part of this poem, is now most known as the author, with Brady, of a Translation of the Psalms in verse. He was an Irishman; he was a strong Tory: he had addressed a complimentary poem to Dryden on his "Absalom and Achitophel," which Dryden printed together with two others by Duke and Lee, at the beginning of the second edition. He became Poet Laureat on the death of Shadwell, who succeeded Dryden, deposed after the Revolution. Tate died in 1715.

Broughton, in his edition of Dryden's Poems, 1743, *printed only that portion of this poem which Jacob Tonson had stated to be Dryden's. Tate's larger portion is not recommended by intrinsic merits. But it may be presumed, indeed there can be no doubt, that here and there are lines and phrases of Dryden's. Scott thinks that much of the descriptions of Corah and Arod, and of the lines preceding the account of Arod, is Dryden's. Under all the circumstances, it has been thought best to print the whole of the poem; printing it, however, for distinction's sake, in italics, with the exception of the part which is known to be entirely Dryden's.*

The poem was reprinted in the edition of the "Miscellany Poems" of 1716, *when both Dryden and Tate were dead. There were several changes in this, which is called the third, edition; some evidently authorized improvements, others misprints and deteriorations of the text. There was annexed to the reprint in the "Miscellany Poems" of* 1716 (*vol.* 2) *a Key to both parts, which is here printed after the poem.*

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

THE SECOND PART.

Since men, like beasts, each other's prey were made,
Since trade began and priesthood grew a trade,
Since realms were formed, none sure so cursed as those
That madly their own happiness oppose;
There Heaven itself and godlike kings in vain
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign;
While pampered crowds to mad sedition run
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,†*
While wealthy faction awed the wanting throne.‡
For now their sovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem;§
His rights to invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;‖
As if from heavenly call this licence fell
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!

Achitophel¶ with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times,
*And Absalom,** to make his hopes succeed,*
Of flattery's†† charms no longer stands in need,
While fond of change, though ne'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought.
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel‡‡ plead?
Swayed by a monarch, whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our promised land;
Whose only grievance is excess of ease,
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!

* *David*, Charles II.

† In the first edition this line stood:

"Thus David's goodness was e'en fatal grown."

‡ *Wanting* here means simply, needy. The same phrase, "wanting throne," occurs in "Absalom and Achitophel," line 892, where the context makes the meaning clear.

§ *Jerusalem*, London.

‖ *The Jews*, the English.

¶ *Achitophel*, Earl of Shaftesbury.

** *Absalom*, Duke of Monmouth.

†† *Flatteries* in first edition, old spelling for *flattery's*; *flattering* in edition of 1716.

‡‡ *Israel*, England.

Yet, as all folly would lay claim to sense
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treason good
And righteous David's self with slanders load:
That arts of foreign sway he did affect
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,*
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen their sacrificers bleed!†
Accusers' infamy is urged in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain,‡
But soon they launched into the unfathomed tide
And in the depths they knew disdained to ride;
For probable discoveries to dispense
Was thought below a pensioned evidence.§
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pampered Corah,‖ *when advanced to court.*
No less than wonders now they will impose
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the charge on pious Michal¶ *brought,*
Michal, that ne'er was cruel even in thought;
The best of queens and most obedient wife
Impeached of curst designs on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer;
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily nor the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with angels and, as angels do,
Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world below,
Where, cherished by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile and orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height
Are threatened with her lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In Heaven's remembrance and prolong his reign.

Less desolation did the pest pursue
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba slew,
*Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,***
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire;
With gentler terror these our State o'erran,
Than since our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confusion sat,
Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!

* *Jebusites,* Roman Catholics.

† These two lines are meant as a reply by the author to the accusation against the King that he protected the Roman Catholics. "Their very chiefs," it is said in reply, "have been never pardoned after conviction, and some of those employed for sham-plots whereby to sacrifice opponents have been executed."

‡ An unusual employment of the verb *contain* in an intransitive sense.

§ *Evidence* here, and again in line 91, is used to mean a witness.

‖ *Corah,* Titus Oates. ¶ *Michal,* Catharine, queen of England. ** *Tyre,* Holland.

Trust was no more, art, science, useless made,
All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
Meanwhile, a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for state.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his slave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
Even vice in him was virtue; what sad fate,
But for his honesty, had seized our State?
And with what tyranny had we been curst,
Had Corah never proved a villain first?
To have told his knowledge of the intrigue in gross
Had been, alas! to our deponent's loss:
The travelled Levite had the experience got
To husband well and make the best of his plot,
And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secured his pension still,
Nor quite of future power himself bereft,
But limbos large for unbelievers left.
For now his writ such reverence had got,*
'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
Some were so well convinced, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the foundered swearers out;
Some had their sense imposed on by their fear,
But more for interest sake believe and swear;
E'en to that height with some the frenzy grew,
They raged to find their danger not prove true.

Yet than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urged by fear, nor through misguided sense,
(Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence;)
But for the good old cause, that did excite
The original rebels' wiles, revenge, and spite,
These raise the plot, to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown,
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursued
As seemed all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.

Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserved by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Israelites unspelled,
Though still the charm the giddy rabble held.
Even Absalom amid the dazzling beams
Of empire and ambition's flattering dreams,
Perceives the plot too foul to be excused,
To aid designs no less pernicious used;
And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts exprest:

* *For* in first edition; replaced by *and* in edition of 1716.

"Why are my thoughts upon a crown employed,
"Which once obtained can be but half enjoyed?
"Not so, when virtue did my arms require
"And to my father's wars I flew entire.
"My regal power how will my foes resent,
"When I myself have scarce my own consent?
"Give me a son's unblemished truth again
"Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
"How slight to force a throne that legions guard
"The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!
"And if the imagined guilt thus wound my thought,
"What will it, when the tragic scene is wrought?
"Dire war must first be conjured from below,
"The realm we'd rule we first must overthrow;
"And when the civil Furies are on wing
"That blind and undistinguished slaughters fling,
"Who knows what impious chance may reach the King?
"Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
"Than have my crown the price of David's life!
"Or if the tempest of the war he stand,
"In peace some vile officious villain's hand
"His soul's anointed temple may invade,
"Or, pressed by clamorous crowds, myself be made
"His murderer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
"Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt;
"Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
"Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
"Those very arms on me shall be employed,
"A new usurper crowned, and I destroyed.
"The same pretence of public good will hold
"And new Achitophels be found as bold
"To urge the needful change, perhaps the old."

He said. The statesman with a smile replies,
A smile that did his rising spleen disguise:
"My thoughts presumed our labours at an end,
"And are we still with conscience to contend?
"Whose want in kings as needful is allowed
"As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
"Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
"And only can be safe by pressing on.
"The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
"Has viewed your motions long with jealous eyes,
"Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
"And marked your progress in the people's hearts;
"Whose patience is the effect of stinted power,
*"But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour;**
"And if remote the peril he can bring,
"Your present danger's greater from the King.

* The lines 165-170 are a diluted paraphrase of lines in Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," 441-446.

"*Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,*
"*Nor trust the father in a jealous Prince!*
"*Your trivial faults if he could so resent*
"*To doom you little less than banishment,*
"*What rage must your presumption since inspire,*
"*Against his orders your return from Tyre?*
"*Nor only so, but with a pomp more high*
"*And open court of popularity,*
"*The factious tribes*"—"*And this reproof from thee!*"
The Prince replies, "*O statesman's winding skill,*
"*They first condemn that first advised the ill!*"
"*Illustrious youth,*" *returned Achitophel,*
"*Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.*
"*The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,*
"*But 'tis because you leave it unpursued.*
"*A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,*
"*Who reach lay hold on death that miss the prize.**
"*Did you for this expose yourself to show*
"*And to the crowd bow popularly low,*
"*For this your glorious progress next ordain,*
"*With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train,*
"*With fame before you like the morning star,*
"*And shouts of joy saluting from afar?*†
"*Oh, from the heights you've reached but take a view,*
"*Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!*
"*And must I here my shipwracked arts bemoan?*
"*Have I for this so oft made Israel groan,*
"*Your single interest with the nation weighed,*
"*And turned the scale where your desires were laid,*
"*Even when at helm a course so dangerous moved,*
"*To land your hopes, as my removal proved?*"‡

"*I not dispute,*" *the royal youth replies,*
"*The known perfection of your policies;*
"*Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame*
"*The privilege that statesmen ever claim;*
"*Who private interest never yet pursued,*
"*But still pretended 'twas for others' good.*
"*What politician yet e'er scaped his fate*
"*Who, saving his own neck, not saved the State?*
"*From hence on every humourous wind that veered*
"*With shifted sails a several course you steered.*
"*What form of sway*§ *did David e'er pursue*
"*That seemed like absolute, but sprung from you?*

* The meaning of this line is, that those who reach out the hand to seize a crown lay hold of death, if they miss their object.

† Lines 190-195 are taken from Dryden's poem 688-9, and 729-734.

‡ Shaftesbury, who had in April 1679 been appointed President of the Council, in the hope of conciliating him, was dismissed in October, on account of his persevering advocacy of the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession. Lord Macaulay has erroneously stated that Shaftesbury resigned. (History of England, i. 253.)

§ *Form of sway*, printed by Derrick *from a sway*; very likely a misprint, but followed by Scott and other editors.

" Who at your instance quashed each penal law
" That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;
" And who suspends fixed laws may abrogate,
*" That done, form new, and so enslave the state.**
" Even property, whose champion now you stand, 220
" And seem for this the idol of the land,
" Did ne'er sustain such violence before
" As when your counsel shut the royal store;†
" Advice that ruin to whole tribes procured,
" But secret kept till your own banks secured. 225
" Recount with this the triple covenant broke,
" And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;‡

* The Declaration of Indulgence for Protestant Dissenters and Roman Catholics, issued by Charles in March 1672, during the existence of what is called the Cabal Ministry, and cancelled in the following year, in consequence of the vehement remonstrances of Parliament. Of that measure of religious toleration Shaftesbury was, in consistency with his previous course, a cordial approver; in the following year, he, being then Lord Chancellor, counselled the King to withdraw it, as a matter of prudence, in deference to the strong adverse feeling of Parliament. The Declaration had permitted the worship of Protestant Dissenters in licensed chapels, and of Roman Catholics only in private houses: the measure had been thought expedient as a means of encouraging foreigners to come into England, as well as on the principle of religious toleration. It was an exercise of the royal prerogative, then still claimed, though disputed. In 1662, Clarendon had proposed to the House of Lords a clause to be inserted in the Act of Uniformity saving the King's dispensing power in ecclesiasticals. In 1663, a bill declaring the same dispensing power had been zealously supported by Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley. As late as 1670 the Lords had introduced into the Conventicle bill a proviso regarding the King's ecclesiastical supremacy, of which Andrew Marvel says that "there was never so compendious a piece of absolute universal tyranny," and that it was thought it would give the King power "to dispense with the execution of the whole bill." The proviso was "retrenched," according to Marvel, by the Commons, but it ultimately stood in the act as follows, leaving the extent of the supremacy undetermined: "Provided that neither this act nor anything therein contained shall extend to invalidate or avoid his Majesty's supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs, as fully and amply as himself or any of his predecessors have or might have done the same." (22 Car. II. c. 1; Marvel's Works, i. 146.) This prerogative has long since been abolished; it made the King so far absolute; the poet's argument against it is good; but the prerogative was then held to be in existence, and it was used in this Declaration for a good purpose. Lord Macaulay has admitted that the argument for the existence of the prerogative was plausible.

† There is incontrovertible evidence to prove that Shaftesbury disapproved of and protested against the stop of the Exchequer, and that the measure was Clifford's, who was at the time Commissioner of the Treasury, and was soon after made Lord Treasurer. The order for stopping payments from the Exchequer was made on January 2, 1672. A strong protest against the measure, presented by Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) to the King, is printed in Martyn's "Life of Shaftesbury," vol. i. p. 415. There is also a positive denial by Shaftesbury that he was in any way author of the measure in a letter to Locke, November 23, 1674; in this letter he represents Clifford as the author. (Martyn's Life, vol. i. p. 418.) Evelyn, an attached friend of Clifford, ascribes the measure to him, and discredits a rumour that Ashley had been the author. (Diary, March 12, 1672.) The main charge against Shaftesbury in connexion with the stop of the Exchequer being untrue, the additional imputation that Shaftesbury's bankers received timely secret information may be presumed to be calumny. Bishop Burnet, however, gave currency to this imputation. He says that "Lord Shaftesbury was the chief man in the advice;" he proceeds to say that Shaftesbury excused the measure to him by the "usury and extortions" of the bankers, and adds that Shaftesbury "certainly knew of it beforehand, and took all his own money out of the bankers' hands, and warned some of his friends to do the like." (Own Time, i. 533.) It is not unlikely that Shaftesbury, in conversation with Burnet, blamed the bankers; he does this also in his letter to Locke, in which he declares his disapproval of the measure. In a Vindication of Shaftesbury from Burnet's strictures, which exists in manuscript among Lord Shaftesbury's papers, and was probably written by a Mr. Wyche, who had acted for many years as his amanuensis, the writer says: "I know well the banker with whom the Earl placed his money, and that he was one that never had any dealing with the Exchequer to lend money to the King, as most other bankers had done." It is to be observed that Dryden, who had been patronized by Lord Clifford, made no allusion to the stop of the Exchequer either in his "Absalom and Achitophel," or in "The Medal."

‡ Two lines taken from Dryden's poem, 175-7.

"*Nor here your counsels' fatal progress stayed,*
"*But sent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid;*
"*Hence Tyre and Israel, low in ruins laid,*
"*And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror made.*
"*Even yet of such a season we can dream,*
"*When royal rights you made your darling theme,*
"*For power unlimited could reasons draw*
"*And place prerogative above the law;*
"*Which on your fall from office grew unjust,*
"*The laws made king, the king a slave in trust:*
"*Whom with state-craft, to interest only true,*
"*You now accuse of ills contrived by you."*

To this Hell's agent—"Royal youth, fix here,
"*Let interest be the star by which I steer:* *
"*Hence, to repose your trust in me was wise,*
"*Whose interest most in your advancement lies;*
"*A tie so firm as always will avail*
"*When friendship, nature, and religion fail.*
"*On ours the safety of the crowd depends,*
"*Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,*
"*Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,*
"*Till they are made our champions by their fear.*
"*What opposition can your rival bring,*
"*While Sanhedrims are jealous of the King?*
"*His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,*
"*And what can David's self without supplies?*
"*Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,*
"*Debar the heir or starve in his defence;* †
"*Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit*
"*And David's justice never can admit.*
"*Or forced by wants his brother to betray,*
"*To your ambition next he clears the way;*
"*For if succession once to nought they bring,*
"*Their next advance removes the present King:*
"*Persisting else his senates to dissolve*
"*In equal hazard shall his reign involve.*
"*Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power so much alarms,*
"*Shall rise without their Prince to oppose his arms.*
"*Nor boots it on what cause at first they join;*
"*Their troops, once up, are tools for our design.*
"*At least such subtle covenants shall be made,*
"*Till peace itself is war in masquerade.*‡
"*Associations of mysterious sense,*
"*Against, but seeming for, the King's defence,*
"*Even on their courts of justice fetters draw*
"*And from our agents muzzle up their law.*

* *I steer* was changed into *you steer* in the third edition of 1716, probably by a misprint, but the mistake has been continued in Scott's and other editions.

† The meaning of these two lines is that Charles must, without the passing of an Exclusion bill, debar his heir, or he must starve.

‡ A line taken from Dryden's poem, 752.

"By which a conquest if we fail to make,
"'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our stake."

He said, and for the dire success depends
On various sects, by common guilt made friends;
Whose heads, though ne'er so differing in their creed,
In the point of treason yet were well agreed.
'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears,*
Pursued by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.
Blest times when Ishban, he whose occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
As good a saint as usurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not so engrossed him quite
But Belial lays as large a claim of spite,
Who for those pardons from his Prince he draws
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.
That year in which the City he did sway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way;
Yet his ambition once was found so bold
To offer talents of extorted gold,
Could David's wants have so been bribed to shame
And scandalize our peerage with his name;
For which his dear sedition he'd forswear,
And e'en turn loyal, to be made a peer.
Next him, let railing Rabsheka† have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,
Alike haunt conventicles‡ and the stews:
Of whom the question difficult appears,
If most in the preacher's or the bawd's arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
"Double our guards," he cries, "we are undone!"
Protesting that he dares not sleep in his bed,
"Lest he should rise next morn without his head."

§ Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes and of conscience less;
With them the tribe, whose luxury had drained
Their banks, in former sequestrations gained;

* *Ishban*, Sir Robert Clayton, an alderman of London, and one of the members for the City in the two last parliaments; a zealous Whig, said to have amassed great wealth by usury.

† *Rabsheka*, Sir Thomas Player, Chamberlain of the city of London, and another of its representatives in the House of Commons. When the Duke of York unexpectedly returned from Brussels to London in August 1679, on an alarm of the King's illness, Sir Thomas Player went at the head of a deputation to the Lord Mayor, to declare fear of the Papists and to ask that the city-guards should be doubled. He was said to have told the Lord Mayor in his speech on this occasion, that he hardly dared to go to sleep for fear of waking with his throat cut.

‡ Another example of *conventicle* with the accent on the third syllable. See note on "The Medal," line 284. Among other instances is one in "The Hind and the Panther," book i. 314:

"In fields their sullen conventicles found."

§ The beginning of Dryden's distinct contribution to this poem.

Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled waves* anew.
Some future hopes, some present payment draws
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause;
Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace and poets without wit.
Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,
Judas,† that keeps the rebels' pension-purse,
Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,
Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree,
Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
His college for a nursery of sects,
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures?
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Israel's promised land have you?
Here Phaleg,‡ the lay Hebronite, is come,
'Cause like the rest he could not live at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer even of Hebronitish grain,
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injured subjects, altered property:

* *Waves* changed into *streams* in the edition of 1716.

† *Judas*, Robert Ferguson, the famous plotter, a Scotchman (Hebronite). He was an Independent preacher and schoolmaster in Islington; he was the manager of the pamphlet-press for Monmouth's and Shaftesbury's party, and himself an indefatigable writer. When Shaftesbury fled to Holland, Ferguson was one of his companions. He afterwards was a chief adviser of Monmouth's invasion, came with him to England, and wrote Monmouth's proclamation. After the failure of Monmouth's rebellion, Ferguson received a free pardon, which he had used no unworthy means to obtain; he afterwards aided the Prince of Orange, and he was provided for after the Revolution with a place in the Excise Office worth £500 a year. But he could not live without plotting: and he soon entered into opposition to King William. He was a restless and vehement, but an honest man.

‡ *Phaleg*, James Forbes, a Scotchman, who had been selected by the Duke of Ormond as travelling tutor for the Earl of Derby, married while a minor to Ormond's granddaughter, the Lady Elizabeth Butler, eldest daughter of the deceased Earl of Ossory. The young Earl of Derby was eighteen, and the young lady only fourteen, when they were married; and Lord Derby was immediately sent to Paris, under the care of Forbes, whom Carte, the Duke of Ormond's biographer, describes as "a gentleman of parts, virtue, and prudence, but of too mild a nature to manage his pupil." The young nobleman in Paris got into the hands of bad companions, one of whom assaulted Forbes and seriously wounded him, in revenge for remonstrances addressed to his pupil. The Duke of Ormond, receiving complaints from Forbes, sent one Mr. Muleys to inquire. "When Muleys came to Paris," says Carte, "he found the matter very bad on Lord Derby's side, who had not only countenanced Merril's assault, but, at the instigation of some young French rakes, had consented to his governor's being tossed in a blanket. The Earl was wild, full of spirits, and impatient of restraint; Forbes was a grave, sober, mild man, and his sage remonstrances had no manner of effect on his pupil. The Duke, seeing what the young gentleman would be at, resolved to send over one that should govern him. For this purpose, he pitched upon Colonel Thomas Fairfax, a younger son of the first Lord Fairfax, a gallant and brave man and roughly honest. Lord Derby was restiff at first, but the Colonel told him sharply, that he was sent to govern him, and would govern him, that his lordship must submit and should do it, so that the best method he had to take was to do it with decorum and good humour." (Carte's Life of Ormond, ii. 445.) The Duke of Ormond then entirely blamed his grandson for what Dryden has made a reproach to his tutor; and Carte, the biographer, fully instructed by the family, gives Forbes a high character. This is an example of the mode in which Dryden's political passion led him to adopt any calumny against an opponent, and of the way in which a man's best actions may be perverted to his detriment by those who seek to run him down. The offensive lines imputing to Forbes adultery with a pupil's wife are probably devoid of foundation: as far as Lord Derby was concerned, he was sent abroad without his wife

An emblem of that buzzing insect just
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.
Can dry bones live, or skeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and, at the table fed,
Returned the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to travelling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose,
Till bastinadoed back again he went
To learn those manners he to teach was sent.
Chastised he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politics to Absalom;
For never Hebronite, though kicked and scorned,
To his own country willingly returned.
But leaving famished Phaleg to be fed
And to talk treason for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay let Hell, produce a man
So made for mischief as Ben Jochanan;*
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
His pride no higher than the desk aspired,
But for the drudgery of priests was hired
To read and pray in linen ephod brave
And pick up single shekels from the grave.
Married at last, and† finding charge come faster,
He could not live by God, but changed his master:
Inspired by want, was made a factious tool,
They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook:
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
So this prose prophet took most monstrous pains
To let his masters see he earned his gains.
But as the Devil owes all his imps a shame,
He chose the Apostate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflection took the rogue he drew.

* *Ben Jochanan*, Samuel Johnson, chaplain of Lord Russell, and author of a learned work, entitled "Julian the Apostate," published while the Exclusion bill was in agitation, and with objects exclusively political, to show the danger to a national religion from a sovereign of opposing faith, and to controvert the doctrine of passive obedience. This work was violently attacked; a reply of Johnson led to his being prosecuted for libel at the instance of the Duke of York. He was condemned to a fine which he could not pay, and he was imprisoned. Johnson was a man of virtue and learning; he is libelled by Dryden, and he was cruelly persecuted. He was in the next reign tried for the publication of an Address to the Protestants in the Army, and sentenced to be three times pilloried and whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. He was also deprived of his clergyman's gown. After the Revolution, the proceedings against him were declared illegal, and he received a pension of £300 a year, with a present of a thousand pounds. A character of Johnson, written by Mr. Richard Hampden to the Duchess of Mazarin, may be contrasted with Dryden's libel. "Being two years with him in the same prison, I had the opportunity to know him perfectly well, and to speak my thoughts of him in one word. I can assure your Grace, that I never knew a man of better sense, of a more innocent life, nor of greater virtue, which was proof against all temptation, than Mr. Johnson."

† *And* changed into *but* in third edition; a change for the worse, adopted by several editors.

A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
In every age a murmuring generation,
To trace them from their infancy of sinning,
And show them factious from their first beginning,
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the chosen flock;
A strong authority which must convince,
That saints own no allegiance to their prince;
As 'tis a leading card to make a whore
To prove her mother had turned up before.
But tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
The son that showed his father's nakedness?
Such thanks the present Church thy pen will give,
Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
Must ancient failings be examples made?
Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
Methinks the Apostate was the better man,
And thy hot father, waving my respect,
Not of a mother church but of a sect.*
And such he needs must be of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking asses' milk and writing.
If Balak† should be called to leave his place,
(As profit is the loudest call of grace,)
His temple, dispossessed of one, would be
Replenished with seven devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And show rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below even David's psalms translated;‡
Some in my speedy pace I must outrun,
As lame Mephibosheth§ the wizard's son;
To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza‖ as I would the pox;

* This refers to an endeavour of Johnson to show that the Emperor Julian was slain by one of his own Christian soldiers.

† *Balak*, the celebrated Dr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, then preacher at the Rolls Chapel and lecturer at St. Clement's Church. King Charles had unsuccessfully endeavoured to persuade Sir Harbottle Grimstone, the Master of the Rolls, to deprive Burnet of the preachership at the Rolls. "I lived many years," says Burnet, "under the protection of Sir Harbottle Grimstone, Master of the Rolls, who continued steady in his favour to me, though the King sent Secretary Williamson to desire him to dismiss me. He said he was an old man, fitting himself for another world, and he found my ministry useful to him; so he prayed that he might be excused in that." (History of Own Time, i. 380.) Grimstone died in 1683, at the age of eighty-two; and in the following year Burnet was deprived of his preachership at the Rolls, and also of his lecturership at St. Clement's. Dryden virulently satirized Burnet, later, in "The Hind and the Panther," where he is introduced as the Buzzard (part 3, 1121).

‡ The version of Sternhold and Hopkins.

§ *Mephibosheth*, Samuel Pordage, a poet and play-writer, a lawyer. His father, a clergyman in Berkshire, was deprived of his living in 1654, on charges of conversation with evil spirits, blasphemy, devilism, and other similar accusations. Calamy in his "Life of Baxter" says that the father was a follower of Jacob Behmen. Pordage had written two poems against Dryden, "Azariah and Hushai," in reply to "Absalom and Achitophel," and "The Medal Reversed," in reply to "The Medal." They were two very malignant attacks.

‖ *Uzza*, put down as J. H. in the Key published by Jacob Tonson in 1716, is supposed to be

And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse,
Who by my Muse to all succeeding times
Shall live in spite of their own dogrel rhymes.
Doeg,* though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody;
Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad,
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But faggoted his notions as they fell,
And, if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature;
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a parrot;
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter them in verse is all his trade.
For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother
And call young Absalom king David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
This animal's below committing treason:
Shall he be hanged who never could rebel?
That's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed buggary
Was rightly sentenced by the law to die;

a gentleman poet of the time, known as Jack Hall, and sneered at in Mulgrave's "Essay on Satire:"

"When o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits."

John Hall, probably the same, is one of the contributors to the "Lacrymæ Musarum," the collection of Poems on the death of Lord Hastings, in which Dryden's first poem appeared.

* *Doeg*, Elkanah Settle, between whom and Dryden there was an old quarrel. In 1674, Dryden, having received some provocation, had joined with Shadwell and Crowne in a severe criticism on Settle's play, "The Empress of Morocco." Settle had now been one of the assailants of Dryden for his "Absalom and Achitophel," in a poem called "Absalom Senior, or Achitophel Transprosed." In Settle's poem Absalom represents the Duke of York, and this is the meaning of Dryden's line,

"And call young Absalom king David's brother."

Settle was the City poet. He had been a Tory; he went over to the Whigs and wrote "The Character of a Popish Successor" on their side of the question, and in 1683 he again joined the Tory party. He had made himself notorious by directing pope-burnings in the City, to which Dryden alludes in what he says of fireworks and a puppet-show. But some years after, Settle, being very poor, became assistant to the keeper of a puppet-show of Bartholomew Fair, and even performed as a dragon. These lines in Young's Epistle to Pope refer to him:

"Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hissed at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape
And found his manners suited to his shape."

Settle died, a pensioner of the Charter-house, in 1724.

But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog that never heard the statute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to pass for mere instinct* in him;
Instinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write verse with him is to *transprose;*†
'Twere pity treason at his door to lay
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key;‡
Let him rail on, let his invective Muse
Have four and twenty letters to abuse,
Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fire-works give him leave to vent his spite,
Those are the only serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a puppet-show;
On that one stage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
Og§ from a treason-tavern rolling home.
Round as a globe, and liquored every chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link.
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spewed to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before cursed him;
And if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell
That even on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But though Heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking,
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing—*Be thou dull;*
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk, do anything but write.

* See note on pronunciation of *instinct* with the accent on the last syllable, line 219 of "Absalom and Achitophel."

† This refers to the incongruous title of Settle's poem, "Achitophel Transprosed."

‡ A line adapted from Settle's poem, which began:

> "In gloomy times, when priestcraft bore the sway,
> And made heaven's gate a lock to their own key."

§ *Og*, Shadwell, the hero of Dryden's "Mac Flecknoe." Dryden is here even more severe on Shadwell in some respects than in that poem; here he denounces him as a drunkard and profligate. He made another bitter attack on Shadwell in his "Vindication of the Duke of Guise," published next year, 1683.

Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
A strong nativity—but for the pen;
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayest live, avoiding pen and ink.
I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason, botched in rhyme, will be thy bane;
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,*
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck.
Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Darest thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foiled in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull
For writing treason and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.
Hadst thou the glories of thy King exprest,
Thy praises had been satires at the best;
But thou in clumsy verse, unlicked, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom;
And for my foes may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg and to write like thee.†

Achitophel each rank, degree, and age
For various ends neglects not to engage,
The wise and rich for purse and counsel brought,
The fools and beggars for their number sought,
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For even in court the faction had its friends.
These thought the places they possessed too small,
And in their hearts wished court and king to fall:
Whose names the Muse, disdaining, holds in the dark,
Thrust in the villain herd without a mark
With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew.

* Throughout this poem the spelling of this word is *wreck*; but in line 198 *shipwrackt* is the spelling of the early editions. The spelling *wrack* has been retained in this edition wherever Dryden uses it; *wrack* is his usual spelling, and it is sometimes required for rhyme, as:

"Why should I then go back
To tempt the second hazard of a wrack?"
Aurengzebe, act 4, sc. 1.

† Here ends Dryden's recognised distinct contribution to the poem.

*See where involved in common smoke they sit,**
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit;
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those for mere good fellowship frequent
The appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, anything to employ the glass;
And who believe in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to show their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleased to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod† never be forgot:
The labours of this midnight-magistrate
May vie with Corah's to preserve the State.
In search of arms he failed not to lay hold
On war's most powerful dangerous weapon, gold.
And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillaged, stole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surprised,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguised;
Which to his house with richer relicts‡ came
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains to inquire,
What 'twas he burnt, so it made a rousing fire,
With which our elder was enriched no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;§
So poor, that when our choosing tribes were met,
Even for his stinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked and, as authors think,
The saints he choused for his electing drink;
Thus every shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken‖ at the last.

Now, raised on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soared high, his legions threatening far and wide;
As when a battering storm engendered high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
Is gazed upon by every trembling swain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain,

* This passage re'ers to a Whig club, held at the King's Head Tavern, near Temple Bar, which, from its members wearing a green ribbon, was known as the Green Ribbon Club.

† *Arod*, Sir William Waller, son of the parliamentary general of the same name, had made himself conspicuous by activity in investigating the Popish Plot, and searching out Roman Catholics. He had been the exposer of two plots against the Protestants, known as "The Meal Tub Plot," and "Fitzharris's Plot." He was particularly obnoxious to the Tory party. The charges made against him of plunder of Roman Catholic property for his own benefit were probably calumnies. He had been an unsuccessful candidate for the House of Commons in 1679.

‡ In the first edition the word is *relicts*, which is doubtless right; *reliques* in edition of 1716, and in all the later editions *relics*. *Relict* occurs in Oldham's first Satire on the Jesuits, "a sacred relict of the sky;" altered of course by modern editors to *relic*.

§ 2 Kings v. 20-7.

‖ *Zaken*, an elder, here means a member of Parliament.

For blooming plants and flowers new opening these,
For lambs eaned lately and far-labouring bees,*
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charged clouds will fall;
Even so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar?
Thou only couldst the captive lands restore;
But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest,
From Egypt needst a guardian with the rest.
Thy Prince from Sanhedrims no trust allowed,
Too much the representers of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no supply
But what the Crown's prerogatives must buy;
As if their Monarch's rights to violate
More needful were than to preserve the State!
From present dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir,
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes
Unjudged would sentence and ere crowned depose:
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be.
By Sanhedrims and clamorous crowds thus prest,
What passions rent the righteous David's breast?
Who knows not how to oppose or to comply,
Unjust to grant and dangerous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
Which yet the extremest virtue did require
Even of that Prince whose downfall they conspire?
His absence David does with tears advise,
To appease their rage; undaunted he complies.
Thus he who, prodigal of blood and ease,
A royal life exposed to winds and seas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand
And, like an exile, quits the promised land.†
Our Monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal state maintains.
Who, now embracing on the extremest shore,
Almost revokes what he enjoined before:

* *Eaned*, the word of the first edition, is retained: *yeaned* in edition of 1716. All the texts of Shakespeare retain *eanling*:

> "When Laban and himself were compromised,
> That all the eanlings which were streaked and pied
> Should fall as Jacob's hire."
> *Merchant of Venice*, act 1, sc. 3.

† The Duke of York was sent out of England by the King, March 1679, by the advice of Lord Danby. The Duke went first to Holland, and thence proceeded to take up his residence at Brussels

Concludes at last more trust to be allowed
To storms and seas than to the raging crowd.
Forbear, rash Muse, the parting scene to draw,
With silence charmed as deep as theirs that saw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep;
The tide restrained her course, and more amazed
The twin-stars on the royal brothers gazed;
While this sole fear——
Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,
Lest next the popular rage oppress the King.
Thus parting, each for the other's danger grieved,
The shore the King, and seas the Prince received.
Go, injured hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails.
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode.
Safe on thy breast reclined, her rest be deep;
Rocked like a Nereid by the waves asleep;
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main!
Go, injured hero, while the shores of Tyre
At thy approach so silent shall admire;
Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admired by every nation but their own;
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aching conscience gives their tongue the lie.
Even in the worst of men the noblest parts
Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his King the best respects commend
Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince and friend;
All sacred names of most divine esteem,
And to perfection all sustained by him;
Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,
Swift to discern and to reward desert;
No hour of his in fruitless ease destroyed,
But on the noblest subjects still employed;
Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate
Between his Monarch's interest and the State,
But heaps those blessings on the royal head,
Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Against his worth, and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his sacred rights invade!
Of future superstition they complain
And Jebusitic worship in his reign,

With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred rites remove,
Whate'er the faith of the successor prove,
Our Jews their ark shall undisturbed retain,
At least while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands
Not only claimed their conscience but their lands;
They grudge God's tithes, how therefore shall they yield
An idol full possession of the field?
Grant such a Prince enthroned, we must confess
The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,
Who must to hard conditions still be bound
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?
Our Crown's revenues are too short a store,
And jealous Sanhedrims would give no more.

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid;
Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
Nor ever with such measures can comply
As shock the common rules of policy.
None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,
And he alone sufficient aids can bring,
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law
That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw.
At such profound expense he has not stood,
Nor dyed for this his hands so deep in blood;
Would ne'er through wrong and right his progress take,
Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,
First to invade our rights, and then his own;
His dear-gained conquests cheaply to despoil,
And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand
And curse its fatal influence on our land,
Which our bribed Jews so numerously partake
That even an host his pensioners would make.
From these deceivers our divisions spring,
Our weakness and the growth of Egypt's king:
These with pretended friendship to the State
Our crowd's suspicion of their Prince create,
Both pleased and frightened with the specious cry,
To guard their sacred rights and property;
To ruin thus the chosen flock are sold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduced by these we groundlessly complain,
And loathe the manna of a gentle reign:
Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod,
We trust our Prince no more than they their God.

But all in vain our reasoning prophets preach
To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars;
When the same household mortal foes did yield,
And brothers stained with brothers' blood the field;
When sons' curst steel the fathers' gore did stain,
And mothers mourned for sons by fathers slain!
When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand
Our tribes lay slaughtered through the promised land.
Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign;
Which scene of woes unknowing we renew,
And madly even those ills we fear pursue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils
And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils.
Yet our fierce Sanhedrim in restless rage
Against our absent hero still engage,
And chiefly urge, such did their frenzy prove,
The only suit their prince forbids to move;
Which till obtained, they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring
With all the indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting till the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels.
At last his deep resentments silence broke,
The imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke:

"Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
"For lo! our mercy is become our crime.
"While halting punishment her stroke delays,
"Our sovereign right, Heaven's sacred trust, decays!
"For whose support even subjects' interest calls,
"Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
"That prince who yields the least of regal sway
"So far his people's freedom does betray.
"Right lives by law, and law subsists by power;
"Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
"Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
"Which Heaven itself in vain has tried with grace!
"When will our reason's long-charmed eyes unclose,
"And Israel judge between her friends and foes?
"When shall we see expired deceivers' sway,
"And credit what our God and monarchs say?
"Dissembled patriots bribed with Egypt's gold
"Even Sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
"Those patriots' falsehood in their actions see
"And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;

"If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
"Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim,
"Our senates in due methods they had led,
"To avoid those mischiefs which they seemed to dread;
"But first, ere yet they propped the sinking State,
"To impeach and charge, as urged by private hate,
"Proves that they ne'er believed the fears they prest,
"But barbarously destroyed the nation's rest.
"Oh! whither will ungoverned senates drive,
"And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
"When their injustice we are pressed to share,
"The monarch urged to exclude the lawful heir;
"Are princes thus distinguished from the crowd,
"And this the privilege of royal blood?
"But grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,
"His sufferings yet were than the people's less;
"Condemned for life the murdering sword to wield,
"And on their heirs entail a bloody field.
"Thus madly their own freedom they betray
"And for the oppression which they fear make way;
"Succession fixed by Heaven, the kingdom's bar,
"Which, once dissolved, admits the flood of war;
"Waste, rapine, spoil, without the assault begin
"And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
"Since, then, their good they will not understand,
"'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand;
"Authority and force to join with skill
"And save the lunatics against their will.
"The same rough means that suage the crowd appease
"Our senates, raging with the crowd's disease.
"Henceforth unbiassed measures let them draw
"From no false gloss, but genuine text of law;
"Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score
"Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
"Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,
"Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.
"Impartial justice from our throne shall shower,
"All shall have right, and we our sovereign power."

He said; the attendants heard with awful joy
And glad presages their fixed thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the suffering heir returned,
A realm that long with civil discord mourned,
Till his approach, like some arriving God,
Composed and healed the place of his abode,
The deluge checked that to Judæa spread,
And stopped sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives
And, chased from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.
The field confessed his power in arms before,
And seas proclaimed his triumphs to the shore;

As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
How fit to inherit godlike David's throne.
*Through Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread** 805
And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head;
His train their sufferings think o'erpaid to see
The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distrest,
A virtue proper to the brave and best; 810
'Mongst whom was Jothran,† Jothran always bent
To serve the Crown, and loyal by descent;
Whose constancy so firm and conduct just
Deserved at once two royal masters' trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood 815
On seas, and gathered laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet no portion was denied,
Friend to the Muses and the Muses' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's‡ worth forgotten lie,
Of steady soul when public storms were high; 820
Whose conduct while the Moor fierce onsets made
Secured at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings mourned,
And viewed with silent joy the prince returned,
While those that sought his absence to betray 825
Press first their nauseous false respects to pay;
Him still the officious hypocrites molest
And with malicious duty break his rest.§
While real transports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their dissembled joy, 830
His triumphs, so resounded far and near,
Missed not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as, when joyful hunters' clamorous train
Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forced the bold assailants yield,‖ 835
And scattered his pursuers through the field,

* The return of the Duke of York from Scotland to London, April 1682.

† *Jothran*, George Legge, Earl of Dartmouth, so created by Charles II. in 1682, about the time of the publication of this poem. He was a naval officer, and had served at sea in both the Dutch wars of this reign. When the Revolution came, he commanded the English fleet which sailed from Torbay to intercept that of the Prince of Orange. He was now Master-General of the Ordnance. He had been in the Duke of York's household. He was with the Duke in May of this year, on his passage to Scotland, when he was shipwrecked; and the Duke is said to have been saved by Legge's presence of mind and determination.

‡ *Benaiah*, General Edward Sackville, who had been expelled from the House of Commons and sent to the Tower for disrespectful language about the believers in the Popish Plot. He had served at Tangier.

§ Scott mentions that in a MS. note in Mr. Luttrell's copy of this poem, the Earl of Anglesea is named as specially pointed at by Dryden in this account of false friends. Compare with this passage lines 14—27 of Dryden's Prologue to the Duke of York on his return from Scotland, p. 137.

‖ *To force yield* instead of *to force to yield*; the omission of the *to* was not uncommon after the verb *force*.

"But force it take an oath before."

Hudibras, part 1, canto 2, 1111.

A line in one of Waller's short poems on Sacharissa, "Of the Lady who can Sleep when she

Disdaining furls his mane and tears the ground,
His eyes inflaming all the desert round,
With roar of seas directs his chasers' way,
Provokes from far and dares them to the fray;
Such rage stormed now in Absalom's fierce breast,
Such indignation his fired eyes confest.
Where now was the instructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide,
Whose wiles had from the happy shore betrayed,
And thus on shelves the credulous youth conveyed?
In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his state,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate;
At least, if his stormed bark must go adrift,
To baulk his charge and for himself to shift,
In which his dexterous wit had oft been shown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms saved his own;
But now with more than common danger prest,
Of various resolutions stanas possest,
Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
Lest their recanting chief the cause betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him, therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
The statesman plots to engage in some bold crime
Past pardon; whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head;
Or other daring method and unjust
That may confirm him in the people's trust.*
But, failing thus to ensnare him, nor secure
How long his foiled ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier fate;
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
Nor cares what claimer's crowned, except the true.
Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
And see, oh see, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betrayed,
The property of desperate villains made!
Lost power and conscious fears their crimes create
And guilt in them was little less than fate;
But why shouldst thou, from every grievance free,
Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
Love dressed thy bowers and laurels sought thy brow,

pleases," where the same occurs with the verb *enforce*, was spoilt by his editor, Fenton, from ignorance on this point. Waller's line is

"Yet Hymen may enforce her vigils keep,"

by which he meant "Hymen may enforce her to keep vigils." Fenton changed the line to

"Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep,"

and the line has been so printed in all subsequent editions, being nonsense as so printed.

* *Secure* in first edition, changed to *confirm* in edition of 1716.

Preferment, wealth, and power thy vassals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care:
Oh, should our crimes again that curse draw down,
And rebel arms once more attempt the crown,
*Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalon,**
Alike by conquest or defeat undone.
Who could relentless see such youth and charms
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms,
A prince so formed, with earth's and Heaven's applause,
To triumph o'er crowned heads in David's cause!
Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail
Who conquering would not for himself prevail;
The faction whom he trusts for future sway
Him and the public would alike betray;
Amongst themselves divide the captive State
And found their hydra empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pitied youth with sceptres in his sight,
(So have their cruel politics decreed,)
Must by that crew that made him guilty bleed.
For, could their pride brook any prince's sway,
Whom but mild David would they choose to obey?
Who once at such a gentle reign repine
The fall of monarchy itself design:
From hate to that their reformations spring,
And David not their grievance, but the King.
Seized now with panic fear the faction lies,
Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charmed eyes;
Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the flattered youth must see.
But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel;
Who now an envious festival instals
And to survey their strength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worship too, must gild;
But oh how weakly does sedition build!
For, lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth.†
So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid;
(Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seized, engendered by some careless swain,
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made
And to their cell of store his flood conveyed;)
The commonwealth, broke up, distracted go
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow:

* Here *Absalon* is in the original text, for the sake of the rhyme, as in Dryden's poem. See note on "Absalom and Achitophel," line 18.

† The party of Shaftesbury and Monmouth had arranged for a great gathering in the City of "loyal Protestants," on April 21, 1682, the Duke of York having been invited by the Artillery Company to dine on that day at Merchant Tailors' Hall. The "Protestants" were invited to meet for a sermon at St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, and afterwards to dine at Haberdashers' Hall. On the 19th, a royal proclamation was issued, forbidding the Whig meeting and banquet.

Even so our scattered guests confusedly meet,
With boiled, baked, roast, all justling in the street;
Dejected all, and ruefully dismayed,
For shekel, without treat or treason, paid.

Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse
In kind conjunction of assisting stars:
Here, labouring Muse! those glorious chiefs relate
That turned the doubtful scale of David's fate;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortalized in laurelled Asaph's verse.*
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recall;
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.
First, write Bezaliel,† whose illustrious name
Forestals our praise, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites' ‡ rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy such a President as he.
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks, serene his life and thought;
On whom so largely Nature heaped her store,
There scarce remained for arts to give him more.
To aid the Crown and State his greatest zeal,
His second care that service to conceal;
Of dues observant, firm in § every trust,
And to the needy always more than just;
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the gownsmen's skill without their pride;
Thus, crowned with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his glories copied in his son,
Whose forward fame should every Muse engage,
Whose youth boasts skill denied to others' age.
Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
Already are the conquest of his mind.
Whose loyalty before its date was prime,
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time;

* *Asaph*, Dryden.

† *Bezaliel*, Henry, marquis of Worcester, created December 2, 1682, a few days after the publication of this poem, Duke of Beaufort. He was Lord President of the Council in Wales. His zeal against the Exclusion bill had led the House of Commons to include him in an Address, in 1680, for removal from court and the King's councils of the chief opponents of the bill. A story told in North's "Life of the Lord Keeper Guildford" illustrates the praise here given to the Duke of Beaufort for devotion to learning. The Lord Chief Justice Hale, visiting him at Badminton when he was rebuilding his house, "observing the many contrivances the Duke had for the disposing of so great a family, he craved leave to suggest one to him, which he thought would be much for his service, and it was to have but one door to his house, and the window of his study, where he sat most, open upon that."

‡ *The Kenites*, the Welsh.

§ *To* substituted for *in* in edition of 1716; and the change, which is not an improvement, adopted by all succeeding editors.

The monster faction early he dismayed,
*And David's cause long since confessed his aid.**
Brave Abdael† o'er the Prophets' school was placed;
Abdael, with all his father's virtue graced;
A hero who, while stars looked wondering down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restored the crown.
That praise was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs but boldly to maintain
That crown restored? And in this rank of fame
Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.
Proceed, illustrious happy chief, proceed,
Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While the inspired tribe attend with noblest strain
To register the glories thou shalt gain:
For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake,
Or seas retired their secret stores disclose
And to the sun their scaly brood expose,
Or swelled above the cliffs their billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.
Eliab‡ our next labour does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right.
Long with the royal wanderer he roved
And firm in all the turns of fortune proved.
Such ancient service and desert so large
Well claimed the royal household for his charge.
His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling nature drest;
And blest again to see his flower allied
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's§ bride!
The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:
Resolved to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely sought, while sought by Absalom.
Ah, Prince! the illustrious planet of thy birth
And thy more powerful virtue guard thy worth,
May no Achitophel thy ruin boast!
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.

* This eldest son of the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Worcester, died before his father, in 1698. The father died in the following year, having lived in retirement since the Revolution, and not having taken the oaths to William and Mary.

† *Abdael*, Christopher, duke of Albemarle, son of the famous Monk. The eulogy in this case is gross flattery; this second Duke of Albemarle having been an insignificant man. Having embarrassed his affairs by extravagance, he was appointed Governor of Jamaica in 1687, and he died in that island. He was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge in 1682, Monmouth being then deprived of the office. This is the meaning of "o'er the Prophets' school was placed." Compare "Absalom and Achitophel," line 870 and note.

‡ *Eliab*, Earl of Arlington, who was long Secretary of State and a leading Minister, and had since 1674 held the office of Lord Chamberlain.

§ *Othniel*, Henry Fitzroy, duke of Grafton, natural son of Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland, first known as Lady Castlemaine. He was married to Arlington's only child. Grafton had been bred to the sea. Charles at this time showed him great favour, and put him forward in opposition to Monmouth.

Even envy must consent to Helon's worth,*
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive ark its zeal retain
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride
He all the allurements of his court defied.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.
What acts of favour in his province fall
On merit he confers, and freely all.
Our list of nobles next let Amri† grace,
Whose merits claimed the Abbethdin's high place;
Who with a loyalty that did excel
Brought all the endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws that did a boundless ocean seem
Were coasted all and fathomed all by him.
No Rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,
So just, and with such charms of eloquence;
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration Aaron's tongue.
Than Sheva‡ none more loyal zeal have shown,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cause still combats in his age
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious priests the cant revive;
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive
To inflame the crowd, while he with watchful eye
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly;
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So Moses, when the pest on legions preyed,
Advanced his signal,§ and the plague was stayed.
Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last!
With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel:

* *Helon*, Louis Duras, earl of Feversham, a Frenchman and Protestant, nephew of Marshal Turenne, and brother of the French Marshal, Duke of Duras.

† *Amri*, Heneage Finch, earl of Nottingham, Lord Chancellor. He had been appointed Lord Keeper when Shaftesbury was deprived of the Lord Chancellorship in November 1673; he was promoted to be Lord Chancellor in December 1675; and he continued Lord Chancellor till his death, December 18, 1682, a few weeks after the publication of this poem.

‡ *Sheva*, Sir Roger L'Estrange, pamphleteer and newspaper-writer for the Tory party. He had fought for the King in the Civil War, and had been taken prisoner by the Parliament and condemned to death, but he obtained a pardon. He was the editor of the "Observator," and of "Heraclitus Ridens," two Tory newspapers in the reign of Charles II.

§ A reference to the brazen serpent set up by Moses, which stayed the serpent-plague (Numb. xxi.). Dryden has made use of the illustration in "Absalom and Achitophel," 634.

Thy strains shall be our slumbering prophets' dream,
And, when our Sion virgins sing their theme,
Our jubilees shall with thy verse be gracea;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last!
How fierce his satire loosed, restrained, how tame,
How tender of the offending young man's fame!
*How well his worth and brave adventures styled;**
Just to his virtues, to his error mild.
No page of thine that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof or praise as due;
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield,
All Paradise without one barren field:
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last!
What praise for such rich strains shall we allow?
What just rewards the grateful crown bestow?
While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true,
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.

Still Hebron's honoured happy soil retains†
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains:
Who now sails off, with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his sufferings' bright companion back.
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our coasts restored those blessings see
Without a bribe to envious destiny!
Curst Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide,
Where, by inglorious chance, the valiant died.
Give not insulting Askalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride
By what inglorious fate our valiant died!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply.
Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds asleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treacherous sands the princely bark devour;
Then death unworthy seized a generous race,
To virtue's scandal and the stars' disgrace!
Oh! had the indulgent powers vouchsafed to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field;
A listed field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,

* *Styled*, described, pencilled.

† Now is described the Duke of York's voyage to Scotland in May to bring away the Duchess. As he went, his vessel was wrecked on the Lemmon Ore, and he was saved with only a few of his attendants. Upwards of three hundred perished; the whole of the crew, and most of the Duke's suite, including the Earl of Roxburgh, Lord O'Brien, and a son of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon.

Each life had on his slaughtered heap retired,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expired.
But Destiny is now their only foe,
And dying, even o'er that they triumph too;
*With loud last breaths their master's scape applaud,** 1095
Of whom kind force could scarce the fates defraud:
Who for such followers lost (O matchless mind!)
At his own safety now almost repined!
Say, royal sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms,† 1100
If all your sufferings past so nearly prest,
Or pierced with half so painful grief your breast?
Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
Not soothed with soft delights, but tost in storms,
Nor stretched on roses in the myrtle grove, 1105
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love;
But far removed in thundering camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground;
In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge and slakes with ice his thirst. 1110
Long must his patience strive with Fortune's rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage;
Must see his country flame, his friends destroyed,
Before the promised empire be enjoyed:
Such toil of fate must build a man of fame, 1115
And such to Israel's crown the godlike David came.

What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste?
The spring so far behind her course delayed
On the instant is in all her bloom arrayed; 1120
The winds breathe low, the element serene,
Yet mark! what motion in the waves is seen
Thronging and busy as Hyblæan swarms,‡
Or straggled soldiers summoned to their arms!
See where the princely bark in loosest pride, 1125
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touched our land.
Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your sufferings rest. 1130

This year did Ziloah§ rule Jerusalem,
And boldly all sedition's surges‖ stem,

* It was stated, in the account of this calamity published in the Gazette, that, when the barge which saved the Duke and a few of his attendants left the vessel, the sailors, who remained to meet inevitable death, cheered loudly at the Duke's safety.

† *Urania*, a name of Venus, here applied to the beautiful Duchess of York.

‡ "Hyblæan swarms," swarms of bees, from Hybla, a mountain of Sicily, where sweet flowers and bees were numerous. "Hyblæis apibus." (Virg. Ecl. I. 55.)

§ *Ziloah*, Sir John Moore; who had been elected Lord Mayor of London in 1681, and had shown himself a determined and unscrupulous partisan of the Court.

‖ The first edition had *syrges*, an apparent misprint for *surges*. The edition of 1716 has *syrtes*, probably a conjecture from the word *syrges*. Derrick and Scott have *syrtes;* in the Wartons'

Howe'er encumbered with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei, to assist the chair;*
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevailed
That faction at the next election failed,†
When even the common cry did justice sound,
And merit by the multitude was crowned:
With David then was Israel's peace restored,
Crowds mourned their error and obeyed their lord.

edition it is *surges*, which seems the proper reading. To stem sedition's surges is intelligible; to stem sedition's syrtes, hardly so.

* "Ziph or Shimei." "Ziph *and* Shimei" would be better; but *or* is in all the editions. The two sheriffs were Thomas Pilkington and Samuel Shute, and they are described as a viler pair than Ziph and Shimei, Richard Cornish and Slingsby Bethel, the sheriffs of the preceding year.

† The Lord Mayor Moore managed by most unscrupulous proceedings, in which he was backed with all the power of the Court, to effect, in September 1682, the election of two Tory sheriffs, North and Rich. This election of Tory sheriffs was followed by the election of a Tory Lord Mayor, Pritchard, to succeed Moore, also brought about by unscrupulous proceedings. These elections gave the Court complete ascendency in the City.

KEY TO BOTH PARTS OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

(*From Vol. II. of* MISCELLANY POEMS, *edition of* 1716.)

Abbethdin . .	Lord Chancellor.
Abdael . . .	Duke of Albemarle.
Absalom . .	Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel . .	Lord Shaftesbury.
Adriel . . .	Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag . . .	Sir E. B. Godfrey.
Amiel . . .	Mr. Seymour, Speaker.
Amri . . .	Lord Chancellor Finch.
Annabel . .	Duchess of Monmouth.
Arod . . .	Sir W. Waller.
Asaph . . .	Mr. Dryden.
Balaam . .	Earl of Huntingdon
Balak . . .	Burnet.
Barzillai . .	Duke of Ormond.
Bathsheba . .	Duchess of Portsmouth.
Benaiah . .	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan	Johnson.
Bezaliel . .	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb . . .	Lord Grey.
Corah . . .	Dr. Oates.
David . . .	King Charles II.
Doeg	Settle.
Egypt . . .	France.
Eliab . . .	Earl of Arlington.
Ethnic Plot .	Popish Plot.
Hebrew Priests	Church of England Ministers.
Hebron . . .	Scotland.
Helon . . .	Lord Feversham.
Hushai . . .	Earl of Rochester, Hyde.
Ishosheth . .	Richard Cromwell.
Ishban . . .	Sir R. Clayton.
Israel . . .	England.
Issachar . .	T. Thin, Esq.
Jebusites . .	Papists.
Jerusalem .	London.
Jonas . . .	Sir W. Jones.
Jotham . .	Marquis of Halifax.
Jothran . .	Lord Dartmouth.
Judas . . .	Ferguson.
Mephibosheth .	Pordage.
Michal . . .	Queen Katharine.
Nadab . . .	Lord Howard of Escrick.
Og	Shadwell.
Othniel . .	Duke of Grafton.
Pharaoh . .	French king.
Phaleg . . .	Forbes.
Rabshakeh .	Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jerusalem . . .	Bishop of London.
Sanhedrim .	Parliament.
Saul	Oliver.
Sheva . . .	Sir R. L'Estrange.
Shimei . . .	Sheriff Bethel.
Solymean Rout	London Rebels.
Tyre . . .	Holland.
Uzza . . .	J. H.
Western Dome	Dolben.
Zadoch . . .	Archbishop Sancroft.
Zaken . . .	Parliament-man.
Ziloah . . .	Sir J. Moor.
Zimri . . .	Duke of Buckingham.

RELIGIO LAICI;

OR

A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

A POEM.

"Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri."

MANILIUS, *Astronom.* iii. 39.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The publication of "Religio Laici" quickly followed the last of Dryden's rapid succession of political and personal satires. It appeared in November 1682, *almost simultaneously with the Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel." The fierce antagonist of that party which sought to exclude the Duke of York from the throne, from fears of Popery, now came forward as a theologian in verse to proclaim himself a Protestant of the Church of England. The vigour and skill of Dryden's satires are not more remarkable than the beauty of his poetical exposition and argument in this theological poem. Scott says of "Religio Laici," that it is "one of the most admirable poems in the language." Dr. Johnson said of it that "metre has neither weakened the force nor clouded the perspicuity of argument." A poetical contemporary and friend and a competent judge, Roscommon, wrote on this poem:*

> *"Let free impartial men from Dryden learn*
> *Mysterious secrets of a high concern,*
> *And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,*
> *Explained by unaffected eloquence."*

Dryden mentions in the Preface that the poem was addressed to a young gentleman, the translator of Simon's "Critical History of the Old Testament," and that the style is therefore epistolary. But it was called on the title-page "a poem," not "an epistle." A mistake has arisen about the person who received this honour from Dryden; Derrick said that it was Richard Hampden. It was a young gentleman of the name of Henry Dickinson. *See note in p.* 191.

This poem was quickly reprinted in 1682, *and a third edition appeared in* 1683, *and the poem was not then again reprinted till it appeared in Tonson's folio edition of Dryden's Poems, published in* 1701, *soon after Dryden's death. The marginal notes are Dryden's, and the words printed with capital letters were so printed by him.*

THE PREFACE.

A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations which belong to the profession of Divinity, I could answer that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning I plead not this; I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the Ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small Treatise were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the Church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion are already consecrated, though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliah was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errors, which yet I hope are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it; but, whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother Church, accounting them no farther mine, than as they are authorized or at least uncondemned by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of showing this paper, before it was published, to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State, and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance; 'tis true he had too good a taste to like it all; and amongst some other faults recommended to my second view what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion; but then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that Revelation, which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japhet (of whose progeny we are), it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations of the same offspring as preceded our Saviour in the flesh should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their

posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a Bill of Exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession; or that so many ages had been delivered over to Hell, and so many reserved for Heaven, and that the Devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Shem is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet swarmed into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others, in process of time their decendants lost by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which succeeding generations added others; for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the Light of Nature, as the next in dignity, was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my poem may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah: and that our modern philosophers, nay, and some of our philosophizing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that by their force mankind has been able to find out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual Being which we call God; that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of Revelation, and unattainable by our Discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God by the weak pinions of our Reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of Revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our Reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And, indeed, 'tis very improbable that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them that supreme nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support: 'tis to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; 'tis to design a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were possible (as it is not) to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while 'tis exercised about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least, so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred Scriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of Heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius, the Preface of whose Creed seems inconsistent with my opinion, which is, that heathens may possibly be saved: in the first place, I desire it may be considered that it is the Preface only,*

* The Preface of the Athanasian Creed: "Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith. Which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

not the Creed itself, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digestion for my charity. It is not that I am ignorant how many several texts of Scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in Church history knows that Belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour and his being one substance with the Father; and that, thus compiled, it was sent abroad among the Christian churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took was looked on as an orthodox believer. It is manifest from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt heretics and true believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proportion, 'whosoever will be saved,' be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians, then the anathema reaches not the heathens, who had never heard of Christ and were nothing interessed* in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the Liturgy of the Church, where on the days appointed 'tis publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now in opposition to the Socinians as there was then against the Arians; the one being a heresy, which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution to be avoided: and therefore the prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this Creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory Creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural will always be a mystery in spite of exposition, and for my own part, the plain Apostles' Creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the Scripture is a rule, that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens: because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But by asserting the Scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the Papists, indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us what they could and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility: and the Fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility in the private spirit, and have detorted those texts of Scripture which are not necessary to salvation to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, at least in appearance, to our present state, for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their peerage and commons are excluded from parliaments, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy ever since the Reformation I suppose all Protestants believe; for 'tis not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were

* *Interessed;* Derrick and all subsequent editors have printed *interested*. *Disinteressed* occurs in line 335 of the following poem, where Scott prints *disinterested* to the destruction of the rhythm of the line. Again *interessed* occurs in a prose passage of Dryden's play "Amphitryon," act 2, sc. 2; Scott has printed *interested*.

outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's* letters, for aught I know, are the best evidence ; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be anything more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of Parliament ; for I suppose the Fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government ; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that religion ? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santarel, Simancha,† and at least twenty others of foreign countries ; we can produce of our own nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons : ‡ besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, *si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall never so little warp : but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects ; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex hominum Christianorum dominatu*, from exercising dominion over Christians ; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, as a learned priest has lately written, that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not *de fide*, and that consequently they are not obliged by it, they must pardon me if I think they have said nothing to the purpose ; for 'tis a maxim in their Church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please ; but more safely the most received and most authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his Apology, that the King of England is a vassal to the Pope, *ratione directi Domini*, and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that King John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our King submitted to the Church, and the crown received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

'Tis not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late King, and to declare their innocency in this Plot : I will grant their behaviour in the first to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire, and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second (I mean, when it comes to my turn and after my betters, for it is a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk) : but that

* Coleman, secretary to the Duke of York, and a very zealous Roman Catholic, had been engaged in active correspondence with Father La Chaise, confessor to the King of France, with the Pope's nuncio and others, with a view to the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in the three kingdoms. He was the first of Oates's victims ; he was executed December 3, 1678.

† All Jesuit writers of the sixteenth century.

‡ Edmund Campian and Robert Parsons, two English Jesuits, obtained, in 1580, a bull from the Pope declaring that the previous bull of Pius V. deposing and excommunicating Queen Elizabeth did for ever bind the heretics, but not Roman Catholics, until a favourable opportunity arose for putting it in execution. Armed with this bull, they came into England to proclaim that the Pope had power to dethrone monarchs ; and that Queen Elizabeth's subjects were freed from their allegiance. Campian was executed in 1581. Parsons fled to Rome, where he published, under the name of Doleman, a work with the title, "A Conference about the next Succession of the Crown of England." Parsons died at Rome in 1610.

saying of their Father Cres.* is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it; for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of Christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our Church; namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles, and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance; to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present Pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing (a thesis of the Jesuits) amongst others, *ex cathedrâ*, as they call it, or in open consistory.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion, I mean the Fanatics or Schismatics of the English Church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so as if their business was not to be saved, but to be damned by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that government which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tyndal† produced in few years, let my Lord Herbert's "History of Henry the Eighth" inform you; insomuch that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with Popery, were forced for fear of persecution to change climates; from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France and at Geneva brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graff upon our Reformation; which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reserve, and were never wanting to themselves, either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members in the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the Church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life,‡ or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical; then came out volumes in English

* Serenus Cressy, chaplain to Catharine, queen of England; he had been chaplain to the famous Lord Strafford, and, after him, to Lord Falkland; but afterwards going abroad, he was converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and, returning to England after the Restoration, he was appointed chaplain to the Queen.

† William Tyndal, a zealous Lutheran, the first translator into English of the New Testament and the Pentateuch. His version was prohibited and publicly burnt, by order of Henry VIII., who did not wish that his subjects should become Lutherans, though they had ceased to be Papists. Tyndal was seized at Brussels by desire of Henry VIII. and strangled and burnt to death near Antwerp in 1536. His last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

‡ The Life of Hooker by Isaac Walton is here referred to. It had been published in 1662. In that Life is the letter of George Cranmer to Hooker.

and Latin in defence of their tenets; and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next; and Martin Mar-prelate,* the Marvel of those times, was the first presbyterian scribbler who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause. Which was done, says my author, upon this account: that, their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted, they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble; for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if Church and State were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate; even the most saint-like of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile, and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and scurrilous from their infancy; and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander had been the marks of orthodox belief, the Presbytery and the rest of our Schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible Church in the Christian world.

'Tis true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but to show what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it; for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger,† as the story tells us, got up into a pease-cart and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection and to establish their discipline by force; so that, however it comes about that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's birthnight, as that of their saint and patroness, yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her; and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord-mayor and two sheriffs of their party to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface breaks out into this prophetic speech: "There is in every one of these considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence, [meaning the Presbyterian discipline,] should cause posterity to feel those evils which as yet are more easy for us to prevent than they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad experience: the seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of King Charles the Martyr; and, because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too likely to follow; nay, I fear 'tis unavoidable, if the Conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth. And 'tis the observation of Maimbourg, in his "History of Calvinism," that, wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery attended it. And how, indeed, should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were Papists, our holy Father rid us by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depose princes; when we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons, and out of the same magazine, the Bible: so that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of

* Martin Mar-prelate, a name assumed by John Penry, a Welsh clergyman of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who became an Anabaptist and a great writer against the Episcopal Church of England. He was executed in 1593 for writing against the established religion.

† Hacket, a mad enthusiast who, in the year 1591, proclaimed himself in the streets of London as the Messiah, come to purify the Church of England; Coppinger and Arthington being associated with him as his prophets. Hacket was executed. Coppinger starved himself to death in prison. Arthington recanted, and was pardoned.

governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction ; and never, since the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And 'tis to be noted, by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the Papists, the most frontless flatterers of the Pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, and are still maintained by the whole body of Nonconformists and Republicans. 'Tis but dubbing themselves the people of God, which 'tis the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe ; and, after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose : if they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election ; if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper ; but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared : though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government ; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advised the Papists, to disclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen, when they obey the King ; and true Protestants, when they conform to the Church discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that the verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman, my friend,* upon his Translation of "The Critical History of the Old Testament," composed by the learned Father Simon : the verses therefore are addressed to the translator† of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critic as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem, I must tell him, that, if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his Epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem designed purely for instruction ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic : for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of lawgiver, and those three qualities which I have named are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the passions ; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul by showing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life or less ; but instruction is to be given by showing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

* Derrick stated that "the ingenious young gentleman" to whom the poem is addressed was Richard Hampden, grandson of the celebrated John Hampden, who was connected with the Rye House Plot, and committed suicide in the reign of William and Mary. This is altogether a mistake, arising probably from a conjecture founded on Bishop Burnet's character of Richard Hampden in 1683 : "He was a young man of great parts, one of the learnedest gentlemen I have ever known, for he was a critic both in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew : he was a man of great zeal and vivacity, but too unequal in his temper ; he had once great principles of religion, but he was much corrupted by P. Simon's conversation at Paris." Simon's work had for its professed object to collect and represent all the difficulties connected with the text of Scripture, in order to show the necessity of admitting oral tradition, and an infallible interpreter. This argument struck at the truth and authenticity of the Scriptures ; and many divines regarded Simon's work as injurious to Christianity ; some have said that it was his real object to undermine the Christian religion. This serves to explain Burnet's allusion to the effect of Simon's conversation on Richard Hampden. The young translator of Simon's work, so complimented by Dryden, was Mr. Henry Dickinson. A poem is addressed to him by name on this Translation, by Dryden's friend, Duke.

† *Translator*, printed *translatour* here in Dryden's early editions ; at line 249 of the poem printed *translater*. See note on *travellour*, in "Astræa Redux," 148. *Oppressours* occurs in Dryden's early editions in line 91, and *tormentours* in line 162 of the following poem.

DIM as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers *
Is Reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause to Nature's secret head,
And found that one first principle must be;
But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmoved, yet making, moving all,
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leapt into form (the noble work of chance,)
Or this great All was from eternity,
Not even the Stagirite † himself could see,
And Epicurus guessed as well as he.
As blindly groped they for a future state,
As rashly judged of Providence and Fate.
Opinions of the several sects of Philosophers concerning the Summum Bonum.
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concerned the good of human kind;
For Happiness was never to be found,
But vanished from them like enchanted ground.
One thought Content the good to be enjoyed;
This every little accident destroyed.
The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil,
A thorny, or at best a barren soil;
In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
But found their line too short, the well too deep,
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul.
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?

* This rhyme of *travellers* and *stars* has been noticed in the note on "Astræa Redux," 148. The termination *er* was probably pronounced more broadly, and more like *ar* than now. In "Absalom and Achitophel," Part II. 934, *stars* rhymes with *disperse*, which would have been pronounced *disparse*. In "The Medal," 21, *Lucifer* rhymes with *arc*. See note on *starve*, in "Threnodia Augustalis," 501.

† Aristotle.

Or finite Réason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom GOD were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground, *System of Deism.*
Cries εὕρηκα, the mighty secret's found:
God is that spring of good, supreme and best,
We made to serve, and in that service blest;
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven;
Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means His justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to PRAISE and PRAY;
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay;
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet since the effects of Providence, we find,
Are variously dispensed to human kind;
That vice triumphs and virtue suffers here,
(A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear:)
Our Reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from Fortune and from Fate,
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declared,
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would soar *Of revealed religion.*
And would not be obliged to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature, how art thou misled
To think thy wit these god-like notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropped from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Revealed Religion first informed thy sight,
And Reason saw not till Faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:
'Tis Revelation what thou thinkst Discourse.
Else how comest thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found,
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renowned.* *Socrates.*
Hast thou a wit so deep or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant wits, in happier ages born,†
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no such system; no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise

* The verb *renown* is similarly used by Pope:

"The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown."
Prologue to the Satires, i. 179.

The verb *fame* occurs in Marvel:

"From that blest bed the hero came
Whom France and Poland yet does fame."
Appleton House, Works, iii. 207.

† "Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis."—VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 649.

To one sole GOD :
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe,
But slew their fellow creatures for a bribe :
The guiltless victim groaned for their offence,
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah ! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin !
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile
By offering his own creatures for a spoil !
  Darest thou, poor worm, offend Infinity ?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee ?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal ;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel,
And, like a king remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleased to make.
  But if there be a power too just and strong
To wink at crimes and bear unpunished wrong,
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose :
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way,
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store ;
His justice makes the fine, His mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame ;
The offended suffering in the offender's name :
All thy misdeeds to Him imputed see,
And all His righteousness devolved on thee.
  For granting we have sinned, and that the offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid,
And infinite with infinite be weighed.
See then the Deist lost : remorse for vice
Not paid, or paid inadequate in price :
What further means can Reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect ?
That shows us sick ; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure :
If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
Which must, if we want cure and Heaven be good,
Let all records of will revealed be shown ;
With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one Sacred Book will be that one.
  Proof needs not here ; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Christian Faith and Virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human kind,
But this one rule of life ; that shows us best
How God may be appeased and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The world is scarce more ancient than the law :

Heaven's early care prescribed for every age,
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence but from Heaven could men, unskilled in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how or why
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain and martyrdom their price.
If on the Book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense;
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line;
Commanding words, whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produced our frame.
All faiths beside or did by arms ascend,
Or sense indulged has made mankind their friend;
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppressed without and undermined within,
It thrives through pain; its own tormenters tires,
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can Reason such effects assign,
Transcending Nature, but to laws divine?
Which in that sacred volume are contained;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordained.
But stay: the Deist here will urge anew, *Objection of the Deist.*
No supernatural worship can be true;
Because a general law is that alone
Which must to all and everywhere be known:
A style so large as not this Book can claim,
Nor aught that bears Revealed Religion's name.
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth;
But still that text must be confined alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls and worlds discovered new?
In other parts it helps, that, ages past,
The Scriptures there were known, and were embraced,
Till Sin spread once again the shades of night:
What's that to these who never saw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief *The objection answered.*
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of Providence;

But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy may
Find even for those bewildered souls a way ;
If from His nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard His name.
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of His Eternal Son's* alone ;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man ?
Who knows what reasons may His mercy lead,
Or ignorance invincible may plead ?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great Apostle has exprest :
That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspired,
By nature did what was by law required,
They who the written rule had never known
Were to themselves both rule and law alone,
To Nature's plain indictment they shall plead
And by their conscience be condemned or freed.
Most righteous doom ! because a rule revealed
Is none to those from whom it was concealed.
Then those who followed Reason's dictates right,
Lived up, and lifted high their natural light,
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it baulk my charity to find
The Egyptian Bishop † of another mind ;
For, though his Creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believed not all his zeal required,
Unless he first could prove he was inspired.
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where published, was the only way ;
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,

* Scott has this note on *Son's :* "All the editions read *sons*, which seems to make a double genitive, unless we construe the line to mean 'the name of His Eternal Son's salvation.' I own I should have been glad to have found an authority for reading *son*." Both the early editions have *sons*, which stands for *son's*. Dryden probably meant no more than *the name of the Eternal Son*. If his mode of expressing himself is ungrammatical, it is a form of expression now not unknown in conversation, and Dryden often in other ways contravenes our established rules of grammar. Thus, he often has a singular verb after two nominatives. In the following couplet of "Astræa Redux" (316), most editors, and Scott among them, have printed *sin* and *win*, but Dryden's text has *sins* and *wins :*

"Of those your edicts some reclaim from sins,
But most your life and blest example wins."

Or again in "Threnodia Augustalis," 189, where Mr. R. Bell has substituted *were* for Dryden's *was :*

"Death and despair was in their looks."

On the other hand Dryden gives a plural verb where we expect a singular :

"When neither wrong nor right are in their power."
The Medal, 138.

The following line in the Elegy on Lord Hastings is not grammatical, but Dryden wrote *whom*, and not *who :*

"Than whom great Alexander may seem less."

† Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria.

Flew high; and, as his Christian fury rose,
Damned all for heretics who durst oppose.
Thus far my charity this path hath tried,
(A much unskilful, but well meaning guide;)
Yet what they are, even these crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou hast read,
Thy matchless author's work,* which thou, my friend,
By well translating better dost commend.
Those youthful hours, which of thy equals most
In toys have squandered or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employed,
And the severe delights of truth enjoyed.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author in the sifting care
Of Rabbins' old sophisticated ware
From gold divine, which he who well can sort
May afterwards make Algebra a sport;
A treasure which, if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy,†
Save pains in various readings and translations,
And without Hebrew make most learned quotations;
A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely pondered, yet so strongly wrought
As Nature's height and Art's last hand required:
As much as man could compass, uninspired.
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copier's and translator's trade:
How Jewish, Popish interests have prevailed,
And where Infallibility has failed.
For some, who have his secret meaning guessed.
Have found our author not too much a priest;
For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
To Pope and Councils and Tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue
Could not but find the weakness of the new:
If Scripture, though derived from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserved on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promised more
In fuller terms of Heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this Book untainted, unperplext,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroiled the sense,
With vain traditions stopped the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pulled up with ease,
What safety from such brushwood-helps as these?

Digression to the Translator of Father Simon's Critical History of the Old Testament.

* The "Critical History of the Old Testament," by Père Richard Simon, translated by Mr. Henry Dickinson, whom Dryden addresses. See note in Preface, p. 191.
† Junius and Tremellius are two Calvinistic divines who translated the Scriptures.

If written words from time are not secured,
How can we think have oral sounds endured?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has failed,
Immortal lies on ages are entailed;
And that some such have been, is proved too plain;
If we consider Interest, Church, and Gain.

Of the infallibility of Tradition in general.

Oh, but, says one, Tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For since the original Scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maimed the most,
Or Christian faith can have no certain ground
Or truth in Church tradition must be found.
Such an omniscient Church we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testaments, and cast in the Creed;*
But if this mother be a guide so sure
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
Then her infallibility as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame can tell;
Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains;
Which yet no Council dare pretend to do,
Unless, like Esdras,† they could write it new;
Strange confidence, still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explained
Is in the blest original contained.
More safe and much more modest 'tis to say,
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the Scriptures, though not everywhere
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me;
For MY salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what OTHERS, but what I, believe.

Objection in behalf of Tradition urged by Father Simon.

Must all tradition then be set aside?
This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure,
Which every sect will wrest a several way?
For what one sect interprets, all sects may.
We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,
That Christ is GOD; the bold Socinian
From the same Scripture urges he's but MAN.
Now what appeal can end the important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.

* This line has been restored to what Dryden printed. Derrick omitted *and*, and has been followed by all subsequent editors. The omission of *and* suits modern pronunciation, but in Dryden's time the *a* of *testaments* was pronounced long; and the line must be so read with strong emphasis on the second syllable of Testaments. The metre is saved by eliding the *e* of *the* before *creed* in pronunciation.

† "For Esdras had very great skill, so that he omitted nothing of the law and commandments of the Lord, but taught all Israel the ordinances and judgments." (1 Esdras viii. 7.)

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother Church submitting still,
That many have been saved, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
The unlettered Christian, who believes in gross
Plods on to Heaven and ne'er is at a loss;
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by Nature formed, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page; and see
Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
With the whole tenour of the work divine,
And plainliest points to Heaven's revealed design;
Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forced by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here,
When general, old, disinteressed,* and clear:
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age,
Confirms its force by biding every test,
For best authorities, next rules, are best;
And still the nearer to the spring we go,
More limpid, more unsoiled, the waters flow.
Thus, first traditions were a proof alone,
Could we be certain such they were, so known:
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They make not truth but probability.
Even Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale,
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written, therefore, more commends
Authority than what from voice descends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history:
Which, from the Universal Church received,
Is tried, and after for its self believed.

The second objection.

The partial Papist would infer from hence,
Their Church in last resort should judge the sense.

Answer to the objection.

But first they would assume with wondrous art
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame, the Church; yet grant they were
The handers down, can they from thence infer
A right to interpret? or would they alone
Who brought the present claim it for the own?
The Book's a common largess to mankind,
Not more for them than every man designed;

* See note on *interessed*, p. 187.

The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commissioned to expound.
It speaks its self, and what it does contain
In all things needful to be known is plain.
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance
A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
When want of learning kept the laymen low
And none but priests were authorised to know;
When what small knowledge was in them did dwell
And he a God who could but read or spell;
Then Mother Church did mightily prevail;
She parcelled out the Bible by retail,
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her power to damn and save.
Scripture was scarce, and as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content,
As needy men take money, good or bad;
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
Yet, whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learned their knack so well,
That by long use they grew infallible.
At last, a knowing age began to inquire
If they the Book or that did them inspire;*
And making narrower search they found, though late,
That what they thought the priest's was their estate,
Taught by the will produced, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then every man, who saw the title fair,
Claimed a child's part and put in for a share,
Consulted soberly his private good,
And saved himself as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend (and far be flattery hence),
This good had full as bad a consequence;
The Book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each presumed he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey,
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was galled,
And he was gifted most that loudest bawled;
The spirit gave the doctoral degree,
And every member of a Company
Was of his trade and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found,
But men would still be itching to expound;
Each was ambitious of the obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from Knowledge, all from GRACE.
Study and pains were now no more their care,
Texts were explained by fasting and by prayer:

* Compare line 166 of "The Medal:"

"The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire."

This was the fruit the private spirit brought,
Occasioned by great zeal and little thought.
While crowds unlearned, with rude devotion warm,
About the sacred viands buzz and swarm;
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.*
A thousand daily sects rise up and die,
A thousand more the perished race supply:
So all we make of Heaven's discovered will
Is not to have it or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same, on several shelves
If others wreck us or we wreck ourselves.
What then remains but, waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forgo
Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know?
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain:
But since men will believe more than they need
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say;
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of Heaven than all the Church before;
Nor can we be deceived, unless we see
The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
(For no man's faith depends upon his will,)
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone;
And after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb
Than by disputes the public peace disturb.
For points obscure are of small use to learn:
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Thus have I made my own opinions clear,
Yet neither praise expect nor censure fear;
And this unpolished rugged verse I chose
As fittest for discourse and nearest prose;
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's† or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

* A passage of "Hudibras" was probably in Dryden's mind:

> "So, ere the storm of war broke out,
> Religion spawned a various rout
> Of petulant capricious sects,
> The maggots of corrupted texts."
>
> Part 3, canto 2, line 7.

† The versifier of the Psalms with Hopkins. See Dryden's contemptuous allusion to this metrical version of the Psalms in "Absalom and Achitophel," part 2, line 403.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.

A FUNERAL-PINDARIC POEM.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF KING CHARLES II.

BY JOHN DRYDEN,

SERVANT TO HIS LATE MAJESTY AND TO THE PRESENT KING.

"Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo!"

VIRG. *Æn.* ix. 447

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Charles II. died on February 6, 1685. *This poem was published about a month after; the date, March* 9, *is in manuscript on the title-page in the copy of the first edition in the British Museum, and that was probably the day of publication. Dryden's name and description of himself on the title-page have been printed here with the title of this poem, as his Virgilian motto is connected with the words, "Servant to his late Majesty and to the present King." He had not announced his official position on the title-page of "Religio Laici," nor did he afterwards on that of "Britannia Rediviva," the poem written to celebrate the birth of a son to James II.; in both those title-pages it is simply, "Written by Mr. Dryden." "Absalom and Achitophel" and the Satires which succeeded it were published anonymously. The title-pages of "Annus Mirabilis" and other preceding poems, published before he was Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal, had borne the author's name as "John Dryden, Esquire."*

A second edition of this poem appeared in the course of 1685. *There were some changes of the text in the second edition, which are mostly improvements, and which, it may be presumed, were all authorised. The poem was next reprinted, after an interval of sixteen years, in the folio volume of Dryden's Poems, published in the year after his death,* 1701, *by Jacob Tonson. It is remarkable that passages, changed in the second edition from the first, reappear in this third edition as they stood in the first: and there is a new alteration in this third edition which deserves special mention. The two lines in the description of Charles's last moments,* 187, 8, *which stand in the two editions of* 1685,

> *"And he who most performed and promised less,*
> *Even Short himself forsook the unequal strife,"*

were changed in Tonson's folio volume of 1701 *into*

> *"And they who most performed and promised less,*
> *Even Short and Hobbes forsook the unequal strife."*

Hobbes was a surgeon of eminence at the time of Dryden's death, and had attended Dryden in his last illness; but there is no other known mention of him among the medical men who attended the bedside of Charles II. This is a very suspicious change of the text in Tonson's volume of 1701. *The text of* 1701 *was copied in the edition of the "Miscellany Poems" of* 1716 *and in Broughton's edition of* 1743. *The text of the second edition of* 1685 *is followed here. Tonson's folio volume is printed generally inaccurately.*

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.

I

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears stand congealed and cannot flow,
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room.
Tears for a stroke foreseen afford relief;
But, unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow,
And petrify with grief.
Our British heaven was all serene,
No threatening cloud was nigh,
Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;
We lived as unconcerned and happily
As the first age in Nature's golden scene;
Supine amidst our flowing store,
We slept securely and we dreamt of more,
When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepared and out of guard,*
Already lost before we feared.
The amazing news of Charles at once were spread,
At once the general voice declared
Our gracious Prince was dead.†
No sickness known before, no slow disease,
To soften grief by just degrees;
But, like an hurricane on Indian seas,
The tempest rose,
An unexpected burst of woes,
With scarce a breathing space betwixt,
This now‡ becalmed, and perishing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should sink beneath his heavenly weight,

* "Out of guard," a French phrase, *hors de garde*.

† Charles II. was taken suddenly ill on the morning of Monday, February 2, 1685, and on that forenoon immediate death was believed inevitable. But he rallied, and on the morning of the 5th his physicians pronounced him out of danger. There was a relapse the same evening: and on Friday, February 6, he died. Lord Macaulay's elaborate account of Charles's last moments should be read with this poem.

‡ *Now*, a substantive, for *moment*. "This moment becalmed, and perishing the next."

"Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
And all the colour of your life depends
On this important now."
Spanish Friar, act 4, sc. 2.

"She vanished, we can scarcely say she died,
For but a now did heaven and earth divide."
Eleanora, 305.

And with a mighty flaw the flaming wall*
(As once it shall)
Should gape immense, and rushing down o'erwhelm this nether ball;
So swift and so surprising was our fear;
Our Atlas fell indeed, but Hercules was near.†

2

His pious brother, sure the best
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly risen from his rest,
And with a fervent flame
His usual morning vows had just addrest
For his dear Sovereign's health;
And hoped to have them heard,
In long increase of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth:
Guiltless of greatness, thus he always prayed,
Nor knew nor wished those vows he made
On his own head should be repaid.
Soon as the ill-omened rumour reached his ear,
(Ill news is winged with fate and flies apace,)
Who can describe the amazement in his face!
Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent, without a tear;
And then the hero first was seen to fear.
Half unarrayed he ran to his relief,
So hasty and so artless was his grief:
Approaching greatness met him with her charms
Of power and future state,
But looked so ghastly in a brother's fate,
He shook her from his arms.
Arrived within the mournful room, he saw
A wild distraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image now of death,
Amidst his sad attendants' groans and cries;
The lines of that adored forgiving face
Distorted from their native grace;
An iron slumber‡ sat on his majestic eyes.
The pious duke——Forbear, audacious Muse!
No terms thy feeble art can use

* "Flammantia mœnia mundi."
LUCRETIUS, i. 74.

† There was a fable that Hercules had relieved Atlas and borne the heavens on his shoulders.
"Hercule supposito, sidera fulsit Atlas."
OVID. *Epist.* ix. 14.

‡ "Ferreus somnus."—VIRG. *Æn.* x. 745.

Are able to adorn so vast a woe :
The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show,
His like a sovereign did transcend ;
No wife, no brother such a grief could know,
Nor any name but friend.

3

O wondrous changes of a fatal scene,
Still varying to the last !
Heaven, though its hard decree was past,
Seemed pointing to a gracious turn again :
And Death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.
Heaven half repented of the doom,
And almost grieved it had foreseen
What by foresight it willed eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her resemblance here below,
And mild forgiveness intercede
To stop the coming blow.
New miracles approached the etherial throne,
Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately known,
And urged that still they might be shown.
On earth his pious brother prayed and vowed,
Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
Himself defending what he could
From all the glories of his future fate.
With him the innumerable crowd
Of armed prayers
Knocked at the gates of heaven, and knocked aloud ;
The first well-meaning rude petitioners.*
All for his life assailed the throne,
All would have bribed the skies by offering up their own.
So great a throng not Heaven itself could bar ;
'Twas almost borne by force, as in the giants' war.
The prayers at least for his reprieve were heard ;
His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferred :
Against the sun the shadow went ;
Five days, those five degrees, were lent,
To form our patience and prepare the event.†
The second causes took the swift command,
The medicinal head,‡ the ready hand,

* A political allusion, forced and ill-timed. The "petitioners" in the end of the year 1679 for the sitting of parliament had evoked a royal proclamation against tumultuous petitioning, and a series of counter-addresses from the Tories, who, expressing abhorrence of the proceedings of their opponents, were in contradistinction called "abhorrers." The line must mean that these were the first "rude petitioners" who were well meaning.

† Not a happy Scriptural illustration, as Hezekiah's life was lengthened for fifteen years, and the shadow went backward ten degrees, as a sign that the Lord's promise would be fulfilled. (2 Kings xx.)

‡ *Med'cinal* printed in the early and all subsequent editions ; so also in line 170. The metre requires in both places the elision of both *i*'s in pronunciation. *Medicine* in line 160 must be pronounced *med'cine*. See note on line 150 of "The Medal."

All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal doom was conquered by their art:
Once more the fleeting soul came back
To inspire the mortal frame,
And in the body took a doubtful stand,
Doubtful and hovering, like expiring flame
That mounts and falls by turns and trembles o'er the brand.

4

The joyful short-lived news soon spread around,
Took the same train, the same impetuous bound:
The drooping town in smiles again was drest,
Gladness in every face exprest,
Their eyes before their tongues confest.
Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took;
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,*
And long inveterate foes saluted as they past.
Above the rest heroic James appeared,
Exalted more, because he more had feared:
His manly heart, whose noble pride
Was still above
Dissembled hate or varnished love,
Its more than common transport could not hide,
But like an eagre† rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus, in alternate course
The tyrant passions hope and fear
Did in extremes appear,
And flashed upon the soul with equal force.
Thus, at half ebb a rolling sea
Returns, and wins upon the shore;
The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
Rest on their fins a while and stay,
Then backward take their wondering way;
The prophet wonders more than they,
At prodigies but rarely seen before,
And cries a King must fall, or kingdoms change their sway.

* In the first edition this line stood:

"Each to congratulate his friend made haste."

The line in the text is from the second edition of 1685: in Tonson's folio, 1701, the line of the first edition is restored.

† "An eagre is a tide swelling above another tide, which I have myself observed in the river Trent."—This is a note by Dryden. It would seem rather to be a conflict between a tide coming in from the sea and a strong river current. Scott mentions that the old chronicler, William of Malmesbury, speaks of the *higre* of the river Severn. The poet Drayton mentions it also, describing the Severn:

"With whose tumultuous waves,
Shut up in narrower bounds, the hygre wildly raves."
Poly-Olbion, song 7.

Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errours," speaks of "egres and flows in estuaries and rivers, observable in the Trent and Humber."

Such were our counter-tides at land, and so
Presaging of the fatal blow,
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal soul that, like the labouring moon,*
By charms of art was hurried down,
Forced with regret to leave her native sphere,
Came but a while on liking here:
Soon weary of the painful strife,
And made but faint essays of life:
And evening light
Soon shut in night;
A strong distemper and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy and long returns of grief.

5

The sons of art all medicines tried,
And every noble remedy applied,
With emulation each essayed†
His utmost skill, nay more, they prayed:
Never was losing game with better conduct played.
Death never won a stake with greater toil,
Nor e'er was fate so near a foil:
But, like a fortress on a rock,
The impregnable disease their vain attempts did mock;
They mined it near, they battered from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war;
No gentle means could be essayed,
'Twas beyond parley when the siege was laid.
The extremest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable pain
As none but Cæsar could sustain;
Undaunted Cæsar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent.
In five such days he suffered more
Than any suffered in his reign before;
More, infinitely more than he
Against the worst of rebels could decree,
A traitor, or twice pardoned enemy.
Now art was tired without success,
No racks could make the stubborn malady confess.

* The phrase, "labouring moon," is taken from Juvenal:

"Una laboranti poterit subcurrere lunæ."
Sat. vi. 443.

The moon was thought to labour against the enchantments by which magicians brought her from the skies for the purposes of their craft.

† Here and again in line 171 spelt *essayed* by Dryden. But he used the old spelling *assay* in the Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell, 12, and it is there preserved in this edition; and he printed *assay* in some of his last works, as in the Translation of the Æneid. The verb is also printed *assay* in the early editions of "The Hind and the Panther," part 3, line 796. The substantive is always spelt *essay* by Dryden.

The vain insurancers of life,
And he who most performed and promised less,
Even Short himself forsook the unequal strife.*
Death and despair was in their looks,
No longer they consult their memories or books;
Like helpless friends, who view from shore
The labouring ship and hear the tempest roar;
So stood they with their arms across,
Not to assist, but to deplore
The inevitable loss.

6

Death was denounced; that frightful sound
Which even the best can hardly bear;
He took the summons void of fear,
And unconcernedly cast his eyes around,
As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.
What death could do he lately tried,
When in four days he more than died.
The same assurance all his words did grace;
The same majestic mildness held its place,
Nor lost the monarch in his dying face.
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He looked as when he conquered and forgave.

7

As if some angel had been sent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretell as many years again
As he had numbered in his happy reign,
So cheerfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath;
Nor shrunk, nor stepped aside for death:
But with unaltered pace kept on,
Providing for events to come,
When he resigned the throne.

* Dr. Short, one of the most eminent physicians of the time, was a Roman Catholic and a strong Tory; he died very shortly after Charles's death; he had succeeded Dr. Lower, as physician to the Court, Dr. Lower having attached himself to the Whigs. But all the eminent doctors of the time, whether Whig or Tory, were summoned for consultation in Charles's last illness; and Lower was one of them. Sixteen doctors in all held consultations and signed prescriptions (Ellis's Orig. Letters, Second Series, iv. 74). The name of Hobbes, a surgeon, is not among the sixteen; nor is there any mention of his attendance in any contemporary account of Charles's death. Yet a change was made in this passage in Tonson's folio volume of 1701, introducing Hobbes's name.

"And *they* who most performed and promised less,
Even Short *and Hobbes* forsook the unequal strife."

It is also to be noted that *he* appeared in the text of the folio volume, and was pointed out as an *erratum*. It is difficult to account for this alteration except by supposing that Dryden's family or Tonson wished to pay Hobbes a compliment. Dryden had died the year before, and Hobbes had attended him. A translation of a Latin medical poem of Fracastorius by Nahum Tate, published in 1692, in the Third Part of the "Miscellany Poems," was dedicated by Tate to John Hobbes, "surgeon to his Majesty," (William III.) Hobbes's name having been thus introduced in an edition published in the year after Dryden's death by his recognised publisher Tonson, it is very difficult to suppose that Hobbes had not been in attendance in Charles's last illness. But it is possible that the alteration had not been authorised by Dryden.

Still he maintained his kingly state;
And grew familiar with his fate.
Kind, good, and gracious to the last,
On all he loved before his dying beams he cast:
Oh truly good and truly great!
For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set.
All that on earth he held most dear
He recommended to his care,
To whom both Heaven
The right had given,
And his own love bequeathed supreme command:*
He took and pressed that ever loyal hand,
Which could in peace secure his reign,
Which could in wars his power maintain,
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well for so great a trust he chose
A Prince who never disobeyed,
Not when the most severe commands were laid,
Nor want nor exile with his duty weighed:
A Prince on whom, if Heaven its eyes could close,
The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

8

That King who lived to God's own heart
Yet less serenely died than he;
Charles left behind no harsh decree
For schoolmen with laborious art
To salve† from cruelty:
Those for whom love could no excuses frame
He graciously forgot to name.
Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has designed
Some faint resemblance of his godlike mind:
But neither pen nor pencil can express
The parting brothers' tenderness;
Though that's a term too mean and low;
The blest above a kinder word may know;
But what they did and what they said,
The monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who stayed,
Like painters, when their heightening arts are spent,
I cast into a shade.

* The Earl of Chesterfield, who was a witness of Charles's death, wrote to the Earl of Arran in Ireland: "He expressed extraordinary great kindness to the Duke his brother, and asked him often forgiveness for any hardships he had ever put upon him, assuring him of the tenderness of his love, and that he willingly left him all he had: desiring him, for *his* sake, to be kind to his poor children when he was gone." Lord Chesterfield also wrote, "When the Queen sent to ask his pardon for anything that she had ever done amiss, he answered that she never had offended him, and therefore needed no pardon, but that he had need of hers, and did hope that she would not refuse it him." (Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, p. 278.)

† 1 Kings ii. 1-9. David's dying charge to Solomon for vengeance on Joab and Shimei. Scott has substituted *save* for *salve* in this passage. *Salve* is printed in the first two editions, and is an appropriate word.

That all-forgiving King,
The type of Him above,
That inexhausted spring
Of clemency and love,
Himself to his next self accused,
And asked that pardon which he ne'er refused ;
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godless men and of rebellious times ;
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country sent
Their best Camillus into banishment,
And forced their Sovereign's act, they could not his consent.
Oh how much rather had that injured chief
Repeated all his sufferings past
Than hear a pardon begged at last,
Which, given, could give the dying no relief !
He bent, he sunk beneath his grief :
His dauntless heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebelled.
Perhaps the god-like hero in his breast
Disdained or was ashamed to show
So weak, so womanish a woe,
Which yet the brother and the friend so plenteously confest.

9

Amidst that silent shower, the royal mind
An easy passage found,
And left its sacred earth behind ;
Nor murmuring groan expressed, nor labouring sound,
Nor any least tumultuous breath ;
Calm was his life and quiet was his death.
Soft as those gentle whispers were
In which the Almighty did appear ;
By the still voice* the prophet knew him there.
That peace which made thy prosperous reign to shine,
That peace thou leavest to thy imperial line,
That peace, oh happy shade, be ever thine !

10

For all those joys thy restauration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,

* Instead of *still voice*, which is the reading of the second edition, the first edition had *still sound*; and *sound* reappears in Tonson's folio volume of 1701. One phrase is in itself as correct as the other, but the reading of the second edition, which appears to have been carefully revised, is here followed. Dryden doubtless wished to substitute the expression "still voice" of the passage in Scripture here referred to, 1 Kings xix. 12. But the phrase "still sound" is used elsewhere by Dryden with a similar context.

"The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there."
The Character of a Good Parson, 41.

So also in Shakespeare :

"The hum of either army stilly sounds."
Henry V. Chorus of act 4.

For all the healing balm thy mercy poured
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it sound;
For numerous blessings yearly showered,
And property with plenty crowned;
For freedom still maintained alive,
Freedom which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an English subject's sole prerogative,
Without whose charms even peace would be
But a dull, quiet slavery:
For these and more accept our pious praise;
'Tis all the subsidy
The present age can raise,
The rest is charged on late posterity.
Posterity is charged the more,
Because the large abounding store
To them and to their heirs is still entailed by thee.
Succession of a long descent
Which chastely in the channels ran
And from our demigods began,
Equal almost to time in its extent,
Through hazards numberless and great,
Thou hast derived this mighty blessing down,
And fixed the fairest gem that decks the imperial crown.
Not faction, when it shook thy regal seat,
Not senates insolently loud,
Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd,
Not foreign or domestic treachery,
Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,
Who judged it by the mildness of thy look;
Like a well-tempered sword, it bent at will,
But kept the native toughness of the steel.

II

Be true, O Clio,* to thy hero's name!
But draw him strictly so
That all who view the piece may know;
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame,
The load's too weighty; thou mayest chuse
Some parts of praise, and some refuse;
Write, that his annals may be thought more lavish than the Muse.
In scanty truth thou hast confined
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and kind:
His conversation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
Were such dead authors could not give,
But habitudes of those who live,
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:

* Clio, the Muse of History.

He drained from all, and all they knew;
His apprehension quick, his judgment true;
That the most learned with shame confess
His knowledge more, his reading only less.

12

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he shed
Revived the drooping Arts again,
If Science raised her head,
And soft Humanity that from rebellion fled!
Our Isle indeed too fruitful was before,
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the solar walk and Heaven's highway,*
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle at the best amidst the corn it bore:
The royal husbandman appeared,
And ploughed and sowed and tilled,
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish cleared,
And blessed the obedient field.
When straight a double harvest rose,
Such as the swarthy Indian mows,
Or happier climates near the line,
Or Paradise manured and dressed by hands divine.

13

As when the new-born phœnix† takes his way
His rich paternal regions to survey,
Of airy choristers a numerous train
Attends his wondrous progress o'er the plain;
So rising from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return;
The officious Muses came along,
A gay harmonious quire, like angels ever young;‡
(The Muse that mourns him now his happy triumph sung.)§
Even they could thrive in his auspicious reign;
And such a plenteous crop they bore,
Of purest and well-winnowed grain
As Britain never knew before;
Though little was their hire and light their gain,

* A favourite phrase with Dryden, from Virgil's "extra anni solisque vias" (Æn. vi. 797).

"Beyond the year and out of Heaven's high way."
Annus Mirabilis, stanza 160

In "Britannia Rediviva" Dryden describes England's climate:

"Beyond the sunny walks and circling year."

† This simile of the phœnix is used in the "Verses to the Duchess of York," p. 33.

‡ In the first edition, and again in Tonson's folio volume of 1701, this line stands:

"A gay harmonious quire of angels ever young."

§ In the "Astræa Redux."

Yet somewhat to their share he threw ;
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,
Like birds of Paradise that lived on morning dew.
Oh never let their lays his name forget !
The pension of a Prince's praise is great.*
Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts ;
Live blest above, almost invoked below ;
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
Who didst by wise delays divert our fate,
When faction like a tempest rose
In death's most hideous form,
Then art to rage thou didst oppose
To weather out the storm ;
Not quitting thy supreme command,
Thou heldst the rudder with a steady hand,
Till safely on the shore the bark did land ;
The bark that all our blessings brought,
Charged with thyself and James, a doubly royal fraught.

14

Oh frail estate of human things,
And slippery hopes below !
Now to our cost your emptiness we know ;
(For 'tis a lesson dearly bought,)
Assurance here is never to be sought.
The best, and best beloved of kings,
And best deserving to be so,
When scarce he had escaped the fatal blow
Of faction and conspiracy,
Death did his promised hopes destroy ;
He toiled, he gained, but lived not to enjoy.
What mists of Providence are these
Through which we cannot see !
So saints, by supernatural power set free,
Are left at last in martyrdom to die ;
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.†
Forgive me, Heaven, that impious thought ;
'Twas grief for Charles to madness wrought

* Dryden has been here careful to qualify his praise of Charles for encouragement of arts and literature by the skilful lines,

> "Though little was their hire and light their gain,
> Yet somewhat to their share he threw."

A juster idea of the merits in this respect of Charles, who gave nothing, is furnished by a passage of a letter of Dryden to Laurence Hyde, earl of Rochester, written in 1683, in which his object was not eulogy but complaint, and where, pleading for himself, he says, "'Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and starved Mr. Butler." See also "The Hind and the Panther," part 3, line 247.

† *Miracles* here rhymes with *these*, line 410. See notes on "Astræa Redux," 106, and "The Medal," 164.

That questioned thy supreme decree.
Thou didst his gracious reign prolong,
Even in thy saints' and angels' wrong,
His fellow-citizens of immortality:
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we numbered since his blest return:
So strictly wert thou just to pay,
Even to the driblet of a day.
Yet still we murmur, and complain
The quails and manna should no longer rain:
Those miracles 'twas needless to renew;
The chosen flock has now the promised land in view.

15

A warlike Prince ascends the regal state,
A Prince long exercised by Fate:*
Long may he keep, though he obtains it late.
Heroes in Heaven's peculiar mould are cast,
They and their poets are not formed in haste;
Man was the first in God's design, and man was made the last.
False heroes, made by flattery so,
Heaven can strike out like sparkles at a blow;
But ere a Prince is to perfection brought
He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
With toil and sweat,
With hardening cold and forming heat
The Cyclops† did their strokes repeat,
Before the impenetrable shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before 'twas tried and found a masterpiece.

16

View then a Monarch ripened for a throne
Alcides‡ thus his race began,
O'er infancy he swiftly ran;
The future god at first was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate,
Even o'er his cradle lay in wait,
And there he grappled first with fate;
In his young hands the hissing snakes he prest,
So early was the deity confest;

* "Iliacis exercite fatis."—VIRG. *Æn.* iii. 182.

† *Cyclops* serves for singular and plural with Dryden and in his time. It is the same with the word *corps*, now spelt *corpse*: an instance of the plural is in "The Hind and the Panther," part 1, 231:

"Their corps to perish, but their kind to last;"

and an instance of the singular in the Elegy on Lord Hastings:

"Whose corps might seem a constellation."

‡ *Alcides*, Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alcmena; the jealous Juno sent two snakes to devour the infant in his cradle, and the infant seized the snakes and squeezed them to death.

Thus by-degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat ;
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.*
Like his, our hero's infancy was tried ;
Betimes the Furies did their snakes provide ;
And to his infant arms oppose
His father's rebels and his brother's foes ;
The more oppressed, the higher still he rose.
Those were the preludes of his fate,
That formed his manhood, to subdue
The Hydra of the many-headed hissing crew.

17

As after Numa's peaceful reign
The martial Ancus did the sceptre wield,†
Furbished the rusty sword again,
Resumed the long-forgotten shield,
And led the Latins to the dusty field ;
So James the drowsy genius wakes
Of Britain, long entranced in charms,
Restiff and slumbering on its arms ;
'Tis roused, and with a new-strung nerve the spear already shakes,
No neighing of the warrior steeds,
No drum or louder trumpet needs
To inspire the coward, warm the cold ;
His voice, his sole appearance makes them bold.
Gaul and Batavia dread the impending blow ;
Too well the vigour of that arm they know ;
They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their fatal foe.
Long may they fear this awful Prince,
And not provoke his lingering sword ;
Peace is their only sure defence,
Their best security his word.
In all the changes of his doubtful state,
His truth, like Heaven's, was kept inviolate,
For him to promise is to make it fate.
His valour can triumph o'er land and main ;
With broken oaths his fame he will not stain,
With conquest basely bought and with inglorious gain.

18

For once, O Heaven, unfold thy adamantine book ;
And let his wondering senate see,
If not thy firm, immutable decree,

* Compare with this passage the lines in "Britannia Rediviva" where the simile of the infant Alcides and the snakes is again introduced with a line much resembling this :

"For opposition makes a hero great."

† Dryden is much at fault in this allusion to early Roman history, and, the mistakes being once made, it is strange that they were not corrected in his second edition, or in Jacob Tonson's third. "After Numa's peaceful reign" came the warlike Tullus Hostilius, who reigned thirty-two years ; and then came Ancus Martius, who, so far from "leading the Latins to the dusty field," fought with the Latins, as Tullus Hostilius had done before, as the enemies of Rome.

At least the second page of strong* contingency,
Such as consists with wills originally free.
Let them with glad amazement look
On what their happiness may be;
Let them not still be obstinately blind,
Still to divert the good thou hast designed,
Or with malignant penury
To starve the royal virtues of his mind.†
Faith is a Christian's and a subject's test;
Oh give them to believe, and they are surely blest.
They do; and with a distant view I see
The amended vows of English loyalty;
And all beyond that object, there appears
The long retinue‡ of a prosperous reign,
A series of successful years,
In orderly array a martial, manly train.
Behold even to remoter shores,
A conquering navy proudly spread;
The British cannon formidably roars,
While, starting from his oozy bed,
The asserted Ocean rears his reverend head;
To view and recognize his ancient lord again;
And with a willing hand restores
The fasces of the main.

* *Great* in first edition instead of *strong*; and *great* reappeared in Tonson's folio volume of 1701.

† The old spelling *sterve* occurs here in the two early editions. But *starve* is Dryden's usual spelling. The word is printed again *sterve* in the concluding couplet of a Prologue to the University of Oxford, as it appears in the first "Miscellany Poems," 1684:

"How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
Oxford's a place where wit can never sterve."

It is also so printed, rhyming with *deserve*, in "The Hind and the Panther," part 3, line 749. But the pronunciation of *sterve* was doubtless *starve*, as of *deserve* and *serve*, *desarve* and *sarve*. See *desert* rhyming with *art* in line 560 of "Absalom and Achitophel," and with *part* in line 169 of "The Medal."

‡ The accent on the second syllable of *retinue*, as of *revenue*. So again,

"Knights with a long retinue of their squires."
Palamon and Arcite, book 3, line 453.

"His house was stately, his retinue gay."
POPE, *January and May*, 446.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

"Antiquam exquirite matrem."
VIRG. *Æn.* iii. 96.

"Et vera incessu patuit Dea."
Ibid. i. 405.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Within a twelvemonth after the accession of James II., the author of "Religio Laici" and of "The Spanish Friar" became a Roman Catholic. James had succeeded to the throne February 6, 1685. *There is an entry in Evelyn's Diary, January* 19, 1686: *"Dryden, the famous play-writer, and his two sons and Mrs. Nelly (Miss to the late King) were said to go to mass; such proselytes were no great loss to the Church." It may be assumed that Dryden's conversion was influenced by a desire to ingratiate himself with the King. He was soon employed to defend, against Stillingfleet, the Reasons of James's first wife for becoming a Roman Catholic, which had been published by James since his accession to the throne. Then he set himself to compose a defence of his new religion in verse. "The Hind and the Panther" was published in April* 1687; *it was licensed April* 11. *Just one week before, April* 4, *James issued his famous Declaration of Indulgence for all dissenters from the Church of England, suspending all penal laws and abrogating all acts which imposed a religious test for any secular office. This indulgence for Protestant Dissenters as well as Roman Catholics was not in James's original intention; he began his reign by persecuting the former. His change of policy occurred after Dryden had begun his poem; and the Protestant Dissenters would not have been treated by him with the severity shown in the First Part of the Poem, if he had at first known James's intention. In the Preface he attempts to explain away this severity.*

A second edition of "The Hind and the Panther" was published during the year 1687. *The reprint of this poem in Tonson's folio collection of Dryden's poems published in* 1701, *thirteen years after the first appearance of "The Hind and the Panther," is there called the third edition. Some errors crept into this reprint and, as usual, some more have been added by subsequent editors.*

Among many replies to "The Hind and the Panther" was one of exquisite humour, the joint production of two young men who afterwards attained celebrity, Charles Montague, the future Earl of Halifax, and Matthew Prior. This was a parody called "The Hind and the Panther Transversed to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse." The personæ *of "The Rehearsal," Bayes, Smith, and Johnson, were revived in this witty production.*

TO THE READER.

THE nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect either fair war or even so much as fair quarter from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that; and though conscience is the common word which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies and cannot give the marks of *their* conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take beforehand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn as to comprehend all the several members of 'em; at least all such as are received under that denomination. For example: there are some of the Church by law established who envy not liberty of conscience to Dissenters, as being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these by reason of their fewness I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther and embraced this gracious Indulgence of his Majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satire any way intended: 'tis aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who have come over to the royal party are consequently supposed to be out of gun-shot. Our physicians have observed, that in process of time some diseases have abated of their virulence and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal: and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been enemies to kingly government as well as Catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found by comfortable experience that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

'Tis not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign Prince;* but without suspicion of flattery I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters, in their addresses to his Majesty, have said "that he has restored God to his empire over conscience." I confess I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the benefit and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecu-

* Referring to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 by Louis XIV., and the persecution of the French Protestants which followed. With this Dryden contrasts James II.'s Declaration of Indulgence.

tors, what is it else but publicly to own that they suffered not before for conscience sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy to separate from a Church for those impositions which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination (not to speak of rites and ceremonies), will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade 'em to take another step, and see whither that would lead 'em.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more than that they ought, and I doubt not they will, consider from what hands they received it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince and a foreigner, but from a Christian king, their native sovereign, who expects a return in specie from them, that the kindness which he has graciously shown them may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed on me nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter and the beginning of this spring; though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finished it, his Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad: which if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the Third Part of it. But I was always in some hope that the Church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the Penal Laws and the Test, which was one design of the Poem when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended: I mean that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attacked in print: and I refer myself to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, and that of the Duchess (in which last I was concerned), how charitably I have been represented there.* I am now informed both of the author and supervisers of his pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those whom he pretended to answer; and at his leisure look out for some original Treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, I believe I may say in any other tongue: for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; though with the omission of the seventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.†

* James II. had published copies of Papers found in Charles II.'s strong box in favour of the Roman Catholic faith, and with them a copy of a Paper by his first wife, Anne Hyde, giving the reasons of her conversion to the same faith. This publication had been answered by Stillingfleet, then Dean of St. Paul's. The King caused a Defence of the Papers to be published: and Dryden here states that he was the author of that part of the Defence which defended the late Duchess of York's paper. Stillingfleet rejoined, and treated Dryden with much severity.

† In his Defence of the Duchess of York's Paper, Dryden had asserted that he had seen or heard of no treatise on the virtue of humility written by a Protestant. Stillingfleet called this a "bare-faced assertion of a thing known to be false," and stated that "within a few years, besides what has been printed formerly, such a book hath been published in London." Dryden here asserts that the publication of Duncomb, which he presumes to be the work alluded to by Stillingfleet, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez. The treatise referred to by Stillingfleet was, it appears, by a Mr. Allen: and in the Preface to "The Hind and the Panther Transversed" Dryden is twitted with this mistake. "There are few mistakes," say his critics, "but one may imagine how a man fell into them, and at least what he aimed at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen? Do they as much as rhyme?"

He would have insinuated to the world, that her late Highness died not a Roman Catholic; he declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cause, for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer that a Catholic cannot fast because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James to confute the Protestant religion.*

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The First Part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The second being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning Church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is or ought to be more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two Episodes or Fables, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the commonplaces of satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one Church against the other; at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side and as those of the Reformation on the other.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A milk-white Hind,† immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds
And Scythian shafts;‡ and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.§

* Mrs. James had just published a work in defence of the Church of England, entitled "A Vindication of the Church of England," in answer to a pamphlet entitled "A New Test of the Church of England's Loyalty." She was the wife of a printer, who left many books to Sion College. A portrait of Mrs. James is in the Library of the College.

† *Hind*, the Roman Catholic Church.

‡ "Scythian shafts." "The Scythians were famous archers, and they used poisoned arrows." (Plin. Hist. Nat. x. 53, 115.)

§ *Doomed*, sentenced. Dryden's critics saw an inconsistency in this line. "Faith, Mr. Bayes," it is written in Montague and Prior's parody, "if you were *doomed* to be hanged, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but small comfort." Scott has an interesting note on this passage, to show that the criticism is unjust, and that *doom* means no more than *sentence*. "In the criminal courts of Scotland," says Scott, "the sentence is always concluded with this formula, 'and this I pronounce for doom.' Till of late years, a special officer recited the sentence after the judge, and was thence called the *doomster*." Dryden uses the verb *doom* curiously in "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 207, where he speaks of goods "doomed" for France or Denmark, which were destroyed on the way

Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.*
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains.
With grief and gladness mixed, their mother viewed
Her martyred offspring and their race renewed;
Their corps† to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.
Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrained
By sovereign power, her company disdained,
Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true she bounded by and tripped so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight;
For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved needs only to be seen.‡
The bloody Bear,§ an independent beast,
Unlicked to form, in groans her hate expressed.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare‖
Professed neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape,¶ as atheists use,
Mimicked all sects and had his own to chuse;
Still when the Lion** looked, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.††
The bristled baptist Boar,‡‡ impure as he,
But whitened with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions filled the sacred place
And mountains levelled in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace.

* The Roman Catholic priests executed in Great Britain since the Reformation.

† *Corps*, the spelling of the word at that time: both singular and plural. See note on Cyclops in "Threnodia Augustalis," line 441.

‡ This couplet may have suggested a well-known one of Pope:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

Essay on Man, ii. 217.

§ *The Bear*, the Independent.

‖ *The Hare*, the Quaker.

¶ *The Ape*, the Freethinker.

** *The Lion*, the King of England.

†† There is probably a personal reference here to some known freethinkers who conformed for royal favour. In "The Hind and the Panther Transversed" Bayes is made to say of this passage, "That galls somewhere; I'gad I can't leave it out, though I were cudgelled every day for it."

‡‡ *The baptist Boar*, the Anabaptist

But, since the mighty ravage which he made
In German forests had his guilt betrayed,
With broken tusks and with a borrowed name,
He shunned the vengeance and concealed the shame,
So lurked in sects unseen.* With greater guile
False Reynard† fed on consecrated spoil;
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chased from Nice, then by Socinus nursed,‡
His impious race their blasphemy renewed,
And Nature's King through Nature's optics viewed;
Reversed they viewed him lessened to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God descry.
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than Thy self revealed;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame!
Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
What more could fright my faith than Three in One?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Disguised in mortal mould and infancy,
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And, after that, trust my imperfect sense
Which calls in question His omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel,
And shall my sight and touch and taste rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?

* The Anabaptists arose in Germany after the rise of Lutheranism, about the year 1521. Led by Muncer and Pfeifer, they invaded Saxony; and some years later John of Leyden, with a numerous following, seized and for some time held Munster. Their proceedings were attended with frightful immorality and cruelty, and ended in defeat and destruction. John of Leyden was torn to pieces with hot pincers, when Munster was retaken. The name of Anabaptist was afterwards long in disrepute.

† *Reynard*, the Arian.

‡ The doctrine of Arius, that God the Son was not coexistent and, consequently, not coequal with God the Father, was contested by Athanasius in the Council of Nice, and condemned by that Council. The Arian doctrine was revived by Lælius Socinus, a nobleman of Sienna, towards the end of the sixteenth century: hence the Socinians. The Protestants of Poland adopted the Socinian doctrine; wherefore Dryden bids the Arian fox to range unkennelled in his "Polonian plains" (line 152).

Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they, who say the Host should be descried
By sense, define a body glorified,
Impassible, and penetrating parts?*
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through the opposing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And stood before His train confessed in open sight.†
For since thus wondrously He passed, 'tis plain
One single place two bodies did contain,
And sure the same omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity?
'Tis urged again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For latter ages must on former wait,
And what began belief must propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power divine
As means or ends of some more deep design?
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the Eternal Son.
God thus asserted: man is to believe
Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent Heaven's authority.‡
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit;
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take the unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand;
The game is played into another hand.
Why choose we then like bilanders§ to creep

* *Impassible*, incapable of suffering, from the Latin *impassibilis*, French *impassible*. Some editors have erroneously substituted *impassable*. By *penetrating parts* is meant penetrating the parts of matter, instead of dividing or separating them. Matter is impenetrable by matter.

† This refers to the account in the 20th chapter of St. John's Gospel of Christ's appearing among his disciples after the crucifixion. "Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you" (v. 19). "And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you" (v. 26).

‡ *Auctority* is Dryden's spelling through this poem, except in this line and in the Preface, where it is spelt *authority*. See p. 235.

§ *Bilanders*, coasting vessels used in Holland, and there so called; the word is from the Dutch.

Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could He his Godhead veil with flesh and blood
And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent;
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if He can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what his clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what He made so plain?
To take up half on trust and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call
To pay great sums and to compound the small,
For who would break with Heaven, and would not break for all?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss;
The bank above must fail before the venture miss.
But Heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee,
Thou first apostate to divinity.
Unkennelled range in thy Polonian plains;*
A fiercer foe, the insatiate Wolf remains.
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more
That beasts of prey are banished from thy shore;
The Bear, the Boar, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear with belly gaunt and famished face;
Never was so deformed a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clapped for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.†
His wild disordered walk, his haggered eyes,‡
Did all the bestial citizens surprise;
Though feared and hated, yet he ruled a while,
As captain or companion of the spoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen;

* Dryden here returns for a moment to the Arian and Socinian; leaving Reynard, by which name he has designated the Arians and Socinians, to range unkennelled in Polonian plains, he turns to the Wolf, who is the Presbyterian, abounding in Britain.

† The close-cropped hair of the Presbyterian and a black scull-cap made his ears prominent. The "ragged tail betwixt his legs" was his Geneva cloak.

‡ *Haggered*, Dryden's common spelling of what is now spelt *haggard*. The same spelling occurs in his Translation of Virgil, Georg. iv. 370, and Æneid ii. 86. It is spelt *haggared* in Part 3 of this poem, line 1166, "Some haggared hawk." The word means *wild*.

The last of all the litter scaped by chance,*
And from Geneva first infested France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race;
Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings
But his innate antipathy to kings.
These last deduce him from the Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman lake his consort lined:
That fiery Zuinglius first the affection bred,
And meagre Calvin blessed the nuptial bed.†
In Israel some believe him whelped long since,
When the proud Sanhedrim‡ oppressed the Prince,§
Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conspire
From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
And Aaron of his ephod to devest;‖
Till opening earth made way for all to pass,¶
And could not bear the burden of a class.
The Fox** and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stowed in Noah's ark;

* This is supposed by Scott to refer to the refusal of the ancient British Church to own the supremacy of the Pope and acknowledge St. Augustin as metropolitan of Britain by virtue of Pope Gregory's appointment. The monks of Bangor were prominent in opposition. Augustin predicted vengeance through the Saxons, if they refused submission to the Pope. Afterwards, Ethelred, the Saxon king of Northumberland, having defeated the British at Chester, cut to pieces twelve hundred of the monks of Bangor, who had come to assist their countrymen with their prayers. This happened in the beginning of the seventh century. But it is more probable that Dryden identifies British Presbyterians, "Wickliff's brood," with wolves, and refers to the extinction of the animal in Wales by the tribute of wolves' heads imposed on the kings. He mixes up this with the cruel persecution of "Wickliff's brood," the Lollards, in the reign of Henry V. Afterwards he suggests that the British Presbyterian could not claim so respectable an origin as from "Wickliff's brood," through "the last of all the litter scaped by chance," and that he is to be deduced from the Helvetian wolf.

† Zuinglius began to preach the Reformation at Zurich about 1518. He was killed in battle in a war between the canton of Zurich and four small Roman Catholic cantons. Calvin, having been expelled from France for preaching the doctrines of the Reformation, went to Geneva, where he was appointed Professor of Divinity in 1536. He afterwards left Geneva and taught a French congregation at Strasburg.

‡ *Sanhedrim*, so spelt in this poem by Dryden, and so spelt also in the Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel." In his own "Absalom and Achitophel" Dryden always spelt the word *Sanhedrin*, which spelling connects it with the Greek *συνέδριον*.

§ On this passage Dryden has a note "Vide Preface to Heylyn's History of Presbyterians." The passage in Heylyn's Preface is as follows: "I know that some out of pure zeal with the cause would fain entitle them to a descent from the Jewish Sanhedrim ordained by God himself in the time of Moses. And that it might comply the better with these ends and purposes, they have endeavoured to make that famous consistory of the seventy elders, not only a co-ordinate power with that of Moses, and after his decease with the kings and princes of that state in the public government, but a power paramount and supreme, from which lay no appeal to any but to God himself: a power by which they were enabled not only to control the actions of their kings and princes, but also to correct these persons." Heylyn proceeds: "And yet I shall not yield them an antiquity as great as that which they desire, as great as that of Moses or the Jewish Sanhedrim, from which they would so willingly derive themselves."

‖ *Devest*, the old and correct spelling of the word now spelt *divest*.

¶ See Numbers, chap. xvi. for the rebellion of Korah and the sons of Levi, who are here likened to a Presbyterian "class." "And the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed them up, and their houses, and all the men that appertained unto Korah, and all their goods. They, and all that appertained to them, went down alive into the pit, and the earth closed upon them: and they perished from among the congregation" (vv. 32-3).

** *The Fox*, the Arian, already spoken of as "false Reynard."

Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The Dog (a common species) will contain;
And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
Abhorring the supremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.
O happy pair, how well have you increased!
What ills in Church and State have you redressed!
With teeth untried and rudiments of claws,
Your first essay was on your native laws:
Those having torn with ease and trampled down,
Your fangs you fastened on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel still be small,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;*
Yet your victorious colonies are sent
Where the North Ocean girds the continent.
Quickened with fire below, your monsters breed
In fenny Holland and in fruitful Tweed;†
And, like the first, the last affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.‡
As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
A rank sour herbage rises on the green;
So, springing where these midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
To Heaven above and to their Prince below
As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
God like the tyrant of the skies is placed,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debased.
So fulsome is their food that flocks refuse
To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass nor bearded corn succeeds,
But scales of scurf, and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
But as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confined,
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive,
So Presbytery and pestilential zeal
Can only flourish in a common-weal.

* The Republic of Geneva, Dryden choosing to call the beautiful Lake a puddle.

† "Now to write something new and out of the way, to elevate and surprise, and all that. I fetch, you see, this quickening fire from the bottom of bogs and rivers. *Johnson.* Why, faith, that's as ingenious a contrivance as the virtuoso's making a burning-glass of ice." (The Hind and the Panther Transversed.)

‡ This line has already occurred in "Absalom and Achitophel," 227. The phrase was probably early impressed on Dryden's mind: the following couplet is in one of the poems in "Lacrymæ Musarum," occasioned by the death of Lord Hastings in 1649:

"It is decreed we must be drained, I see,
Down to the dregs of a democracy."

From Celtic woods is chased the wolfish crew ;*
But ah ! some pity e'en to brutes is due :
Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
Curbed of their native malice to destroy.
Of all the tyrannies on human kind
The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we strike ;
'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey ;
Man only of a softer mould is made,
Not for his fellows' ruin, but their aid :
Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, the inferior family of Heaven :
The Smith Divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat ;
But when arrived at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space,
And, to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlocked the sacred treasures of his breast,
And mercy mixed with reason did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart ;
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive,
The first is law, the last prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appeared,
When issuing naked to the wondering herd
He charmed their eyes, and for they loved they feared.
Not armed with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
Or with increase of feet to o'ertake them in their flight :
Of easy shape, and pliant every way,
Confessing still the softness of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation day ;
With open hands, and with extended space
Of arms to satisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began ;
Till knowledge misapplied, misunderstood,
And pride of empire soured his balmy blood.
Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins ;
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins ;
And blood began its first and loudest cry
For differing worship of the Deity.
Thus persecution rose, and farther space
Produced the mighty hunter of his race.†

* The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. in 1685. Dryden here blames the French persecution of the Huguenots.

† Nimrod.

Not so the blessed Pan his flock increased,*
Content to fold them from the famished beast:
Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmless Hind
Were never of the persecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
Such mercy from the British Lion flows
That both provide protection for their foes.†
  Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,
Which never did those monsters entertain!
The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance
No native claim of just inheritance;
And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
May guard their fences from the invading foe.
Where birth has placed them, let them safely share
The common benefit of vital air;
Themselves unharmful, let them live unharmed,
Their jaws disabled and their claws disarmed;
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The Lion awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repressed, though pinched with famine sore,
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar;
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
  These are the chief; to number o'er the rest
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe,
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated lumps I leave,
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
Than matter put in motion may aspire;
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
So drossy, so divisible‡ are they
As would but serve pure bodies for allay,
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things§
As only buzz to heaven with evening wings,

* By "the blessed Pan" Dryden means Jesus Christ; a strange expression. Compare Part 2, line 711.

† This is clearly intended as a compliment to James II. for his new toleration of Dissenters. Broughton changed *for* into *from*, completely changing the meaning of the line, and indeed making it senseless; and Broughton's reading has been followed by all subsequent editors, including Scott.

‡ *Divisible*, material, divisibility being a criterion of matter, and indivisibility of spirit.

§ "Such souls as shards produce," souls born of shards, which Dryden proceeds to compare to beetles. *Shard* means here excrement or dung, and it probably has the same meaning where Shakespeare speaks of "the shard-born beetle" (Macbeth, act 3, sc. 2). The beetle has been called "the turd-bug." See Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words." "The sharded beetle" (Cymbeline, act 3, sc. 2) has a different meaning, *shard* also signifying a shell or hard scale, like the mail of the beetle. *Shard* has various meanings; it is the name of a kind of fish, and of a plant. In this last sense it occurs in Dryden:

"Than shards or mallows for the pot."
Translation of Second Epode of Horace.

Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
The Panther,* sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mixed, that she
Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free.
Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estranged in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell;
So poised, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence;
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A Lion old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compressed her mother in a shade;
Then by a left-hand marriage weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a specious name;†
So schism begot; and sacrilege and she,
A well matched pair, got graceless heresy.
God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause,
To trample down divine and human laws;
Both would be called reformers, and their hate
Alike destructive both to Church and State.
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless Prince
By luxury reformed incontinence,
By ruins charity, by riots abstinence.
Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;
Oh with what ease we follow such a guide,
Where souls are starved and senses gratified!
Where marriage pleasures midnight prayer supply,
And matin bells (a melancholy cry)
Are tuned to merrier notes, *Increase and Multiply.*‡

* *The Panther*, the Church of England.
† A reference to Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn; Henry's divorce from Catharine and marriage with Anne led to the abolition of the papal authority in England.
‡ The marriage of clergymen allowed.

Religion shows a rosy-coloured face,
Not hattered out* with drudging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
Or, till they waste their pampered paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapest rate.
  Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allured his Eastern proselytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
To interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet
And make the paths of Paradise more sweet,
Bethought him of a wife, ere half way gone,
For 'twas uneasy travailing† alone;
And in this masquerade of mirth and love
Mistook the bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he presumed of praise,‡ who came to stock
The etherial pastures with so fair a flock,
Burnished and battening on their food, to show
The diligence of careful herds§ below.
  Our Panther, though like these she changed her head,
Yet, as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Showed affectation of an ancient line;
And Fathers, Councils, Church and Church's head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries‖ read.
But what disgraced and disavowed the rest
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatised the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confined;
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despised at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad.

* *Hattered out*, wearied, worn out. Mr. Holt White in his MS. notes mentions the use of the word in Ogilby's Translation of the Iliad, p. 500, fol. 1669. The word is rare.

† *Travailing* is the spelling here of the early editions: our word *travel* was often so spelt at that time, and the meaning here may be travelling or travailing. In Part 3, line 411, where *travail* is meant, the word has been changed into *travel* by modern editors.

‡ *Presumed of praise*, a Gallicism. So in Part 3, line 511,

> "But least of all Philosophy presumes
> Of truth in dreams."

§ *Herds* here means *shepherds*. The line has been spoilt by Derrick and most subsequent editors by the substitution of *their* for *the* before *diligence*.

‖ *Phylacteries*, with the accent on the third syllable, according to its Greek origin, Dryden always following the Latin and Greek quantities. So *consistory*, the third syllable pronounced long, in Part 2, line 502; *refectory*, the same, Part 3, line 530. See note on *testament* in "Religio Laici," 283.

Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deformed, because reformed the least.
In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
Their contradicting terms she strives to join;
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
Because the Godhead's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught that bread and wine
Are but the visible and outward sign,
Received by those who in communion join.
But the inward grace or the thing signified,
His blood and body who to save us died,
The faithful this thing signified receive:
What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is signified and understood
Is by her own confession flesh and blood.
Then by the same acknowledgment we know
They take the sign and take the substance too.*
The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.
Her wild belief on every wave is tost;
But sure no Church can better morals boast.
True to her King her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
And sealed her vowed affection with her blood:
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That interest or obligement made the tie,
(Bound to the fate of murdered monarchy.)
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine.
She chose her ruin, and resigned her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:
A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard and stiffen with adversity:
Yet these by Fortune's favours are undone;
Resolved,† into a baser form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.

* Dryden in this passage criticizes the Article of the Church of England on the Eucharist. Art. 28. "The Supper of the Lord is not only a sign of the love that Christians ought to have among themselves one to another, but rather it is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death: insomuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ, and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ. Transubstantiation, or the change of the substance of bread and wine, in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ: but it is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions. The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten, in the Supper only, after an heavenly and spiritual manner. And the mean, whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper, is faith."

† *Resolved*, dissolved.

Let this be nature's frailty or her fate,
Or Isgrim's* counsel, her new chosen mate;
Still she's the fairest of the fallen crew;
No mother more indulgent but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate auctority;
For how can she constrain them to obey
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
In common theft will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight;
If she reform by text, even that's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weathercock for every wind:
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf by turns prevail;
The most in power supplies the present gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To Church and Councils, whom she first betrayed;
No help from Fathers or tradition's train:
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
And by that Scripture which she once abused
To Reformation stands herself accused.
What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err?
And, after all her winding ways are tried,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside
And leaves the private conscience for the guide.
If then that conscience set the offender free,
It bars her claim to Church auctority.
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be construed to defend?
Even those whom for rebellion she transmits
To civil power, her doctrine first acquits;
Because no disobedience can ensue,
Where no submission to a judge is due;
Each judging for himself, by her consent,
Whom thus absolved she sends to punishment.
Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
'Tis only for transgressing human laws.
How answering to its end a Church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade?

* "The wolf," is Dryden's note on Isgrim. It is the name given to the wolf in the old German fable of "Reynard the Fox," which was translated into English by Caxton. The use of the name is ridiculed in "The Hind and Panther Transversed." Bayes says, "Take it from me, Mr. Smith, there is as good morality, and as sound precepts, in the Delectable History of Reynard the Fox, as in any book I know, except Seneca; pray tell me where, in any other author, could I have found so pretty a name for a wolf as Isgrim?"

Oh solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!
Oh sure defence against the infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the State!
Thus is the Panther neither loved nor feared,
A mere mock queen of a divided herd;
Whom soon by lawful power she might control,
Her self a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrowed from a better star;
Big with the beams which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below:
Now mixing with a savage crowd she goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Ruled while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.
One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walked, and looked around in vain
With rueful visage for her vanished train:
None of her sylvan subjects made their court;
Levees and couchees passed without resort.
So hardly can usurpers manage well
Those whom they first instructed to rebel.
More liberty begets desire of more;
The hunger still increases with the store.
Without respect they brushed along the wood,
Each in his clan, and filled with loathsome food
Asked no permission to the neighbouring flood.
The Panther, full of inward discontent,
Since they would go, before them wisely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking first,
As if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.
Among the rest, the Hind with fearful face
Beheld from far the common watering-place,
Nor durst approach; till with an awful roar
The sovereign Lion bad her fear no more.
Encouraged thus, she brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a sober draught; the rest amazed
Stood mutely still and on the stranger gazed;
Surveyed her part by part, and sought to find
The ten-horned monster in the harmless Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had designed.
They thought at first they dreamed; for 'twas offence
With them to question certitude of sense,
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultless object full in view,
Lord, how they all admired her heavenly hue!*

* *Hue*, spelt by Dryden *hiew* in this line; spelt by him *hew* in Part 3, line 783.

Some who before her fellowship disdained
Scarce, and but scarce, from inborn rage restrained,
Now frisked about her and old kindred feigned.
Whether for love or interest, every sect
Of all the savage nation showed respect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the less they feared.
The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl, the Hind had seen him first;*
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.
For when the herd suffised did late repair
To ferny heaths and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the Hind to wait† her half the way;
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embraced,
To chat a while on their adventures passed;
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the Plot.
Yet wondering how of late she grew estranged,
Her forehead cloudy and her countenance changed,
She thought this hour the occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which well she hoped might be with ease redressed,
Considering her a well-bred civil beast
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the spotted muff began.

* Here Dryden gives the Hind the power of taking away the Wolf's voice by first seeing it. The old superstition was that the wolf's look, or the sight of a wolf, or the wolf's seeing before it was seen, deprived a man of the power of speech.

"Vox quoque Mœrin
Jam fugit ipsa; lupi Mœrin videre priores."
VIRG. *Eclog.* ix. 53.

"My voice grows hoarse; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had seen me first to-day."
(Line 74 of Dryden's Translation.)

In the 14th Idyll of Theocritus (verse 22) the sight of a wolf is said to take away speech. Pliny says that, when a wolf sees a man before the man sees him, it is believed to have the effect of taking away the man's power of speech for the time. There is no classical authority for Dryden's giving the Hind the power of making the Wolf speechless.

† *To wait*, wait on, accompany

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

THE SECOND PART.

"DAME," said the Panther, "times are mended well
"Since late among the Philistines you fell.
"The toils were pitched, a spacious tract of ground
"With expert hunstmen was encompassed round;
"The enclosure narrowed; the sagacious power
"Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.*
"'Tis true, the younger Lion scaped the snare,
"But all your priestly calves lay struggling there,
"As sacrifices on their altars laid;
"While you, their careful mother, wisely fled,
"Not trusting Destiny to save your head.
"For whate'er promises you have applied
"To your unfailing Church, the surer side
"Is four fair legs in danger to provide;
"And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
"Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,
"The better luck was yours to scape so well."
"As I remember," said the sober Hind,
"Those toils were for your own dear self designed,
"As well as me; and with the self-same throw,
"To catch the quarry† and the vermin too,
"(Forgive the slanderous tongues that called you so.)
"Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
"Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
"Besides, in Popery they thought you nurst,
"As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,
"Because some forms and ceremonies some
"You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.
"Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long,
"The Test, it seems, at last has loosed your tongue.‡

* This passage refers to the proceedings against the Roman Catholics in connexion with the Popish Plot. The "younger Lion" is James II., duke of York at the time.

† *Quarry*, game as distinguished from vermin. Scott, in a note on this passage, says that *quarry* means "properly, dead game ready to be cut up by the huntsman;" but that would be a derived, special meaning. *Quarry* means anything aimed at: the game which a hawk flies at is its quarry.

"The flames that to their quarry strove."
Annus Mirabilis, 281.

"Let Reason then at her own quarry fly."
The Hind and the Panther, i. 104.

‡ The Test Acts of 1672 and 1678 prescribed a Declaration denying transubstantiation: the words of the latter Act, varying slightly from those of the former, were: "I do believe that in

" And to explain what your forefathers meant
" By real presence in the Sacrament,
" After long fencing pushed against a wall,
" Your salvo comes, that he's not there at all :
" There changed your faith, and what may change may fall.
" Who can believe what varies every day,
" Nor ever was nor will be at a stay ?"
" Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
" And I ne'er owned myself infallible,"
Replied the Panther : "grant such presence were,
" Yet in your sense I never owned it there.
" A real virtue we by faith receive,
" And that we in the sacrament believe."
" Then," said the Hind, " as you the matter state,
" Not only Jesuits can equivocate ;
" For *real*, as you now the word expound,
" From solid substance dwindles to a sound.
" Methinks an Æsop's fable you repeat ;
" You know who took the shadow for the meat.
" Your Church's substance thus you change at will,
" And yet retain your former figure still.
" I freely grant you spoke to save your life,
" For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
" Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
" But, after all, against your self you swore ;
" Your former self, for every hour your form
" Is chopped and changed, like winds before a storm.
" Thus fear and interest will prevail with some ;
" For all have not the gift of martyrdom."
The Panther grinned at this, and thus replied :
" That men may err was never yet denied.
" But, if that common principle be true,
" The cannon,* dame, is levelled full at you.
" But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see
" That wondrous wight, Infallibility.
" Is he from Heaven, this mighty champion, come ?
" Or lodged below in subterranean Rome ?†
" First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race,
" Or else conclude that nothing has no place."
" Suppose, (though I disown it,)" said the Hind,
" The certain mansion were not yet assigned :
" The doubtful residence no proof can bring
" Against the plain existence of the thing.

the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever."

* *Cannon* in the early editions : in the Wartons' edition, 1811, the word was changed to *canon*, which Scott and others have followed. *Cannon* seems the best sense, and perhaps Dryden meant to play on the word. In part 3, l. 466, *canon* is misprinted *cannon* in the first edition, and it is corrected in the second to *canon ;* but in this passage *cannon* remains.

† *Roma Sotteranea*, an extensive cavern near Rome, formerly inhabited, described in a work of that name published at Rome, folio, 1632. Evelyn describes his visit to this subterranean abode of ancient times in his Diary, April 11, 1645.

" Because philosophers may disagree
" If sight by emission or reception be,
" Shall it be thence inferred I do not see?
" But you require an answer positive,
" Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;
" For fallacies in universals live.*
" I then affirm that this unfailing guide
" In Pope and General Councils must reside;
" Both lawful, both combined; what one decrees†
" By numerous votes, the other ratifies;
" On this undoubted sense the Church relies.
" 'Tis true some doctors in a scantier space,
" I mean, in each apart, contract the place.
" Some, who to greater length extend the line,
" The Church's after acceptation join.
" This last circumference appears too wide;
" The Church diffused is by the Council tied;
" As members by their representatives
" Obliged to laws which Prince and Senate gives.
" Thus some contract and some enlarge the space:
" In Pope and Council who denies the place,
" Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace?
" Those canons all the needful points contain;
" Their sense so obvious and their words so plain,
" That no disputes about the doubtful text
" Have hitherto the labouring world perplexed.
" If any should in after times appear,
" New Councils must be called, to make the meaning clear;
" Because in them the power supreme resides,
" And all the promises are to the guides.
" This may be taught with sound and safe defence;
" But mark how sandy is your own pretence,
" Who, setting Councils, Pope, and Church aside,
" Are every man his own presuming guide.
" The Sacred Books, you say, are full and plain,
" And every needful point of truth contain;
" All who can read interpreters may be.
" Thus, though your several Churches disagree,
" Yet every saint has to himself alone
" The secret of this philosophic stone.
" These principles your jarring sects unite,
" When differing doctors and disciples fight;
" Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
" Have made a battle royal of beliefs,
" Or, like wild horses, several ways have whirled
" The tortured text about the Christian world,
" Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
" That Turk or Jew could not have used it worse.

* " Dolus versatur in generalibus." " As those who in a logical dispute keep in general terms would hide a fallacy." (Preface to "Annus Mirabilis," p. 39.)

† The rhyme of *decrees* and *ratifies* is as objectionable as that of *seem* and *crime*, twice condemned by Dryden and his co-critics of Settle's " Empress of Morocco."

"No matter what dissension leaders make,
"Where every private man may save a stake:
"Ruled by the Scripture and his own advice,
"Each has a blind by-path to Paradise,
"Where driving in a circle slow or fast
"Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
"A wondrous charity you have in store
"For all reformed to pass the narrow door,
"So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.
"For he, kind prophet, was for damning none,
"But Christ and Moses were to save their own;
"Himself was to secure his chosen race,
"Though reason good for Turks to take the place,
"And he allowed to be the better man
"In virtue of his holier Alcoran."
"True," said the Panther, "I shall ne'er deny
"My brethren may be saved as well as I:
"Though Huguenots contemn our ordination,
"Succession, ministerial vocation,
"And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
"Misjoins the sacred body with the bread, *
"Yet, lady, still remember I maintain
"The Word in needful points is only plain."
"Needless or needful I not now contend,
"For still you have a loophole for a friend,"
Rejoined the matron; "but the rule you lay
"Has led whole flocks and leads them still astray
"In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
"For did not Arius first, Socinus now
"The Son's eternal Godhead disavow?
"And did not these by gospel texts alone
"Condemn our doctrine and maintain their own?
"Have not all heretics the same pretence,
"To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
"How did the Nicene Council then decide
"That strong debate? was it by Scriptures tried?
"No, sure to those the rebel would not yield;†
"Squadrons of texts he marshalled in the field:
"That was but civil war, an equal set,
"Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.‡
"With texts point-blank and plain he faced the foe:
"And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so?
"The good old bishops took a simpler way;
"Each asked but what he heard his father say,

* Luther's doctrine of consubstantiation.

† *Those* in this line was changed by Broughton to *that*, probably because *Scripture* is in the preceding line in Dryden's early editions. But the same editions have *Scriptures* in line 155. The lesser change is to print *Scriptures* also in line 157, as is done in this edition. The omission of an *s* at the end of a word is a very common error. Subsequent editors, including Scott, have followed Broughton.

‡ "Infestisque obvia signis
Signa, pares aquilas, et pila minantia pilis."
LUCAN, *Pharsalia*, iii. 7.

" Or how he was instructed in his youth,
" And by tradition's force upheld the truth."
The Panther smiled at this, and " when," said she,
" Were those first Councils disallowed by me?
" Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
" Provided still it were apostolic?"
" Friend," said the Hind, " you quit your former ground,
" Where all your faith you did on Scripture found:
" Now, 'tis tradition joined with Holy Writ;
" But thus your memory betrays your wit."
" No," said the Panther, " for in that I view
" When your tradition's forged, and when 'tis true.
" I set them by the rule, and as they square
" Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
" This oral fiction, that old faith declare."
(*Hind.*) " The Council steered, it seems, a different course;
" They tried the Scripture by tradition's force;
" But you tradition by the Scripture try;
" Pursued by sects, from this to that you fly,
" Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
" The Word is then deposed, and in this view
" You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you."
Thus said the dame, and, smiling, thus pursued:
" I see tradition then is disallowed,
" When not evinced by Scripture to be true,
" And Scripture as interpreted by you.
" But here you tread upon unfaithful ground,
" Unless you could infallibly expound;
" Which you reject as odious Popery,
" And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
" Suppose we on things traditive divide,
" And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
" By various texts we both uphold our claim,
" Nay, often ground our titles on the same:
" After long labour lost and time's expense,
" Both grant the words and quarrel for the sense.
" Thus all disputes for ever must depend,
" For no dumb rule can controversies end.
" Thus, when you said tradition must be tried
" By Sacred Writ, whose sense your selves decide,
" You said no more but that your selves must be
" The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.
" Against our Church-tradition you declare,
" And yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair;
" At least 'tis proved against your argument,
" The rule is far from plain, where all dissent."
" If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure,"
Replied the Panther, " what tradition's pure?
" For you may palm upon us new for old;
" All, as they say, that glitters is not gold."
" How but by following her," replied the dame,
" To whom derived from sire to son they came;

" Where every age does on another move,
" And trusts no farther than the next above ;
" Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,
" The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies ?"
Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
And said but this :—" Since lucre was your trade,
" Succeeding times such dreadful gaps have made,
" 'Tis dangerous climbing : to your sons and you
" I leave the ladder, and its omen too."*
(*Hind.*) "The Panther's breath was ever famed for sweet,†
" But from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet ;
" You learned this language from the blatant beast,‡
" Or rather did not speak, but were possessed.
" As for your answer, 'tis but barely urged :
" You must evince tradition to be forged,
" Produce plain proofs, unblemished authors use,
" As ancient as those ages they accuse ;
" Till when, 'tis not sufficient to defame ;
" An old possession stands till elder quits the claim.
" Then for our interest, which is named alone
" To load with envy, we retort your own ;
" For, when traditions in your faces fly,
" Resolving not to yield, you must decry.
" As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
" Excepts, and thins his jury all he can ;
" So when you stand of other aid bereft,
" You to the twelve Apostles would be left.
" Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
" To set those toys, traditions, quite aside ;
" And Fathers too, unless when, reason spent,
" He cites them but sometimes for ornament.
" But, madam Panther, you, though more sincere,
" Are not so wise as your adulterer ;
" The private spirit is a better blind
" Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
" For they who left the Scripture to the crowd,
" Each for his own peculiar judge allowed ;
" The way to please them was to make them proud.
" Thus with full sails they ran upon the shelf ;
" Who could suspect a cozenage from himself ?
" On his own reason safer 'tis to stand
" Than be deceived and damned at second hand.

* The omen is the gallows.

† The sweetness of the panther's breath is an old belief. It is mentioned by Pliny (Hist. Nat. xxi. 7).

" The panther with sweet service of her breath
First charms their sense whom she hath marked for death."
Mirror of Magistrates.

‡ The " blatant beast " here is probably the Wolf, the Presbyterian. Derrick thought it referred to the Blatant Beast of Spenser's " Fairy Queen," Slander ; and Scott and other editors have adopted Derrick's explanation, printing the two words with initial capitals, which Dryden did not do.

" But you who Fathers and traditions take
" And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
" Pretending Church auctority to fix,
" And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
" Are like a mule made up of differing seed,
" And that's the reason why you never breed,
" At least, not propagate your kind abroad,
" For home-dissenters are by statutes awed.*
" And yet they grow upon you every day,
" While you, to speak the best, are at a stay,
" For sects that are extremes abhor a middle way.
" Like tricks of state to stop a raging flood
" Or mollify a mad-brained senate's mood,
" Of all expedients never one was good.
" Well may they argue, (nor can you deny,)
" If we must fix on Church-auctority,
" Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood;
" That must be better still, if this be good.
" Shall she command who has herself rebelled?
" Is Antichrist by Antichrist expelled?
" Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
" To set aloft a bastard of the race?
" Why all these wars to win the Book, if we
" Must not interpret for ourselves, but she?
" Either be wholly slaves or wholly free.
" For purging fires traditions must not fight;
" But they must prove episcopacy's right.
" Thus, those led horses are from service freed;
" You never mount them but in time of need.
" Like mercenaries, hired for home defence,
" They will not serve against their native Prince.
" Against domestic foes of hierarchy
" These are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;
" But, when they see their countrymen at hand,
" Marching against them under Church command,
" Straight they forsake their colours and disband."
Thus she; nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence against so strong a charge;
But said, For what did Christ his word provide,
" If still his Church must want a living guide?
" And if all saving doctrines are not there,
" Or sacred penmen could not make them clear,
" From after ages we should hope in vain
" For truths, which men inspired could not explain."
" Before the word was written," said the Hind,
" Our Saviour preached his faith to human kind:
" From his Apostles the first age received
" Eternal truth, and what they taught believed.
" Thus by tradition faith was planted first;
" Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nursed.

* These statutes were suspended by James's Declaration before publication of this poem.

" This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
" Who sure could all things for the best dispose,
" To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
" He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
" The event would be like that of Moses' law ;
" Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,
" Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
" No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
" But wit may gloss and malice may obscure ;
" Not those indited by his first command,
" A prophet graved the text, an angel held his hand.
" Thus faith was ere the written Word appeared,
" And men believed, not what they read, but heard.
" But since the Apostles could not be confined
" To these or those, but severally designed
" Their large commission round the world to blow,
" To spread their faith, they spread their labours too.
" Yet still their absent flock their pains did share ;
" They hearkened still, for love produces care.
" And as mistakes arose or discords fell,
" Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
" As charity grew cold or faction hot,
" Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,
" For all their wants they wisely did provide,
" And preaching by Epistles was supplied :
" So, great physicians cannot all attend,
" But some they visit and to some they send.
" Yet all those letters were not writ to all,
" Nor first intended, but occasional
" Their absent sermons ; nor, if they contain
" All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
" Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought ;
" They writ but seldom, but they daily taught ;
" And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
" *He darkly writ,** is true applied to all.
" For this obscurity could Heaven provide
" More prudently than by a living guide,
" As doubts arose, the difference to decide ?
" A guide was therefore needful, therefore made ;
" And, if appointed, sure to be obeyed.
" Thus, with due reverence to the Apostles' writ,
" By which my sons are taught, to which submit,
" I think those truths their sacred works contain
" The Church alone can certainly explain ;
" That following ages, leaning on the past,
" May rest upon the primitive at last.
" Nor would I thence the Word no rule infer,
" But none without the Church-interpreter ;
" Because, as I have urged before, 'tis mute,
" And is it self the subject of dispute.

* " As also in all his epistles, speaking in them of these things ; in which are some things hard to be understood." (2 Peter iii. 16.)

"But what the Apostles their successors taught,
"They to the next, from them to us is brought,
"The undoubted sense which is in Scripture sought.
"From hence the Church is armed, when errors rise
"To stop their entrance and prevent surprise,
"And, safe entrenched within, her foes without defies.
"By these all-festering sores her councils heal,
"Which time or has disclosed or shall reveal;
"For discord cannot end without a last appeal.
"Nor can a council national decide,
"But with subordination to her guide,
"(I wish the cause were on that issue tried;)
"Much less the Scripture; for suppose debate
"Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
"Bequeathed by some legator's last intent;
"(Such is our dying Saviour's Testament:)
"The will is proved, is opened, and is read;
"The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead;
"All vouch the words their interest to maintain,
"And each pretends by those his cause is plain.
"Shall then the testament award the right?
"No, that's the Hungary for which they fight,*
"The field of battle, subject of debate,
"The thing contended for, the fair estate.
"The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
"What vowels and what consonants are there.
"Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be tried
"Before some judge appointed to decide."
"Suppose," the fair apostate said, "I grant,
"The faithful flock some living guide should want,
"Your arguments an endless chase pursue:
"Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
"This mighty Moses of the chosen crew."
The dame, who saw her fainting foe retired,
With force renewed, to victory aspired;
And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
As once our Saviour owned his Deity,
Pronounced His words—*She whom ye seek am I.*†
Nor less amazed this voice the Panther heard
Than were those Jews to hear a God declared.
Then thus the matron modestly renewed:
"Let all your prophets and their sects be viewed,
"And see to which of them your selves think fit
"The conduct of your conscience to submit;
"Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
"With absolute exclusion to the rest:
"Thus would your Polish Diet disagree,
"And end, as it began, in anarchy;

* Hungary, the object of contest between the Turks and the German Empire.

† Referring, it is to be presumed, to St. John xviii. 5, 6, when Jesus replied, "I am *he*," to the Jewish officers who came with Judas to seek him. "As soon then as he had said unto them, I am *he*, they went backward, and fell to the ground."

" Yourself the fairest for election stand,
" Because you seem crown-general of the land :*
" But soon against your superstitious lawn
" Some Presbyterian sabre would be drawn ;
" In your established laws of sovereignty
" The rest some fundamental flaw would see,
" And call rebellion gospel-liberty.
" To Church-decrees your articles require
" Submission modified, if not entire.
" Homage denied, to censures you proceed :
" But when Curtana† will not do the deed,
" You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
" And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.
" Now this your sects the more unkindly take,
" (Those prying varlets hit the blots you make,)
" Because some ancient friends of yours declare
" Your only rule of faith the Scriptures are,
" Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
" Which every sect will for themselves expound,
" Nor think less reverence to their doctors due
" For sound interpretation, than to you.
" If then by able heads are understood
" Your brother prophets, who reformed abroad ;
" Those able heads expound a wiser way,
" That their own sheep their shepherd should obey.
" But if you mean your selves are only sound,
" That doctrine turns the Reformation round,
" And all the rest are false reformers found ;
" Because in sundry points you stand alone,
" Not in communion joined with any one,
" And therefore must be all the Church, or none.
" Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,
" Against this forced submission they protest ;
" While sound and sound a different sense explains,
" Both play at hard-head till they break their brains ;
" And from their chairs each other's force defy,
" While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
" I pass the rest, because your Church alone
" Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.
" But neither you nor any sect beside
" For this high office can be qualified
" With necessary gifts required in such a guide.
" For that which must direct the whole must be
" Bound in one bond of faith and unity ;
" But all your several Churches disagree.

* This phrase, *crown-general*, is ridiculed in Prior and Montague's parody : " There's a pretty name now for the Spotted Mouse, the Viceroy !—*Smith.* But pray, why d'ye call her so?—*Bayes.* Why, because it sounds prettily : I'll call her the Crown-General presently, if I have a mind to it."

† *Curtana*, the sword of mercy, a sword without an edge, said to have belonged to Edward the Confessor, and carried before our Kings at their coronations. Matthew of Paris, describing the coronation of the Queen of Henry III. says, "The Earl of Chester as Lord High Constable carried the sword of St. Edward called Curteine before the King in token that he be Earl or Count of the Palace and had by right a power of restraining the King, if he should act anything amiss."

" The consubstantiating Church and priest*
" Refuse communion to the Calvinist ;
" The French reformed from preaching you restrain,
" Because you judge their ordination vain ;
" And so they judge of yours, but donors must ordain.
" In short, in doctrine or in discipline
" Not one reformed can with another join :
" But all from each, as from damnation, fly :
" No union they pretend, but in Non-Popery.
" Nor, should their members in a synod meet,
" Could any Church presume to mount the seat
" Above the rest, their discords to decide ;
" None would obey, but each would be the guide ;
" And face to face dissensions would increase,
" For only distance now preserves the peace.
" All in their turns accusers and accused,
" Babel was never half so much confused.
" What one can plead the rest can plead as well,
" For amongst equals lies no last appeal,
" And all confess themselves are fallible.
" Now, since you grant some necessary guide,
" All who can err are justly laid aside,
" Because a trust so sacred to confer
" Shows want of such a sure interpreter,
" And how can he be needful who can err ?
" Then, granting that unerring guide we want,
" That such there is you stand obliged to grant ;
" Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
" Our needs and obviate that necessity.
" It then remains, that Church can only be
" The guide which owns unfailing certainty ;
" Or else you slip your hold and change your side,
" Relapsing from a necessary guide.
" But this annexed condition of the crown,
" Immunity from errors, you disown ;
" Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions down.
" For petty royalties you raise debate,
" But this unfailing universal State
" You shun, nor dare succeed to such a glorious weight ;
" And for that cause those promises detest
" With which our Saviour did his Church invest ;
" But strive to evade, and fear to find them true,
" As conscious they were never meant to you ;
" All which the Mother-Church asserts her own,
" And with unrivalled claim ascends the throne.
" So, when of old the Almighty Father sate
" In council, to redeem our ruined state,
" Millions of millions, at a distance round,
" Silent the sacred consistory crowned,
" To hear what mercy mixed with justice could propound ;

* The Lutherans.

" All prompt with eager pity to fulfil
" The full extent of their Creator's will.
" But when the stern conditions were declared,
" A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
" And the whole hierarchy with heads hung down
" Submissively declined the ponderous proffered crown.
" Then, not till then, the eternal Son from high
" Rose in the strength of all the Deity ;
" Stood forth to accept the terms, and underwent
" A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,
" Nor he himself could bear, but as omnipotent.
" Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
" That even the blear-eyed sects may find her out,
" Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
" What from his wardrobe her beloved allows
" To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse.
" Behold what marks of majesty she brings,
" Richer than ancient heirs of Eastern kings !
" Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
" To show whom she commands, and who obeys :
" With these to bind or set the sinner free,
" With that to assert spiritual* royalty.
" One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
" Entire, one solid shining diamond,
" Not sparkles shattered into sects like you :
" One is the Church, and must be to be true,
" One central principle of unity.
" As undivided, so from errors free ;
" As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
" Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage
" Of heretics opposed from age to age ;
" Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
" She stoops from heaven and meets them half way down,
" And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
" But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,
" And vainly lift aloft your magic wand
" To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land.
" You could like them, with like infernal force,
" Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.
" But when the boils and botches† with disgrace
" And public scandal sat upon the face,
" Themselves attacked, the Magi strove no more,
" They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore ;
" Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest sore.‡

Marks of the Catholic Church from the Nicene Creed.

* The accent is on the second syllable of *spiritual*. So also in line 618.

† Dryden's word *botches* is here restored: it was changed by Broughton into *blotches*, which has been printed ever since.

" Young Hylas botched with stains too foul to name."
GARTH'S *Dispensary*, canto 2.

‡ " And the magicians could not stand before Moses because of the boils ; for the boil was upon the magicians, and upon all the Egyptians." (Exodus ix. 11.) The magicians had by their

" Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
" Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed ;
" From east to west triumphantly she rides,
" All shores are watered by her wealthy tides.
" The gospel-sound, diffused from pole to pole,
" Where winds can carry and where waves can roll,
" The self-same doctrine of the sacred page
" Conveyed to every clime, in every age.
" Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
" To raise new blushes on my British race.
" Our sailing ships like common shores we use,
" And through our distant colonies diffuse
" The draughts of dungeons and the stench of stews,
" Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
" We disembogue* on some far Indian coast ;
" Thieves, pandars, palliards,† sins of every sort ;
" Those are the manufactures we export,
" And these the missioners‡ our zeal has made ;
" For, with my country's pardon be it said,
" Religion is the least of all our trade.
" Yet some improve their traffic more than we ;
" For they on gain, their only god, rely,
" And set a public price on piety.
" Industrious of the needle§ and the chart,
" They run full sail to their Japonian mart ;
" Prevention fear, and prodigal of fame,
" Sell all of Christian to the very name,
" Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked shame.‖
" Thus of three marks, which in the creed we view,
" Not one of all can be applied to you ;
" Much less the fourth.¶ In vain, alas ! you seek
" The ambitious title of Apostolic :**
" God-like descent ! 'tis well your blood can be
" Proved noble in the third or fourth degree ;

enchantments brought frogs upon Egypt, after Aaron had done so ; but they had not been able to destroy them again, nor had they been able to get rid of the lice. "Then the magicians said unto Pharaoh, This is the finger of God." (Exod. viii. 19.)

* *Disembogue*, from the French verb *désemboucher*, usually applied to a river emptying itself into another or into the sea.

> " To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames."
>
> POPE, *Dunciad*, ii. 271.

† *Palliard*, from the French *paillard*, a lecherous person.

‡ *Missionaires* was the word in the first edition, but was replaced by *missioners* in the second; but *missioners* is as strange to modern eyes as *missionaires*.

§ "Industrious of the needle." See note on "Absalom and Achitophel," line 479, for some instances of similar use of *of*.

‖ Dryden here accuses the Dutch of denying their Christianity in order to trade in Japan, where Christians were forbidden to land.

¶ Dryden has professed to describe the marks of the Catholic Church from the Nicene Creed. "And I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church." See marginal note at line 526. Three marks are indicated in lines 526-531 ; unity, freedom from error, and sanctity. To the fourth, apostolic origin, he now proceeds.

** *Apostolic*, pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, the third syllable short. So in line 171, and again 613.

" For all of ancient that you had before,
" (I mean what is not borrowed from our store,)
" Was error fulminated o'er and o'er ;
" Old heresies condemned in ages past,
" By care and time recovered from the blast.
" 'Tis said with ease, but never can be proved,
" The Church her old foundations has removed,
" And built new doctrines on unstable sands :
" Judge that, ye winds and rains ! you proved her, yet she stands.*
" Those ancient doctrines charged on her for new,
" Show when, and how, and from what hands they grew.
" We claim no power, when heresies grow bold,
" To coin new faith, but still declare the old.
" How else could that obscene disease be purged,
" When controverted texts are vainly urged ?
" To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more
" Required, than saying, 'Twas not used before.
" Those monumental arms are never stirred,
" Till schism or heresy call down Goliah's sword.
" Thus what you call corruptions are in truth
" The first plantations of the gospel's youth,
" Old standard faith ; but cast your eyes again,
" And view those errors which new sects maintain,
" Or which of old disturbed the Church's peaceful reign ;
" And we can point each period of the time,
" When they began, and who begot the crime ;
" Can calculate how long the eclipse endured,
" Who interposed, what digits were obscured :
" Of all which are already passed away,
" We know the rise, the progress, and decay.
" Despair at our foundations then to strike,
" Till you can prove your faith Apostolic,
" A limpid stream drawn from the native source,
" Succession lawful in a lineal course.
" Prove any Church, opposed to this our head,
" So one, so pure, so unconfinedly spread
" Under one chief of the spiritual state,
" The members all combined, and all subordinate
" Show such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
" In no communion joined with heresy.
" If such a one you find, let truth prevail ;
" Till when, your weights will in the balance fail ;
" A Church unprincipled kicks up the scale.
" But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
" Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
" That He, the fountain of eternal grace,
" Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space,
" To banish truth and to usurp her place ;
" That seven† successive ages should be lost,
" And preach damnation at their proper cost ;

* St. Matthew vii. 24-7.
† *Nine* was the word in the first edition, replaced by *seven* in the second.

"That all your erring ancestors should die
"Drowned in the abyss of deep idolatry;
"If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
"Awake, and open your unwilling eyes:
"God hath left nothing for each age undone,
"From this to that wherein he sent his Son;
"Then think but well of Him, and half your work is done.
"See how his Church, adorned with every grace,
"With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
"Stands ready to prevent* her long-lost son's embrace!
"Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,
"Nor less himself could from discovery keep,
"When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,
"And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.

The renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abbey Lands.

"That pious Joseph in the Church behold,
"To feed your famine and refuse your gold;
"The Joseph you exiled, the Joseph whom you sold."†
Thus, while with heavenly charity she spoke,
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke;
Shot from the skies a cheerful azure light;
The birds obscene to forests winged their flight,
And gaping graves received the wandering guilty sprite.
Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky
For James his late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his Almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.

Poeta loquitur.

I saw myself the lambent easy light
Gild the brown horror and dispel the night:‡
The messenger with speed the tidings bore,
News, which three labouring nations did restore;
But Heaven's own Nuncius was arrived before.
By this the Hind had reached her lonely cell,
And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell,
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on heaven had fixed her eyes,
Discerned a change of weather in the skies.
The western borders were with crimson spread,
The moon descending looked all flaming red;

* *Prevent*, anticipate, the common sense of the word in Dryden. Among other instances, see "Stanzas on Cromwell," 4; "Absalom and Achitophel," 344.

† Dryden's marginal note explains this passage as referring to a formal renunciation recently made by the English Benedictine monks of the abbey-lands which had belonged to their order before the Reformation. This was in order to quiet the fears of proprietors and aid in restoring the Roman Catholic religion in England.

‡ From Dryden's marginal note, "*Poeta loquitur*," it is to be understood that he here describes a natural phenomenon witnessed by himself. James's "late nocturnal victory" must be the battle of Sedgmoor, which began on the afternoon of July 6, 1685, and was not finished till the break of day, July 7. Dryden appears to refer to an *Aurora Borealis* or a remarkable phenomenon of shooting stars seen by himself on that night, but there is no other known mention of this circumstance. Dryden's witty parodists twitted him with this "*Poeta loquitur*." "But when I get any noble thought which I envy a mouse should say, I clap it down in my own person with a *Poeta loquitur;* which, take notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing in my writings than a hand in the margent anywhere else." (The Hind and the Panther Transversed to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse.)

She thought good manners bound her to invite
The stranger dame to be her guest that night.
'Tis true, coarse diet and a short repast,
She said, were weak inducements to the taste
Of one so nicely bred and so unused to fast;
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board
Was freely hers; and to supply the rest,
An honest meaning and an open breast.
Last, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This she desired her to accept, and stay,
For fear she might be wildered in her way,
Because she wanted an unerring guide;
And then the dew-drops on her silken hide
Her tender constitution did declare
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But most she feared that, travelling so late,
Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
And without witness wreak their hidden hate.
The Panther, though she lent a listening ear,
Had more of Lion in her than to fear;
Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Returned her all the thanks she could afford,
And took her friendly hostess at her word;
Who, entering first her lowly roof, a shed
With hoary moss and winding ivy spread,
Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest:
"So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
"Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest,
"Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
"Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
"This peaceful seat my poverty secures;
"War seldom enters but where wealth allures:
"Nor yet despise it, for this poor abode
"Has oft received and yet receives a God;
"A God, victorious of the Stygian race,
"Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.
"This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain;*
"Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
"And dare not to debase your soul to gain."
The silent stranger stood amazed to see
Contempt of wealth and wilful poverty:
And, though ill habits are not soon controlled,
A while suspended her desire of gold;

* In Part I, line 284, Dryden has spoken of Christ as "the blessed Pan." Here not only is Christ called "mighty Pan," but his victory over death is described as victory over the Stygian race. The mixture of religion and classical mythology in this passage is sufficiently incongruous, and has been justly criticized by Dr. Johnson.

But civilly drew in her sharpened paws,
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacified her tail and licked her frothy jaws.
  The Hind did first her country cates provide ;*
Then couched her self securely by her side.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

THE THIRD PART.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit
Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ,
Because the Muse has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beasts unknown,
As if we were not stocked with monsters of our own.
Let Æsop answer, who has set to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew ;
And Mother Hubbard in her homely dress
Has sharply blamed a British Lioness,
That Queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
Exposed obscenely naked and asleep.†
Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply ?
If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
  Others our Hind of folly will indite
To entertain a dangerous guest by night.
Let those remember, that she cannot die
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity ;‡

* *Cates*, provisions, contracted from an old word *achates* or *acates*, the French *achats*.

"The kitchen clerk, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th' achates in seemly wise."
SPENSER, *Fairy Queen*, ii. 9, 31.

"A sordid rascal, one that never made
Good meal in his sleep, but sells the acates are sent him."
BEN JONSON, *Staple of News*, act 2, sc. 1.

† Dryden vindicates his fable by the example of Spenser in his "Mother Hubbard's Tale," an allegory in which Queen Elizabeth was represented as a Lion asleep, while the Ape and the Fox, ministers, usurped her functions and made misgovernment.

"The Lion, sleeping, lay in secret shade,
His crown and sceptre lying him beside,
And having doft for heat his dreadful hide."

This is how she was "exposed obscenely naked and asleep." The pope-burnings of Queen Elizabeth's night, which had occurred every year since the excitement of the Popish Plot, are referred to in the words "whose feast the factious rabble keep."

‡ "Round eternity." See notes on *circular*, "Stanzas on Cromwell," 5, and *circle*, "Absalom and Achitophel," 839. Cleaveland has "Eternity's round womb" (Poems, 1659, p. 58)

"As round and full as the great circle of eternity."
SPRAT'S *Pindaric Ode on Cowley*.

Nor need she fear the Panther, though untamed,
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaimed:*
The wary savage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her Prince,
But watched the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry sons in frequent senate met;†
Meanwhile she quenched her fury at the flood
And with a lenten salad cooled her blood.
Their commons, though but coarse, were nothing scant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.
For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove
To express her plain simplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturbed the friendly meal.
She turned the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers past, a sadly pleasing theme;
Remembering every storm which tossed the State,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropped a tear betwixt for her own children's fate.
Nor failed she then a full review to make
Of what the Panther suffered for her sake:
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unshaken to an exiled heir,‡
Her strength to endure, her courage to defy,
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On these prolixly thankful she enlarged;
Then with acknowledgments her self she charged;
For friendship, of it self an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
Now should they part, malicious tongues would say
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possessed;
While danger lasted, kindness was professed;
But that once o'er, the short-lived union ends,
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
The Panther nodded when her speech was done,
And thanked her coldly in a hollow tone:
But said, her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Christian care.
If to the lawful heir she had been true,
She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.
"I might," she added, "with like praise describe
"Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe:

* James II.'s Declaration of Indulgence.

† "Frequent senate" means here numerous, well-attended, a Latin use of the word *frequens*. "Frequens senatus" in this sense occurs in Cicero (Epist. Fam. x. 12).

> "The great seraphic lords and cherubim
> In close recess and secret conclave sat,
> A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
> Frequent and full."
>
> MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, i. 794.

‡ The firm adherence of the Church of England to James, when, being Duke of York, he was in exile at Brussels, and the Exclusion Bill was being promoted against him.

" But incense from my hands is poorly prized,
" For gifts are scorned where givers are despised.
" I served a turn, and then was cast away;
" You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,
" And sip the sweets, and bask in your great Patron's day."
This heard, the matron was not slow to find
What sort of malady had seized her mind:
Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despite,
And cankered malice stood in open sight:
Ambition, interest, pride without control,
And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;
Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
With all the lean tormenters of the will.
'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forced civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindness with an altered face:
Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping still the nobler parts were sound;
But strove with anodynes to assuage the smart,
And mildly thus her medicine did impart:
" Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain;
" It shows a rest of kindness to complain,
" A friendship loth to quit its former hold,
" And conscious merit may be justly bold.
" But much more just your jealousy would show,
" If others' good were injury to you:
" Witness, ye heavens, how I rejoice to see
" Rewarded worth and rising loyalty!
" Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
" The scarlet honours of your peaceful gown,
" Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
" Charms to my sight and cordials to my mind.
" When virtue spooms* before a prosperous gale,
" My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;
" And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
" Cæsar should still have such, and such should still reward.
" The laboured earth your pains have sowed and tilled;
" 'Tis just you reap the product of the field.
" Yours be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
" To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
" Such scattered ears as are not worth your care
" Your charity for alms may safely spare,
" And alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
" My daily bread is literally implored;
" I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
" If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
" Say which of yours his charity offends;
" You know, he largely gives to more than are his friends.
" Are you defrauded, when he feeds the poor?
" Our mite decreases nothing of your store.

* To *spoom* is a sea-term applied to a ship under sail going right before the wind.

" I am but few,* and by your fare you see
" My crying sins are not of luxury.
" Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws
" And makes you break our friendship's holy laws,
" For barefaced envy is too base a cause.
" Show more occasion for your discontent;
" Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent.
" Some German quarrel,† or, as times go now,
" Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
" When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
" To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
" How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw
" And tax the sheep for troubling streams below;
" Or call her, when no farther cause you find,
" An enemy professed of all your kind!
" But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think
" The Wolf designed to eat as well as drink."
This last allusion galled the Panther more,
Because indeed it rubbed upon the sore;
Yet seemed she not to wince,‡ though shrewdly pained,
But thus her passive character maintained:
" I never grudged, whate'er my foes report,
" Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
" You have your day, or you are much belied,
" But I am always on the suffering side;
" You know my doctrine, and I need not say
" I will not, but I cannot disobey.
" On this firm principle I ever stood:
" He of my sons who fails to make it good
" By one rebellious act renounces to my blood."§
" Ah!" said the Hind, " how many sons have you
" Who call you mother whom you never knew!
" But most of them who that relation plead
" Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.
" They gape at rich revenues which you hold
" And fain would nibble at your grandam gold;
" Inquire into your years, and laugh to find
" Your crazy temper shows you much declined.
" Were you not dim and doted,‖ you might see
" A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
" No more of kin to you than you to me.
" Do you not know that for a little coin
" Heralds can foist a name into the line?
" They ask you blessing but for what you have;
" But once possessed of what with care you save,
" The wanton boys would piss upon your grave.

* " I am but few." Compare " a numerous exile," Part 1, line 20.

† A German quarrel, from the French phrase, *une querelle Allemande*, for a quarrel picked without cause. France under Louis XIV. made such quarrels where it suited, trusting to superior force.

‡ *Wince*, spelt *winch* by Dryden. The verb *lance* is similarly spelt by him *lanch*.

§ To *renounce to*, a Gallicism. See marginal note in Part 2, p. 252.

‖ *Doted*, foolish from age: an obsolete word.

" Your sons of latitude* that court your grace,
" Though most resembling you in form and face,
" Are far the worst of your pretended race ;
" And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
" Pray God you prove them lawfully begot :
" For in some Popish libels I have read
" The Wolf has been too busy in your bed ;
" At least their hinder parts, the belly-piece,
" The paunch and all that Scorpio claims are his.
" Their malice too a sore suspicion brings,
" For though they dare not bark, they snarl at kings.
" Nor blame them for intruding in your line ;
" Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.
" Think you your new French proselytes are come
" To starve abroad, because they starved at home ?
" Your benefices twinkled from afar,
" They found the new Messiah by the star.
" Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
" And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
" Mark with what management their tribes divide,
" Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,
" That many churches may for many mouths provide.
" More vacant pulpits would more converts make ;
" All would have latitude enough to take.
" The rest unbeneficed your sects maintain,
" For ordinations without cures are vain,
" And chamber practice is a silent gain.
" Your sons of breadth at home are much like these ;
" Their soft and yielding metals run with ease ;
" They melt, and take the figure of the mould,
" But harden and preserve it best in gold."
" Your Delphic sword," the Panther then replied,
" Is double-edged and cuts on either side.
" Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
" Three steeples argent in a sable field,†
" Have sharply taxed your converts, who unfed
" Have followed you for miracles of bread ;
" Such who themselves of no religion are,
" Allured with gain, for any will declare.
" Bare lies with bold assertions they can face,‡
" But dint of argument is out of place ;
" The grim logician§ puts them in a fright,
" 'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.

* The "sons of latitude," afterwards called "sons of breadth" (line 187), and "broad-way sons" (229), are the divines of the Church who were for widening the basis of the Church of England, and for endeavouring to comprehend a large portion of the Dissenters. Leaders of this school of divines were Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and Burnet.

† This is supposed to mean pluralists, with special reference to Stillingfleet.

‡ The meaning of this line is, "they can put a facing of bold assertions on bare lies."

§ The phrase "grim logician" is applied by Stillingfleet in his "Vindication" to Dryden. The whole of this passage, lines 189-215, is a paraphrase of sentences and arguments in Stillingfleet's "Vindication." Stillingfleet had argued against the imputation on the Reformation resting on Henry VIII.'s divorce and marriage, and had repelled Dryden's assertion that there was no Protestant treatise on Humility.

" Thus, our eighth Henry's marriage they defame ;
" They say the schism of beds began the game,
" Divorcing from the Church to wed the dame ;
" Though largely proved, and by himself professed,
" That conscience, conscience would not let him rest,
" I mean, not till possessed of her he loved,
" And old, uncharming Catherine was removed.
" For sundry years before did he complain,
" And told his ghostly confessor his pain.
" With the same impudence, without a ground
" They say that, look the Reformation round,
" No Treatise of Humility is found.
" But if none were, the Gospel does not want,
" Our Saviour preached it, and I hope you grant
" The Sermon in the Mount was Protestant."
" No doubt," replied the Hind, " as sure as all
" The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul ;
" On that decision let it stand or fall.
" Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed
" Have followed me for miracles of bread.
" Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,
" If since their change their loaves have been increast.
" The Lion buys no converts ; if he did,
" Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.
" Tax those of interest who conform for gain*
" Or stay the market of another reign :
" Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
" To close with Calvin, if he paid their price ;
" But, raised three steeples higher, would change their note,
" And quit the cassock for the canting-coat.
" Now, if you damn this censure as too bold,
" Judge by your selves, and think not others sold.
" Meantime my sons accused by fame's report
" Pay small attendance at the Lion's court,
" Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late,
" (For silently they beg who daily wait.)
" Preferment is bestowed that comes unsought ;
" Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
" How they should speed, their fortune is untried ;
" For not to ask is not to be denied.
" For what they have their God and King they bless,
" And hope they should not murmur had they less.
" But if reduced subsistence to implore,
" In common prudence they would pass your door.
" Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend,
" Has shown how far your charities extend.
" This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
" *He shamed you living, and upbraids you dead.*†

* "Tax those of interest," a Gallicism.

† Towards the close of Charles II.'s reign, Dryden had written to Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, "'Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and starved Mr. Butler." Scott justly observes that the King was more to blame than the Church for the neglect of Butler.

" With odious atheist names you load your foes ;
" Your liberal clergy why did I expose ?
" It never fails in charities like those.
" In climes where true religion is professed,
" That imputation were no laughing jest ;
" But *Imprimatur*, with a chaplain's name,
" Is here sufficient licence to defame.*
" What wonder is't that black detraction thrives ?
" The homicide of names is less than lives,
" And yet the perjured murderer survives."
This said, she paused a little, and suppressed
The boiling indignation of her breast.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her satire with ignoble blood ;
Her panting foes she saw before her lie,
And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
So when the generous Lion has in sight
His equal match, he rouses for the fight ;
But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
He sheathes his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleased with bloodless honours of the day,
Walks over and disdains the inglorious prey.
So James, if great with less we may compare,
Arrests his rolling thunder-bolts in air ;
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthened space
To implore the remnants of long-suffering grace.
This breathing-time the matron took ; and then
Resumed the thrid of her discourse again.
" Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
" And let Heaven judge betwixt your sons and mine :
" If joys hereafter must be purchased here
" With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
" Then welcome infamy and public shame,
" And last, a long farewell to worldly fame.
" 'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly tried
" By haughty souls to human honour tied !
" O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride !
" Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise ;
" And what thou didst and dost so dearly prize,
" That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.
" 'Tis nothing thou hast given ; then add thy tears
" For a long race of unrepenting years :
" 'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give :
" Then add those may-be years thou hast to live :
" Yet nothing still : then poor and naked come,
" Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
" And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

* Dryden here refers to Stillingfleet's severe reflections on himself. His tracts were licensed by the Archbishop of Canterbury's chaplain. The following had probably stung Dryden to the quick :—" If I thought there were no such thing in the world as true religion, and that the priests of all religions are alike, I might have been as nimble a convert, and as early a defender of the royal papers, as any one of these champions. For why should not one who believes no religion, declare for any ?"

"Thus," she pursued, "I discipline a son,
"Whose unchecked fury to revenge would run;
"He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
"And starts aside and flounders at the Cross.
"Instruct him better, gracious God, to know
"As Thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too;
"That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
"Than what his Sovereign bears and what his Saviour bore.
"It now remains for you to school your child,
"And ask why God's anointed he reviled;
"A King and Princess dead! did Shimei worse?
"The curser's punishment should fright the curse;*
"Your son was warned, and wisely gave it o'er,
"But he who counselled him has paid the score;
"The heavy malice could no higher tend,
"But woe to him on whom the weights descend.
"So to permitted ills the dæmon flies;
"His rage is aimed at him who rules the skies:
"Constrained to quit his cause, no succour found,
"The foe discharges every tire around,
"In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight;
"But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.
"In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds;
"To that long story little answer needs:
"Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
"Were space allowed, with ease it might be proved,
"What springs his blessed reformation moved.
"The dire effects appeared in open sight,
"Which from the cause he calls a distant flight,
"And yet no larger leap than from the sun to light.
"Now last, your sons a double pæan sound,
"A Treatise of Humility is found.
"'Tis found, but better had it ne'er been sought
"Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
"The famed original through Spain is known,
"Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,
"Which yours by ill-translating made his own;†
"Concealed its author, and usurped the name,
"The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.
"My altars kindled first that living coal;
"Restore, or practise better what you stole;
"That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
"'Tis all the restitution I require."

* Here Dryden unjustly accuses Stillingfleet of having reviled Charles II. and the Duchess of York, in his answer to their Papers.

† Alonzo Rodriguez, a Jesuit, wrote a work called "Exerjicio de Perfecion y Virtudes Cristianas," published at Seville, 1609. See note in Preface, p. 222, on a mistake said to be made by Dryden as to the English treatise of a Protestant on Humility, mentioned by Stillingfleet, and described by Dryden as a Translation by Duncombe of the treatise of Rodriguez. The work referred to by Stillingfleet was by an author named Allen, supposed to be the Reverend Thomas Allen, rector of Kettering, in Northamptonshire.

Glad was the Panther that the charge was closed,
And none of all her favourite sons exposed;
For laws of arms permit each injured man
To make himself a saver where he can.
Perhaps the plundered merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whose hands he fell;
But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private person in the foe's estate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;
Then let the greater supersede the less:
But let the abettors of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may sure be found to write
Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight,
A spotted dam, and all her offspring white.
The savage, though she saw her plea controlled,
Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offered fairly to compound the strife
And judge conversion by the convert's life.
"'Tis true," she said, "I think it somewhat strange
"So few should follow profitable change;
"For present joys are more to flesh and blood
"Than a dull prospect of a distant good.
"'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,
"(I hope to quote him is not to purloin,)
"Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliss;
"The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:
"The weak attraction of the greater fails;
"We nod awhile, but neighbourhood prevails;
"But when the greater proves the nearer too,
"I wonder more your converts come so slow.
"Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
"It shows a nobler principle than gain."
"Your inference would be strong," the Hind replied,
"If yours were in effect the suffering side;
"Your clergy-sons their own in peace possess,
"Nor are their prospects in reversion less.
"My proselytes are struck with awful dread,
"Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head;
"The respite they enjoy but only lent,
"The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.
"Be judge your self, if interest may prevail,
"Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.
"While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,
"That is, till man's predominant passions cease,
"Admire no longer at my slow increase.
"By education most have been misled;
"So they believe, because they so were bred.
"The priest continues what the nurse began,
"And thus the child imposes on the man.

" The rest I named before, nor need repeat;
" But interest is the most prevailing cheat,
" The sly seducer both of age and youth;
" They study that, and think they study truth.
" When interest fortifies an argument,
" Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent;
" For souls, already warped, receive an easy bent.
" Add long prescription of established laws,
" And pique of honour to maintain a cause,
" And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
" And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
" And chief among the still-mistaking crowd,
" The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
" And, more than all, the private judge allowed;
" Disdain of Fathers which the dance began,
" And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,
" The clown unread, and half-read gentleman."
To this the Panther, with a scornful smile:
" Yet still you travail with unwearied toil,
" And range around the realm without control,
" Among my sons for proselytes to prowl;
" And here and there you snap some silly soul.
" You hinted fears of future change in state;
" Pray Heaven you did not prophesy your fate!
" Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
" But may mistake the season of the year;
" The Swallows' fortune gives you cause to fear."
" For charity," replied the matron, " tell
" What sad mischance those pretty birds befel."
" Nay, no mischance," the savage dame replied,
" But want of wit in their unerring guide,
" And eager haste and gaudy hopes and giddy pride.
" Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,
" Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.
" The Swallow, privileged above the rest
" Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,
" Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold,
" But wisely shuns the persecuting cold;
" Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
" Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
" From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
" Endued with particles of soul divine.
" This merry chorister had long possessed
" Her summer seat, and feathered well her nest;
" Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,*
" And time turned up the wrong side of the year;†
" The shedding trees began the ground to strow
" With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.

* *Cheer*, face, countenance.

† In this singular description of the approach of winter, Dryden perhaps had in mind a phrase of Horace: " Simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum." *Sat.* i. 26.

" Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
" Which by instinct or prophecy she knew:
" When prudence warned her to remove betimes,
" And seek a better heaven and warmer climes.
" Her sons were summoned on a steeple's height,* 445
" And, called in common council, vote a flight;
" The day was named, the next that should be fair;
" All to the general rendezvous repair,
" They try their fluttering wings and trust themselves in air;
" But whether upward to the moon they go, 450
" Or dream the winter out in caves below,
" Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns not us to know.
" Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,
" And harboured in a hollow rock at night;
" Next morn they rose, and set up every sail; 455
" The wind was fair, but blew a mackrel gale: †
" The sickly young sat shivering on the shore,
" Abhorred salt-water never seen before,
" And prayed their tender mothers to delay
" The passage, and expect a fairer day. 460
" With these the Martin readily concurred,
" A church-begot and church-believing bird;
" Of little body, but of lofty mind,
" Round bellied, for a dignity designed,
" And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind; 465
" Yet often quoted Canon-laws and Code
" And Fathers which he never understood;
" But little learning needs in noble blood.‡
" For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in
" Her household chaplain and her next of kin: 470
" In superstition silly to excess,
" And casting schemes by planetary guess;
" In fine, short-winged, unfit himself to fly,
" His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.
" Besides, a Raven from a withered oak 475
" Left of their lodging was observed to croak.§

* This account of the Swallows' meeting refers to an assembly of the Roman Catholics held at the Savoy in 1686, under the presidency of Father Petre, a Jesuit and the King's Confessor, who is here the Martin. The object of the assembly was to consider how the interests of the Roman Catholics would be best promoted. Many feared that King James's measures would in the end bring trouble and danger on the Roman Catholics. Some proposed to petition the King for leave to sell their estates and emigrate to France. Father Petre opposed this, and counselled trust in James.

† Mackarel are best caught during a fresh gale of wind, which is therefore called a mackarel gale.

‡ This account of Father Petre, who is clearly intended by the Martin, comes from the Panther, but still it is clear that Dryden disliked Petre. The English Roman Catholics were divided into two parties, moderate Papists and supporters of the Jesuits: and it is to be inferred that Dryden was against the Jesuits. Edward Petre, the King's Confessor and Clerk of the Closet, was a member of the noble family of Petre.

§ A raven on the left was regarded by the Romans as a sure prophet.

" Quod nisi me quacunque novas incidere lites,
Ante sinistra cava monuisset ab ilice cornix,
Nec tuus hic Mœris nec viveret ipse Menalcas."
VIRG. *Ecl.* ix. 14.

"That omen liked him not; so his advice
"Was present safety, bought at any price;
"A seeming pious care that covered cowardice.
"To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,
"Of rising waters and a troubled stream,
"Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,
"With something more not lawful to express:
"By which he slyly seemed to intimate
"Some secret revelation of their fate.
"For he concluded, once upon a time,
"He found a leaf inscribed with sacred rhyme,
"Whose antique characters did well denote
"The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot:
"The mad divineress had plainly writ,*
"A time should come (but many ages yet)
"In which sinister destinies ordain
"A dame should drown with all her feathered train,
"And seas from thence be called the Chelidonian main. †
"At this, some shook for fear; the more devout
"Arose, and blessed themselves from head to foot.
"'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort
"Made all these idle wonderments their sport:
"They said, their only danger was delay,
"And he who heard what every fool could say
"Would never fix his thoughts, but trim his time away.
"The passage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,
"Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
"Nor more than usual equinoxes blew.
"The sun, already from the Scales declined,
"Gave little hopes of better days behind,
"But change from bad to worse of weather and of wind.
"Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
"Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly;
"'Twas only water thrown on sails too dry.
"But, least of all, philosophy presumes
"Of truth in dreams from melancholy fumes;
"Perhaps the Martin, housed in holy ground,
"Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight round,
"Till grosser atoms tumbling in the stream
"Of fancy madly met and clubbed into a dream:
"As little weight his vain presages bear,
"Of ill effect to such alone who fear;
"Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
"Each Nostradamus ‡ can foretell with ease:

"Mad divineress." The "insana vates" of Virgil, who so describes the Sibyl of Cumæ, committing her prophecies to leaves.

> "Insanam vatem adspicies, quæ rupe sub ima
> Fata canit, foliisque notas et nomina mandat."
> *Æn.* iii. 443.

† The Greek for swallow is *chelidon* (χελιδών).

‡ Nostradamus, Michel Notre Dame, a famous French physician and prophet, born 1503, died 1566; from whom comes this general name of a prophet.

" Not naming persons, and confounding times,
" One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.
" The advice was true; but fear had seized the most,
" And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
" The question crudely put to shun delay,
" 'Twas carried by the major part to stay.
" His point thus gained, Sir Martin dated thence
" His power, and from a priest became a prince.
" He ordered all things with a busy care,
" And cells and refectories did prepare,
" And large provisions laid of winter fare;
" But now and then let fall a word or two
" Of hope, that Heaven some miracle might show,
" And for their sakes the sun should backward go,
" Against the laws of nature upward climb,
" And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime;*
" For which two proofs in sacred story lay,
" Of Ahaz' dial and of Joshua's day.†
" In expectation of such times as these,
" A chapel housed them, truly called of ease;
" For Martin much devotion did not ask;
" They prayed sometimes, and that was all their task.
" It happened (as beyond the reach of wit
" Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
" That this accomplished, or at least in part,
" Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
" Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,‡
" Large-limbed, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind,
" (For Swisses or for Gibeonites designed,)
" These lubbers, peeping through a broken pane
" To suck fresh air, surveyed the neighbouring plain,
" And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)
" New blossoms flourish and new flowers arise,
" As God had been abroad, and walking there
" Had left his footsteps and reformed the year.
" The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
" With glittering beams, and in the meads below
" The burnished brooks appeared with liquid gold to flow.
" At last they heard the foolish Cuckoo sing,
" Whose note proclaimed the holy-day of spring.
" No longer doubting, all prepare to fly
" And repossess their patrimonial sky.
" The priest before them did his wings display;
" And that good omens might attend their way,
" As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.
" Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone?
" The canopy of heaven is all her own;

* " The prime," the spring.
† " Ahaz' dial " (2 Kings xx.), used as an illustration by Dryden in " Threnodia Augustalis," and " Joshua's day " (Joshua x.) in " Annus Mirabilis," stanza 118.
‡ " Otherwise called martlets." A note by Dryden. The Irish Roman Catholics are meant.

" Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
" And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
" And dip for insects in the purling springs,
" And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.
" Their mothers think a fair provision made,
" That every son can live upon his trade,
" And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
" Look out for husbands and new nuptial bands.
" The youthful widow longs to be supplied ;
" But first the lover is by lawyers tied
" To settle jointure-chimneys on the bride.
" So thick they couple, in so short a space,
" That Martin's marriage-offerings rise apace ;
" Their ancient houses, running to decay,
" Are furbished up and cemented with clay.
" They teem already ; stores of eggs are laid,
" And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.
" Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
" In flocks to greet the new returning year,
" To bless the founder and partake the cheer.
" And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)
" To plant abroad, and people colonies.
" The youth drawn forth, as Martin had desired
" (For so their cruel destiny required),
" Were sent far off on an ill-fated day ;
" The rest would need conduct them on their way,
" And Martin went, because he feared alone to stay.
" So long they flew with inconsiderate haste.
" That now their afternoon began to waste ;
" And, what was ominous, that very morn
" The Sun was entered into Capricorn :
" Which, by their bad astronomers' account,
" That week the Virgin balance should remount.
" An infant moon eclipsed him in his way,
" And hid the small remainders * of his day.
" The crowd amazed pursued no certain mark, †
" But birds met birds, and justled in the dark.
" Few mind the public in a panic fright,
" And fear increased the horror of the night.
" Night came, but unattended with repose ;
" Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close ;
" Alone, and black she came ; no friendly stars arose.
" What should they do, beset with dangers round,
" No neighbouring dorp, ‡ no lodging to be found,
" But bleaky plains, and bare unhospitable ground ?
" The latter brood, who just began to fly,
" Sick-feathered and unpractised in the sky,

* *Remainders.* Compare "remnants" in "Annus Mirabilis," 102, "the remnants of the night ;" also Part 1, 510, and line 276 of this Part.

† "But gods meet gods and justle in the dark."
DRYDEN and LEE'S *Œdipus*, act 4.

‡ *Dorp*, a village ; *thorp* is the same word.

" For succour to their helpless mother call:
" She spread her wings; some few beneath them crawl;
" She spread them wider yet, but could not cover all.
" To augment their woes, the winds began to move
" Debate in air for empty fields above,
" Till Boreas got the skies, and poured amain
" His rattling hailstones mixed with snow and rain.
" The joyless morning late arose, and found
" A dreadful desolation reign around,
" Some buried in the snow, some frozen to the ground.
" The rest were struggling still with death, and lay
" The Crows' and Ravens' rights, an undefended prey,
" Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
" Had gained the shelter of a hollow tree:
" But soon discovered by a sturdy clown,
" He headed all the rabble of a town,
" And finished them with bats, or polled them down.
" Martin himself was caught alive, and tried
" For treasonous crimes, because the laws provide
" No Martin there in winter shall abide.
" High on an oak which never leaf shall bear,
" He breathed his last, exposed to open air;
" And there his corps, unblessed, is* hanging still,
" To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill."†
The patience of the Hind did almost fail,
For well she marked the malice of the tale;
Which ribald art their Church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows;
He sowed the Serpent's teeth, an iron-harvest rose
But most in Martin's character and fate
She saw her slandered sons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the persecuting State:
Then said, " I take the advice in friendly part;
" You clear your conscience, or at least your heart.
" Perhaps you failed in your foreseeing skill,
" For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:
" As for my sons, the family is blessed
" Whose every child is equal to the rest;
" No Church reformed can boast a blameless line,
" Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine;
" Or else an old fanatic author lies,
" Who summed their scandals up by centuries.‡
" But through your parable I plainly see
" The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;

* *Are* instead of *is* in the early editions, but it must have been a printer's error. *Corps* is both singular and plural; here necessarily singular.

† Scott says: "It is a vulgar idea that a dead swallow, suspended in the air, intimates a change of wind by turning its bill to the point from which it is to blow."

‡ This refers to a work of John White, a Puritan member of the Long Parliament, published in 1643, with the title, "The First Century of Scandalous Malignant Priests, made and admitted into Benefices by the Prelates." The work was not continued. White died in 1645. He acquired from his work the name of Century White.

" The sunshine that offends the purblind sight,
" Had some their wishes, it would soon be night.
" Mistake me not ; the charge concerns not you ;
" Your sons are malcontents, but yet are true,
" As far as non-resistance makes them so ;
" But that's a word of neutral sense, you know,
" A passive term, which no relief will bring,
" But trims betwixt a rebel and a king."
" Rest well assured," the Pardalis * replied,
" My sons would all support the regal side,
" Though Heaven forbid the cause by battle should be tried."
The matron answered with a loud " Amen !"
And thus pursued her argument again :
" If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
" Your sons will practise what your self profess,
" What angry power prevents our present peace ?
" The Lion, studious of our common good,
" Desires (and kings' desires are ill withstood)
" To join our nations in a lasting love ;
" The bars betwixt are easy to remove,
" For sanguinary laws were never made above.
" If you condemn that Prince of tyranny,
" Whose mandate forced your Gallic friends to fly,
" Make not a worse example of your own ;
" Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
" And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
" His blunted sword your suffering brotherhood
" Have seldom felt ; he stops it short of blood :
" But you have ground the persecuting knife
" And set it to a razor edge on life.
" Cursed be the wit which cruelty refines
" Or to his father's rod the scorpion joins ; †
" Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's loins.
" But you perhaps remove that bloody note
" And stick it on the first Reformers' coat.
" Oh, let their crime in long oblivion sleep ;
" 'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
" Unjust or just is all the question now ;
" 'Tis plain that, not repealing, you allow.
" To name the Test would put you in a rage ;
" You charge not that on any former age,
" But smile to think how innocent you stand,
" Armed by a weapon put into your hand.
" Yet still remember that you wield a sword
" Forged by your foes against your sovereign lord ;

* *Pardalis*, the Greek and Latin name for a panther, misspelt *pardelis* in all editions. The misspelling was probably the printer's, left uncorrected by Dryden.

† The language which the young men advised Rehoboam to use in answer to Jeroboam, and those who asked him to lighten his father's yoke. " Thus shalt thou say unto them, My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins. And now whereas my father did lade you with a heavy yoke, I will add to your yoke : my father hath chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." (1 Kings xii. 10, 11.)

" Designed to hew the imperial cedar down,
" Defraud succession and disheir the crown.
" To abhor the makers and their laws approve
" Is to hate traitors and the treason love:
" What means it else, which now your children say,
" We made it not, nor will we take away?
" Suppose some great oppressor had by slight
" Of law disseised your brother of his right,
" Your common sire surrendering in a fright;
" Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
" Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
" More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
" The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
" Nor hang in peace, before he rendered back the gold.
" What more could you have done than now you do,
" Had Oates and Bedlow and their Plot been true?
" Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found;
" The dire magicians threw their mists around,
" And wise men walked as on enchanted ground.
" But now, when Time has made the imposture plain
" (Late though he followed truth, and limping held her train),
" What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again?
" The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
" But why the hag uncased and all obscene with itch?
" The first Reformers were a modest race;
" Our peers possessed in peace their native place,
" And when rebellious arms o'erturned the State
" They suffered only in the common fate;
" But now the Sovereign mounts the regal chair,
" And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is bare.*
" Your answer is, they were not dispossessed;
" They need but rub their metal on the Test
" To prove their ore; 'twere well if gold alone
" Were touched and tried on your discerning stone,
" But that unfaithful Test unfound will pass
" The dross of atheists and sectarian brass;
" As if the experiment were made to hold
" For base productions, and reject the gold.
" Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
" And sects may be preferred without disguise;
" No danger to the Church or State from these;
" The Papist only has his writ of ease.
" No gainful office gives him the pretence
" To grind the subject or defraud the prince.
" Wrong conscience or no conscience may deserve
" To thrive, but ours alone is privileged to sterve.†

* The exclusion of the Roman Catholic Peers from the House of Lords by the Test Act of 1678.

† *Sterve* is retained here as printed by Dryden, as it makes a rhyme with *deserve*. But Dryden usually prints *starve*, and *sterve* and *deserve* were doubtless pronounced *starve* and *desarve*. See note on "Threnodia Augustalis," 501. Later in line 975, *starved* is printed in the early editions, rhyming with *served*.

" Still thank your selves, you cry; your noble race
" We banish not, but they forsake the place:
" Our doors are open. True, but ere they come,
" You toss your censing Test and fume the room;
" As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
" And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell."*
To this the Panther sharply had replied;
But, having gained a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfied to have the butt and peace,†
And for the plaintiff's cause she cared the less,
Because she sued *in forma pauperis;*
Yet thought it decent something should be said,
For secret guilt by silence is betrayed.
So neither granted all, nor much denied,
But answered with a yawning kind of pride:
" Methinks such terms of proferred peace you bring,
" As once Æneas to the Italian king.‡
" By long possession all the land is mine;
" You strangers come with your intruding line
" To share my sceptre, which you call to join.
" You plead like him an ancient pedigree
" And claim a peaceful seat by Fate's decree:
" In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
" To unite the Trojan and the Latin bands:
" And, that the league more firmly may be tied,
" Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
" Thus plausibly you veil the intended wrong,
" But still you bring your exiled gods along;
" And will endeavour, in succeeding space,
" Those household poppits on our hearths to place.
" Perhaps some barbarous laws have been preferred;
" I spake against the Test, but was not heard.
" These to rescind and peerage to restore
" My gracious Sovereign would my vote implore;
" I owe him much, but owe my conscience more."

* Tobias drove away the evil spirit which haunted his bride Raguel by fumigation (Tobit viii. 1-3): "And when they had supped, they brought Tobias in unto her. And as he went, he remembered the words of Raphael, and took the ashes of the perfumes, and put the heart and the liver of the fish thereupon, and made a smoke therewith. The which smell when the evil spirit had smelled, he fled into the utmost parts of Egypt, and the angel bound him."

† This has been always printed from the commencement "the But and Peace." *Butt*, however, is clearly the right word. In Dryden's "Tempest" the butt plays a great part in the contention of Trinculo with Stephano and Ventoso. Stephano desires permission to drink from the butt before he retires to deliberate on the terms offered by Trinculo. "That," says Trinculo, "I refuse, till acts of hostility be ceased. These rogues are rather spies than ambassadors. I must take heed of my butt." Finally, Stephano returns with his friends Ventoso and Mustacho, and the following conversation takes place:—

> "*Vent.* Duke Trinculo, we have considered.
> *Trinc.* Peace or war?
> *Must.* Peace and the butt."
>
> Act 4, scene 3.

Then peace is concluded, and they set about drinking. "The butt and peace" then is a proverbial phrase. The Panther held "the butt."

‡ Latinus. See Seventh Book of the "Æneid."

" Conscience is then your plea," replied the dame,
" Which, well-informed, will ever be the same.
" But yours is much of the cameleon hue,
" To change the dye with every different view.
" When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
" Your conscience taught you duty to obey ;
" He might have had your statutes and your Test,
" No conscience but of subjects was professed.
" He found your temper, and no farther tried,
" But on that broken reed, your Church, relied.
" In vain the sects assayed their utmost art,
" With offered treasures to espouse their part ;
" Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
" But when, by long experience, you had proved
" How far he could forgive, how well he loved ;
" A goodness that excelled his godlike race,
" And only short of Heaven's unbounded grace ;
" A flood of mercy that o'erflowed our isle,
" Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile ;
" Forgetting whence your Egypt was supplied,
" You thought your Sovereign bound to send the tide ;
" Nor upward looked on that immortal spring,
" But vainly deemed he durst not be a king :
" Then Conscience, unrestrained by fear, began
" To stretch her limits, and extend the span ;
" Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
" And made a wise alliance with her foes.
" Can Conscience own the associating name,
" And raise no blushes to conceal her shame ?
" For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.
" But if the cause by battle should be tried,
" You grant she must espouse the regal side ;
" O Proteus Conscience, never to be tied ! *
" What Phœbus from the tripod shall disclose
" Which are in last resort your friends or foes ?
" Homer, who learned the language of the sky,
" The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie ;
" Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,
" But Interest is her name with men below." †
" Conscience or Interest be it, or both in one,"
The Panther answered in a surly tone ;
" The first commands me to maintain the crown,
" The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
" Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
" Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit.

* "Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?"
HORACE, 1 *Epist.* i. 90.

† It is to be understood that Dryden means this couplet on the identity of Conscience and Interest for an imitation of Homer's mode of mentioning the two names, Briareus and Ægæon :

"Ον Βριάρεων καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δέ τε πάντες
Αιγαίων'. *Iliad*, i. 403.

" These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
" Which proudly rising overlooks the land,
" And, once let in, with unresisted sway
" Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
" Think not my judgment leads me to comply
" With laws unjust, but hard necessity:
" Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
" Makes ill authentic for a greater good.
" Possess your soul with patience, and attend;
" A more auspicious planet may ascend;
" Good fortune may present some happier time,
" With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
" (Unwilling, witness all ye Powers above!)
" To mend my errors and redeem your love:
" That little space you safely may allow;
" Your all-dispensing power protects you now."
" Hold," said the Hind, " 'tis needless to explain;
" You would postpone me to another reign;
" Till when, you are content to be unjust:
" Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
" A fair exchange proposed of future chance
" For present profit and inheritance.
" Few words will serve to finish our dispute;
" Who will not now repeal would persecute.
" To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
" Wishing that happier planet would ascend.
" For shame, let Conscience be your plea no more;
" To will hereafter proves she might before;
" But she's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.
" Your care about your banks infers a fear
" Of threatening floods and inundations near;
" If so, a just reprise* would only be
" Of what the land usurped upon the sea;
" And all your jealousies but serve to show
" Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.
" To entrench in what you grant unrighteous laws
" Is to distrust the justice of your cause,
" And argues, that the true religion lies
" In those weak adversaries you despise.
" Tyrannic force is that which least you fear;
" The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear:
" Avert it, Heaven! nor let that plague be sent
" To us from the dispeopled continent.
" But piety commands me to refrain;
" Those prayers are needless in this Monarch's reign.

* *Reprise*, for reprisal; so used by Dryden elsewhere:

" I'll grant you out my letters of reprise."
Maiden Queen, act 5, scene 1.

But it is also used by Dryden in the exact sense of the French word *reprise*:

" Disease, despair, and death at three reprises told."
Britannia Rediviva, 231.

" Behold how he protects your friends opprest,
" Receives the banished, succours the distressed !
" Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
" He stands in daylight, and disdains to hide
" An act to which by honour he is tied,
" A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.*
" Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore ;
" This when he says he means, he means no more."
" Well," said the Panther, " I believe him just,
" And yet——"
" And yet, 'tis but because you must ;
" You would be trusted, but you would not trust."
The Hind thus briefly ; and disdained to enlarge
On power of kings and their superior charge,
As Heaven's trustees before the people's choice,
Though sure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those echoes given of her once loyal voice.
The matron wooed her kindness to the last,
But could not win ; her hour of grace was past.
Whom thus persisting when she could not bring
To leave the Wolf and to believe her King,
She gave her up, and fairly wished her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally :
Which well she hoped would more successful prove
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther asked what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree?
The dame replied : "'Tis sung in every street,
" The common chat of gossips when they meet ;
" But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
" To take a wholesome tale, though told in homely style.
" A plain good man, whose name is understood,†
" (So few deserve the name of plain and good,)
" Of three fair lineal lordships stood possessed,
" And lived, as reason was, upon the best.
" Enured to hardships from his early youth,
' Much had he done and suffered for his truth :
" At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
" Was never known a more adventurous knight,
" Who oftener drew his sword, and always for the right.
" As Fortune would, (his fortune came though late,)
" He took possession of his just estate ;

* The protection and aid given by the King to the French Protestant refugees. Bishop Burnet thus speaks of James's open denunciations of Louis XIV.'s persecution of the Huguenots : " Though all endeavours were used to lessen the clamour this had raised, yet the King did not stick openly to condemn it as both unchristian and unpolitic. He took pains to clear the Jesuits of it, and laid the blame of it chiefly on the King, on Madame de Maintenon, and the Archbishop of Paris. He spoke often of it with such vehemence that there seemed to be an affectation in it. He did more. He was very kind to the refugees. He was liberal to many of them. He ordered a brief for a charitable collection over the nation for them all ; upon which great sums were sent in They were deposited in good hands, and well distributed. The King also ordered them to be denised, without paying fees, and gave them great immunities. So that in all there came over, first to last, between forty and fifty thousand of that nation." (History of Own Time, i. 664.)

† James the Second.

" Nor racked his tenants with increase of rent,
" Nor lived too sparing, nor too largely spent ;
" But overlooked his hinds ; their pay was just
" And ready, for he scorned to go on trust :
" Slow to resolve, but in performance quick,
" So true that he was awkward at a trick.
" For little souls on little shifts rely
" And coward arts of mean expedients try ;
" The noble mind will dare do anything but lie.
" False friends (his deadliest foes) could find no way
" But shows of honest bluntness, to betray ;
" That unsuspected plainness he believed ;
" He looked into himself, and was deceived.
" Some lucky planet sure attends his birth
" Or Heaven would make a miracle on earth,
" For prosperous honesty is seldom seen
" To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win ;
" It looks as Fate with Nature's law would strive
" To show plain-dealing once an age may thrive ;
" And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
" Exceeded her commission to befriend.
" This grateful man, as Heaven increased his store,
" Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
" His house with all convenience was purveyed ;
" The rest he found, but raised the fabric where he prayed ;
" And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
" Employed her happiest hours of holy life.*
" Nor did their alms extend to those alone
" Whom common faith more strictly made their own ;
" A sort of Doves were housed too near their hall,†
" Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
" Though some, 'tis true, are passively inclined,
" The greater part degenerate from their kind ;
" Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
" And largely drink, because on salt they feed.
" Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws,
" Yet, bound by promise, he supports their cause,
" As corporations privileged by laws.
" That house, which harbour to their kind affords,
" Was built long since, God knows, for better birds ;
" But fluttering there, they nestle near the throne,
" And lodge in habitations not their own,
" By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
" Like harpies, they could scent a plenteous board ;
" Then, to be sure, they never failed their lord :
" The rest was form, and bare attendance paid ;
" They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obeyed.

* The Roman Catholic Chapel in Whitehall.
† The Doves are the clergy of the Church of England. *A sort* means here *a number*.

" As when a sort of wolves infect the night
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light."
WALLER's *Poems*, p. 34, ed. 1705.

" The more they fed, they ravened still for more;
" They drained from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.
" All this they had by law, and none repined;
" The preference was but due to Levi's kind:
" But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
" The gourmands made it their inheritance.
" When once possessed they never quit their claim,
" For then 'tis sanctified to Heaven's high name;
" And, hallowed thus, they cannot give consent
" The gift should be profaned by worldly management.
" Their flesh was never to the table served;
" Though 'tis not thence inferred the birds were starved;*
" But that their master did not like the food,
" As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
" Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
" Even though they were not Doves, to persecute:
" Yet he refused (nor could they take offence)
" Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.
" Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
" Which, new from treading, in their bills they brought:
" But left his hinds each in his private power,
" That those who like the bran might leave the flour.
" He for himself, and not for others, chose,
" Nor would he be imposed on, nor impose;
" But in their faces his devotion paid,
" And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,
" And sacred incense on his altars laid.
" Besides these jolly birds, whose crops impure
" Repaid their commons with their salt manure,
" Another farm he had behind his house,
" Not overstocked, but barely for his use;
" Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed†
" And from his pious hands received their bread.
" Our pampered Pigeons with malignant eyes
" Beheld these inmates and their nurseries;
" Though hard their fare, at evening and at morn,
" A cruise of water and an ear of corn,
" Yet still they grudged that modicum, and thought
" A sheaf in every single grain was brought.
" Fain would they filch that little food away,
" While unrestrained those happy gluttons prey.
" And much they grieved to see so nigh their hall
" The bird that warned St. Peter of his fall;‡
" That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
" And clap his wings and call his family
" To sacred rites; and vex the etherial powers
" With midnight matins at uncivil hours;

* Here printed *starved* in the early editions. See note on line 749.
† The "domestic poultry" of James are his Roman Catholic priests.
‡ "The cock," says Scott, "is made an emblem of the regular clergy of Rome, on account of their nocturnal devotions and matins."

" Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,
" Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.
" Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
" Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light!
" What if his dull forefathers used that cry,
" Could he not let a bad example die?
" The world was fallen into an easier way;
" This age knew better than to fast and pray.
" Good sense in sacred worship would appear
" So to begin as they might end the year.
" Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
" Of crowing Chanticleers in cloistered walls.
" Expelled for this and for their lands, they fled,
" And sister Partlet, with her hooded head,*
" Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed.
" The way to win the restiff world to God
Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
" Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of prayer:
" Religion frights us with a mien severe.
" 'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
" And put her in undress, to make her please;
" A lively faith will bear aloft the mind
" And leave the luggage of good works behind.
" Such doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught;
" You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;
" But sure the common cry was all for these,
" Whose life and precepts both encouraged ease.
" Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,
" And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail,
" (For vice, though frontless and of hardened face,
" Is daunted at the sight of awful grace,)
" An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
" Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true;
" And this grotesque design exposed to public view.
" One would have thought it an Egyptian piece,
" With garden-gods, and barking deities,
" More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies.
" All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,
" It was no libel where it meant to strike.
" Yet still the daubing pleased, and great and small
" To view the monster crowded Pigeon-hall.
" There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees,
" Adoring shrines and stocks of sainted trees;
" And by him a misshapen ugly race;
" The curse of God was seen on every face.
" No Holland emblem could that malice mend,†
" But still the worse the look the fitter for a fiend.

* The nun.

† The Dutch were famous for emblems and pictures. Dryden's old malice against the Dutch, quickened by the attitude of the Prince of Orange towards James, reappears in this line. This passage did not escape his parodists. Mr. Bayes boasts of his drawings: "Oh Lord! nothing at all. I could design twenty of 'em in an hour, if I had but witty fellows about me to draw 'em. I

" The master of the farm, displeased to find
" So much of rancour in so mild a kind,
" Inquired into the cause, and came to know
" The passive Church had struck the foremost blow;
" With groundless fears and jealousies possest,
" As if this troublesome intruding guest
" Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest: *
" A deed his inborn equity abhorred;
" But Interest will not trust, though God should plight his word.
" A law, the source of many future harms,
" Had banished all the poultry from the farms,
" With loss of life, if any should be found
" To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
" That bloody statute chiefly was designed
" For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
" But after-malice did not long forget
" The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
" For them, for their inferiors and allies,
" Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise:
" By which unrighteously it was decreed,
" That none to trust or profit should succeed,
" Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked weed;
" Or that to which old Socrates was curst,
" Or henbane juice to swell them till they burst.
" The patron, as in reason, thought it hard
" To see this inquisition in his yard,
" By which the Sovereign was of subjects' use debarred.
" All gentle means he tried, which might withdraw
" The effects of so unnatural a law:
" But still the Dove-house obstinately stood
" Deaf to their own and to their neighbours' good;
" And which was worse, if any worse could be,
" Repented of their boasted loyalty;
" Now made the champions of a cruel cause,
" And drunk with fumes of popular applause:
" For those whom God to ruin has designed,
" He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind. †
" New doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
" Suggested dangers, interposed delays;
" And emissary Pigeons had in store,
" Such as the Meccan prophet used of yore,

was proffered a pension to go into Holland and contrive their emblems; but hang 'em, they are dull rogues, and would spoil my invention." (The Hind and the Panther Transversed to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse.)

* "The birds of Venus," the Doves; and the phrase was doubtless intended to convey a wicked hit at the Church of England clergy.

† This well-known sentiment is derived from a fragment of Euripides preserved by Athenagoras:

"Οταν δὲ δαίμων ἀνδρὶ πορσύνῃ κακὰ
Τὸν νοῦν ἔβλαψε πρῶτον.

Translated into Latin thus; see Barnes's Euripides, Index I.

" Deus quos vult perdere dementat prius."

" To whisper counsels in their patron's ear ;
" And veiled their false advice with zealous fear.
" The master smiled to see them work in vain,
" To wear him out and make an idle reign :
" He saw, but suffered their protractive arts,
" And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts ;
" But they abused that grace to make allies
" And fondly closed with former enemies ;
" For fools are double fools, endeavouring to be wise.
" After a grave consult what course were best,
" One, more mature in folly than the rest,
" Stood up, and told them with his head aside,
" That desperate cures must be to desperate ills applied :
" And therefore, since their main impending fear
" Was from the increasing race of Chanticleer,
" Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
" A foe professed to him and all his kind :
" Some haggared Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
" Well pounced to fasten, and well winged to fly :
" One they might trust their common wrongs to wreak.
" The Musquet and the Coystrel were too weak ;*
" Too fierce the Falcon ; but, above the rest,
" The noble Buzzard ever pleased me best :
" Of small renown, 'tis true ; for, not to lie,
" We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.
" I know he haunts the Pigeon-house and farm,
" And more, in time of war has done us harm :
" But all his hate on trivial points depends ;
" Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.
" For pigeons' flesh he seems not much to care ;
" Crammed chickens are a more delicious fare.
" On this high potentate, without delay,
" I wish you would confer the sovereign sway ;
" Petition him to accept the government,
" And let a splendid embassy be sent.
" This pithy speech prevailed ; and all agreed,
" Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.
" Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard,
" His lodgings furnished, and a train prepared,
" With B's upon their breast, appointed for his guard.
" He came, and crowned with great solemnity,
" God save king Buzzard ! was the general cry.†

* The musquet is the male of the sparrow-hawk ; the coystrel, according to Johnson, is "a species of degenerate hawk."

† The Buzzard is Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and at the time of the production of this poem residing in Holland, and having the confidence of the Prince of Orange. Burnet repaid Dryden's satire by branding him in his History, as "a monster of immodesty and of impurity of all sorts" (Own Time, i. 269). This severe censure referred specially to Dryden's plays. In a tract published by Burnet shortly after the publication of "The Hind and the Panther," a Defence of his "Reflections on Varillas' History," he also lashes Dryden severely. "If his grace and his wit," says Burnet of Dryden, "improve both proportionally, he will hardly find that he has gained much by the change he has made from having no religion to choose one of the worst. It is true, he had something to sink from in matter of wit ; but as for his morals, it is scarce

" A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
" He seemed a son of Anak for his height :
" Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer ;
" Black-browed and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter ;
" Broad-backed and brawny built for love's delight,
" A prophet formed to make a female proselyte.
" A theologue more by need than genial bent ;
" By breeding sharp, by nature confident,
" Interest in all his actions was discerned ;
" More learned than honest, more a wit than learned ;
" Or forced by fear or by his profit led,
" Or both conjoined, his native clime he fled :
" But brought the virtues of his heaven along ;
" A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
" And yet with all his arts he could not thrive,
" The most unlucky parasite alive ;
" Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
" And then himself pursued his compliment ;
" But by reverse of fortune chased away,
" His gifts no longer than their author stay ;
" He shakes the dust against the ungrateful race,
" And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.
" Oft has he flattered and blasphemed the same,
" For in his rage he spares no sovereign's name :
" The hero and the tyrant change their style
" By the same measure that they frown or smile.
" When well received by hospitable foes,
" The kindness he returns is to expose ;
" For courtesies, though undeserved and great,
" No gratitude in felon-minds beget ;
" As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat
" His praise of foes is venomously nice ;
" So touched, it turns a virtue to a vice :
" *A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.**
" Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,
" Because he knows Confession stands for one ;
" Where sins to sacred silence are conveyed,
" And not for fear or love to be betrayed :
" But he, uncalled, his patron to control,
" Divulged the secret whispers of his soul ;
" Stood forth the accusing Satan of his crimes,
" And offered to the Moloch of the times.†

possible for him to grow a worse man than he was." Dryden had had a fling at Burnet in the Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel" under the name of Balak. See line 396 of that poem and note. For an exquisite account of Burnet, his great qualities and his weaknesses, see Macaulay's "History of England."

* "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."—VIRG. *Æn.* ii. 49.

† This refers to evidence given by Burnet against the Duke of Lauderdale, before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1675. Burnet, having been much pressed and threatened, related private conversations of Lauderdale with himself, to the effect that he wished the Presbyterians in Scotland would rebel, that he might bring over the Irish Papists to cut their throats. The object of the inquiry was to procure grounds for an Address to the King for removal of Lauderdale from office and from court.

" Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
" Invulnerable in his impudence,
" He dares the world and, eager of a name,
" He thrusts about and justles into fame.
" Frontless and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
" And runs an Indian muck at all he meets.*
" So fond of loud report, that not to miss
" Of being known, (his last and utmost bliss,)
" He rather would be known for what he is.
" Such was and is the Captain of the Test,†
" Though half his virtues are not here exprest;
" The modesty of fame conceals the rest.
" The spleenful Pigeons never could create
" A prince more proper to revenge their hate;
" Indeed, more proper to revenge than save;
" A king whom in His wrath the Almighty gave,
" For all the grace the landlord had allowed
" But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud,
" Gave time to fix their friends and to seduce the crowd.
" They long their fellow-subjects to enthral,
" Their patron's promise into question call,
" And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.
" False fears their leaders failed not to suggest,
" As if the Doves were to be dispossest;
" Nor sighs nor groans nor goggling eyes did want,
" For now the Pigeons too had learned to cant.
" The house of prayer is stocked with large increase,
" Nor doors nor windows can contain the press:
" For birds of every feather fill the abode;
" Even Atheists out of envy own a God;
" And, reeking from the stews, adulterers come,
" Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.
" That Conscience, which to all their crimes was mute,
" Now calls aloud and cries to persecute:
" No rigour of the laws to be released,
" And much the less, because it was their Lord's request:
" They thought it great their Sovereign to control,
" And named their pride nobility of soul.
" 'Tis true, the Pigeons and their prince elect
" Were short of power their purpose to effect:
" But with their quills did all the hurt they could
" And cuffed the tender chickens from their food:
" And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
" Though naming not the patron, to infer,
" With all respect, he was a gross idolater.

* Scott in a note on this passage gives the following explanation of the words "runs an Indian muck at all he meets." "To run a muck is a phrase derived from a practice of the Malays. When one of this nation has lost his whole substance by gaming, or sustained any other great and insupportable calamity, he intoxicates himself with opium; and, having dishevelled his hair, rushes into the streets, crying *Amocca*, or *Kill*, and stabbing every one whom he meets with his creeze, until he is cut down, or shot like a mad dog."

† Burnet was carrying on a fierce controversy with Parker, Bishop of Oxford, who had urged the abrogation of the Test. This is probably why he is called "Captain of the Test."

" But when the imperial owner did espy
" That thus they turned his grace to villany,
" Not suffering wrath to discompose his mind,
" He strove a temper for the extremes to find,
" So to be just as he might still be kind:
" Then, all maturely weighed, pronounced a doom
" Of sacred strength for every age to come.
" By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,
" No rights infringed, but licence to oppress:
" Such power have they as factious lawyers long
" To crowns ascribed, that kings can do no wrong.
" But since his own domestic birds have tried
" The dire effects of their destructive pride,
" He deems that proof a measure to the rest,
" Concluding well within his kingly breast
" His rowl of nature too unjustly were oppressed.
" He therefore makes all birds of every sect
" Free of his farm, with promise to respect
" Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.
" His gracious edict the same franchise yields
" To all the wild increase of woods and fields,
" And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds;
" To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
" And Choughs and Daws, and such republic birds;
" Secured with ample privilege to feed,
" Each has his district and his bounds decreed:
" Combined in common interest with his own,
" But not to pass the Pigeons' Rubicon.
" Here ends the reign of this pretended Dove;
" All prophecies accomplished from above,*
" For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove.
" Reduced from her imperial high abode,
" Like Dionysius to a private rod,†
" The passive Church, that with pretended grace
" Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
" Now touched, reviles her Maker to his face.
" What after happened is not hard to guess;
" The small beginnings had a large increase,
" And arts and wealth succeed, the secret spoils of peace.
" 'Tis said the Doves repented, though too late
" Become the smiths of their own foolish fate:‡
" Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour,
" But, sunk in credit, they decreased in power:
" Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
" Dissolving in the silence of decay.
" The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
" Invites the feathered Nimrods of his race,

* "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." (Genesis xlix. 10.)

† Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, became, after he was deposed, a schoolmaster at Corinth.

‡ A phrase translated from a piece ascribed to Sallust, there quoted from Appius, an early Roman poet whose poems are lost. "Res docuit id verum esse quod in carminibus Appius ait, fabrum esse quemque fortunæ suæ." (Epist. ad Cæs. de Republica ordinanda, i. 1.)

"To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
"And all together make a seeming goodly flight:
"But each have separate interests of their own;
"Two Czars are one too many for a throne.
"Nor can the usurper long abstain from food;
"Already he has tasted Pigeon's blood,
"And may be tempted to his former fare,
"When this indulgent lord shall late to Heaven repair.
"Bare benting times and moulting months may come,*
"When lagging late they cannot reach their home;
"Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)
"Like the tumultuous College of the Bees,†
"They fight their quarrel, by themselves opprest;
"The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast."
Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings at the close,
Seemed to require her natural repose;
For now the streaky light began to peep,
And setting stars admonished both to sleep.
The dame withdrew, and wishing to her guest
The peace of Heaven, betook her self to rest.
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait
With glorious visions of her future state.

* "Bare benting times." *Bent* is the name either of a long coarse grass or of a place where it grows; and *benting times* means times when the pigeons have no other food.

"The pigeon never knoweth woe
Until she doth a benting go."
(Old Proverb, quoted in Latham's edition of Johnson's Dictionary.)

In Coles's Dictionary, 1696, *bent* is explained as a place where rushes grow.

† This is supposed to refer to the dissensions in the College of Physicians with regard to the Dispensary established by Garth, which occasioned Garth's satirical poem of that name.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

A POEM

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

" Dii Patrii indigetes, et Romule, Vestaque mater,
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim et Romana palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso puerum succurrere sæclo
Ne prohibite : satis jampridem sanguine nostro
Laomedonteæ luimus perjuria Trojæ."

VIRG. *Georg.* i. 498.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The birth of a son to James II. on June 10, 1688, *and on Trinity Sunday, is celebrated in the following poem. The Queen's pregnancy had excited surprise, and much doubt and distrust; and while the Roman Catholics hailed the birth of the Prince with unbounded joy, as seeing hope of a Roman Catholic successor to James, the opponents of James's measures and the friends of the Prince of Orange generally regarded the pregnancy as a sham and the child as supposititious. The calm verdict of history is that the child was genuine. But the Revolution soon came to destroy all the newly raised hopes of the Roman Catholics, and scatter the poet's visions of long reigns for James and his son.*

This is the last of the series of Dryden's Historical and Political Poems. He was too deeply committed as a Roman Catholic, and by his prominent politics, and by all he had written against the Dutch, to render it possible for him to have William III.'s favour. He was deprived of his Laureateship. Since 1681, *when he first appeared as a Tory politician with "Absalom and Achitophel," he had done very little in the way of play-writing. "The Duke of Guise" and "Albion and Albanius," which both have a strong political character, are his only two dramas produced between* 1681 *and* 1688. *After the Revolution, he returned of necessity to play-writing for some years. Five plays were written between this and* 1694, *when Dryden gave up writing for the stage, and soon devoted himself to his great labour of the translation of Virgil.*

This poem was hastily written: the Prince was born on June 10*th, and the poem was licensed on the* 19*th. The Revolution came too soon to allow of a second edition in Dryden's lifetime. It was first reprinted in Tonson's folio volume of* 1701.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA,

A POEM ON THE PRINCE, BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1688

Our vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.
Just on the day, when the high mounted sun
Did farthest in his northern progress run,*
He bended forward and even stretched the sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthened year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
That was the business of his longest morn;
The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her bloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes the auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.
Last solemn Sabbath saw the Church attend,†
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wondrous octave rolled again,‡
He brought a royal infant in his train:
So great a blessing to so good a King
None but the Eternal Comforter could bring.
Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once, in council to create our sire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast;
And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promised seed.
Three realms united and on one bestowed
An emblem of their mystic union showed:
The mighty Trine the triple empire shared,
As every person would have one to guard.
Hail, son of prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from Heaven; § but long be banished thence,

* June 10, described as the longest day.
† "Whit Sunday."
‡ "Trinity Sunday;" the eighth day after Whit Sunday, and the day of the Prince's birth.
§ The birth of a Prince was ascribed by the Jesuits to their prayers. Dryden, probably more

And late to thy paternal skies retire :
To mend our crimes whole ages would require,
To change the inveterate habit of our sins
And finish what thy godlike sire begins.
Kind Heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve ;
Thy father's angel and thy father join
To keep possession and secure the line ;
But long defer the honours of thy fate ;
Great may they be like his, like his be late,
That James this running century may view,
And give his son an auspice to the new.*
Our wants exact at least that moderate stay :
For see the Dragon winged on his way,†
To watch the travail and devour the prey.‡
Or if allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when Alcides raised his infant cry,§
The snakes besieged his young divinity ;
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat,
For opposition makes a hero great.
To needful succour all the good will run,
And Jove assert the godhead of his son.
O still repining at your present state,
Grudging your selves the benefits of fate,
Look up, and read in characters of light
A blessing sent you in your own despite !
The manna falls, yet that celestial bread
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you feed.
May not your fortune be like theirs, exiled
Yet forty years to wander in the wild ;
Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
To lead you to the verge of promised rest !
Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing Heaven his footsteps may be found ;
Behold ! how awfully He walks the round !
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
The rise of empires and their fall surveys ;

as a poet than as a believer, ascribes it to the prayers of Roman Catholics. For the phrase, "by holy violence drawn down from Heaven," compare "Astræa Redux," 144.

"And Heaven is won by violence of song."

POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, 2 Ep. i. 240.

* James II. saw the end of the century, and died in 1701 ; but could not give a happy auspice of the new century to his son, the unfortunate "Pretender."

† "Alluding only to the Commonwealth party here and in other parts of the poem." Such is Dryden's note ; but why this allusion should be confined to the Commonwealth party is not apparent. The disbelief of the genuineness of the Queen's pregnancy was not confined to the Commonwealth party ; grave suspicion was general in the highest among those who were not Roman Catholics. The Princess Anne suspected.

‡ "Rev. xii. 4." "And the dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born."

§ *Alcides*, Hercules. See note on "Threnodia Augustalis,"447, where the same simile is used.

More (might I say) than with an usual eye,*
He sees his bleeding Church in ruin lie,
And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar cry.
Already has He lifted high the sign,
Which crowned the conquering arms of Constantine :†
The moon grows pale at that presaging sight,‡
And half her train of stars have lost their light.
Behold another Sylvester,§ to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success ;
Large of his treasures,‖ of a soul so great
As fills and crowds his universal seat.
Now view at home a second Constantine¶
(The former too was of the British line.)
Has not his healing balm your breaches closed,
Whose exile many sought and few opposed ?
Or did not Heaven by its eternal doom
Permit those evils, that this good might come ?
So manifest, that even the moon-eyed sects
See whom and what this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one shipwrack on the fatal Ore,**
That only thought may make us think again
What wonders God reserves for such a reign.
To dream that chance his preservation wrought
Were to think Noah was preserved for nought,
Or the surviving eight were not designed
To people earth and to restore their kind.
When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestic face
Give awful joy ; 'tis Paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book.
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how the unfolded volume will delight !
See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp ; how through the mother's eyes

* An unusually bad line for Dryden. If arranged correctly, according to the meaning, "with a more than usual eye," it would be very prosaic. "A synchysis or ill-placing of words, of which Tully so much complains in oratory," is Dryden's criticism on a passage of Ben Jonson, in which words are not so badly distorted. (Defence of Epilogue to "Conquest of Granada.")

† "The Cross." A forced reference to the legend of the appearance of the cross, with the motto "In hoc signo vinces," to Constantine on the eve of his victory: and Dryden poetically represents that the elevation by James of the Roman Catholic religion had had a beneficial effect on the progress of the Christian arms in the war between the German Emperor and the Turks.

‡ "The Crescent, which the Turks bear for their arms."

§ "The Pope in the time of Constantine the Great, alluding to the present Pope." "The present Pope," here called by Dryden another Sylvester, was Innocent XI. The compliment to him is introduced to pave the way for calling James "a second Constantine." Pope Innocent XI. was opposed to the Jesuits, and not sympathetic with James's policy: he had the name of the Protestant Pope.

‖ "Largus opum," (Virg. Æn. xi. 338.) See for instances of similar Latinisms note on "Absalom and Achitophel," 479.

¶ "King James the Second."

** "The Lemmon Ore." The sandbank in Yarmouth road where the "Gloucester" frigate, carrying James to Scotland in May 1682, was wrecked, James narrowly escaping death. See "Absalom and Achitophel," part 2, 1065-1098.

The father's soul with an undaunted view
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Assures our birthrights and assumes his own.
  Born in broad day-light, that the ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;*
Truth, which it self is light, does darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.
  Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth,†
Loth to confess the Godhead clothed in earth;
But sickened after all their baffled lies
To find an heir-apparent of the skies,
Abandoned to despair, still may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge.
  Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,‡
When, the dark mantling mist dissolved away,
He to the Tyrians showed his sudden face,
Shining with all his goddess mother's grace;
For she herself had made his countenance bright,
Breathed honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.
  If our victorious Edward,§ as they say,
Gave Wales a Prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years revolving with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One who may carry to a distant shore
The terror that his famed forefather bore?
But why should James or his young hero stay
For slight presages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our Prince was born;
Our Prince adorns his day, and ages hence
Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince.

* The birth of the Prince took place in the presence of a large number of privy councillors and ladies of rank.

† "Alluding to the temptations in the wilderness." (St. Matthew, chap. iv.)

‡ "Virg. Æn. 1."

> "Restitit Æneas, claraque in luce refulsit,
> Os humerosque deo similis; namque ipsa decoram
> Cæsariem nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ
> Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflârat honores:
> Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
> Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro."
>
> vv. 588-593.

> "The Trojan chief appeared in open sight,
> August in visage, and serenely bright;
> His mother goddess with her hands divine
> Had formed his curling locks and made his temples shine,
> And given his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
> And breathed a youthful vigour on his face;
> Like polished ivory, beautious to behold,
> Or Parian marble, when enchased in gold."
>
> (Dryden's Translation.)

§ "Edward the Black Prince, born on Trinity Sunday."

Great Michael, prince of all the etherial hosts,
And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts; *
And thou, the adopted patron of our Isle,†
With cheerful aspects on this infant smile!
The pledge of Heaven, which dropping from above
Secures our bliss and reconciles His love.
Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,‡
Nor did the avenging angel yet retire,
But purged our still increasing crimes with fire.§
Then perjured plots, the still impending Test,‖
And worse; but charity conceals the rest.
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God! thy martyrs' blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harvest through their native soil;
A harvest ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.
Enough of early saints one womb has given;
Enough increased the family of heaven:
Let them for his and our atonement go,
And reigning blest above, leave him to rule below.
Enough already has the year forslowed¶
His wonted course, the seas have overflowed,
The meads were floated with a weeping spring,
And frightened birds in woods forgot to sing;
The strong-limbed steed beneath his harness faints,
And the same shivering sweat his lord attaints.
When will the minister of wrath give o'er?
Behold him, at Araunah's threshing floor:**
He stops, and seems to sheathe his flaming brand,
Pleased with burnt incense from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
And raised an altar to the living God.

* "The motto of the Poem explained." See the motto from Virgil's first Georgic. Dryden has in the third line substituted *puerum* for *juvenem*, to make it more appropriate. The passage is thus translated by Dryden:

> "Ye home-born deities, of mortal birth!
> Thou father Romulus, and mother earth,
> Goddess unmoved! whose guardian arms extend
> O'er Tuscan Tiber's course, and Roman towers defend,
> With youthful Cæsar your joint powers engage,
> Nor hinder him to save the sinking age,
> Oh! let the blood already spilt atone
> For the past crimes of curst Laomedon."

The "perjuria Laomedontis" of Virgil had a force in Dryden's motto as referring to the perjuries of the witnesses of the Popish Plot.

† "St. George."

‡ The Plague of 1666.

§ The Great Fire of London.

‖ The Popish Plot and the Test Act.

¶ See note on *forslow* in p. 139; where there is an error in saying that Scott has in this passage substituted foreshowed. Other editors have done so.

** "Alluding to the passage in the First Book of Kings, ch. xxiv. v. 20." Such is Dryden's note; but he has made a wrong reference. The reference was intended for 2 Samuel xxiv.

Heaven, to reward him, make his joys sincere;
No future ills nor accidents appear
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.
Five months to discord and debate were given;
He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be blest,
And prelude to the realms perpetual rest!
Let his baptismal drops for us atone;
Lustrations for offences not his own.*
Let Conscience, which is Interest ill disguised,
In the same font be cleansed, and all the land baptized.
Unnamed as yet, at least unknown to fame,†
Is there a strife in Heaven about his name,
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?
Or must it be reserved to thought alone?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton.‡
Things worthy silence must not be revealed:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept concealed,§
To shun the spells and sorceries of those
Who durst her infant majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues and fascinating eyes,
This Isle, which hides the little Thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name:
The artillery of Heaven shall make him known;
Crete could not hold the god, when Jove was grown.‖
As Jove's increase,¶ who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste
Minerva's name to Venus had debased;**
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarchs with plebeian blood:
Food that his inborn courage might control,
Extinguish all the father in his soul,
And for his Estian race and Saxon strain††
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood;
But kings too tame are despicably good:

* "Original sin."

† "The Prince christened, but not named."

‡ "Jehovah, or the name of God, unlawful to be pronounced by the Jews."

§ "Some authors say, that the true name of Rome was kept a secret: *Ne hostes incantamentis deos elicerent.*" Where these Latin words come from has not been ascertained. See Macrobius Saturnalia, iii. 9) and Pliny (Nat. Hist. v. 5) on the subject of this superstitious concealment of the true name of Rome, lest enemies might make use of it to evoke the protecting deities. There was a superstition that when the protecting gods left a city, it fell: and this superstition is believed to be referred to in a passage of the Æneid (ii. 351) on the destruction of Troy, alluded to in Dryden's poem to Lord Chancellor Clarendon, line 20, where see the note.

‖ "Candie, where Jupiter was born, and lived secretly."

¶ "Cara deum suboles, magnum Jovis incrementum."
VIRG. *Ecl.* iv. 49.

** "Pallas, or Minerva, said by the poets to have been bred up by hand." In the case of the infant prince, the wet-nurse was dispensed with.

†† The Prince's mother, Mary of Modena, was an Este.

Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.
  Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fired the Muse:
Madness ungovernable, uninspired,
Swift to foretell whatever she desired.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punished when the sudden blast
The face of heaven and our young sun o'ercast! *
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she rolled,
Disease, despair, and death at three reprises told:
At three insulting strides she stalked the town,
And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnowed wheat; but mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
Here black rebellion shooting from below,
(As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow,†)
And here the sons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplex of grief! so low were driven
The saints as hardly to defend their heaven.
  As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook;
Such heavings had our souls, till, slow and late,
Our life with his returned, and Faith prevailed on Fate.
By prayers the mighty blessing was implored,
To prayers was granted and by prayers restored.
  So, ere the Shunamite a son conceived,‡
The prophet promised, and the wife believed;
A son was sent, the son so much desired,
But soon upon the mother's knees expired.
The troubled seer approached the mournful door,
Ran, prayed, and sent his pastoral staff before,
Then stretched his limbs upon the child, and mourned,
Till warmth and breath and a new soul returned.
  Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.§
  As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain.
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroyed
On the flat field and on the naked void;
The light unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And, soon restored by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.

* "The sudden false report of the Prince's death."
† "Those giants are feigned to have grown fifteen ells every day." What Dryden here refers to has not been ascertained.
‡ "In the Second Book of Kings, chap. iv."
§ St. Matthew, chap. xiv.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past,
For Heaven will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful blessings and with mingled fear;
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass;
With sparing hands will diet us to good,
Preventing surfeits of our pampered blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young
With little morsels, and delays them long.
True, this last blessing was a royal feast,
But where's the wedding-garment on the guest?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Israel sinned, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the present ark their guard;*
But when the haughty Philistines appear,
They fled, abandoned to their foes and fear;
Their God was absent, though his ark was there.
Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the blessing of a day!
For we have sinned him hence, and that he lives
God to his promise, not our practice, gives.
Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
But James and Mary and the Church prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.†
By living well let us secure his days;
Moderate in hopes and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born spirit can constrain,
But charity and great examples gain.
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day;
'Tis god-like God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious Queen, translated here
From your mild heaven to rule our rugged sphere,
Beyond the sunny walks and circling year;‡
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;
So lost as star-light is dissolved away
And melts into the brightness of the day,
Or gold about the regal diadem,
Lost to improve the lustre of the gem.

* "1 Samuel iv. 10."
† "Exod. xvii. 8." Compare "Verses to the Duchess of York," 29, p. 33.
‡ See note on "Threnodia Augustalis," line 353.

What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beautious giver pay;
For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,
That, though the longest day, would soon, too soon, be done.
Let angels' voices with their harps conspire,
But keep the auspicious infant from the quire;
Late let him sing above, and let us know
No sweeter music than his cries below.
Nor can I wish to you, great Monarch, more
Than such an annual income to your store;
The day which gave this unit did not shine
For a less omen than to fill the trine.
After a Prince, an Admiral beget;
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
Our Isle has younger titles still in store,
And when the exhausted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign shore.
The name of Great your martial mind will suit;
But Justice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's due,*
And in him Plutarch prophesied of you.
A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shared by all.
Some kings the name of conquerors have assumed,
Some to be great, some to be gods presumed;
But boundless power and arbitrary lust
Made tyrants still abhor the name of Just;
They shunned the praise this godlike virtue gives,
And feared a title that reproached their lives.
The Power from which all kings derive their state,
Whom they pretend at least to imitate,
Is equal both to punish and reward;
For few would love their God, unless they feared.
Resistless force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect deity;
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And deathless being even the damned enjoy;
And yet Heaven's attributes both last and first,
One without life, and one with life accurst:
But Justice is Heaven's self, so strictly He
That, could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and state
Are one to Fortune subject, one to Fate:
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;
Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand beguile;
Your self our balance hold, the world's our Isle.

* "Aristides; see his Life in Plutarch."

EPISTLES

AND

COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESSES.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

This second division of Dryden's Poems, which has been headed "Epistles and Complimentary Addresses," consists almost entirely of short pieces; the only two of any length being the Address to Sir Godfrey Kneller and the Epistle to his cousin John Driden. A large portion of the Addresses was written, according to the custom of the times, as complimentary testimonies for author-friends to be placed at the beginning of newly-published works; the praise, as it is called in Hudibras, "of wit-insuring friend." The dates of publication of the pieces in this division range from 1650, *when Dryden in his nineteenth year vouched for the poetry of his schoolfellow John Hoddesdon, to* 1700, *when he published with his "Fables" his Epistle to his cousin. They are printed in chronological order of publication. "A familiar Epistle to Mr. Julian, Secretary to the Muses," which was printed, and ascribed to Dryden, in the sixth volume of the edition of the "Miscellany Poems" of* 1716, *may be unhesitatingly rejected as not Dryden's. The same poem was published as George Villiers Duke of Buckingham's in a collection of his Poems printed in* 1714. *An allusion to Dryden himself in the poem would seem sufficient to prove him not the author:*

> *"Less art thou helped by Dryden's bed-rid age;*
> *That drone has left his sting upon the stage."*

It was an abuse of Dryden's name by the publisher to represent as his any volume or edition of the "Miscellany Poems" published after his death; and no text or ascription of authorship in any of these subsequent publications can be relied on as regards Dryden.

Dryden's occasional brief notes are always printed between marks of quotation.

EPISTLES AND COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESSES.

TO JOHN HODDESDON,

ON HIS DIVINE EPIGRAMS.*

THOU hast inspired me with thy soul, and I,
Who ne'er before could ken of poetry,
Am grown so good proficient I can lend
A line in commendation of my friend.
Yet 'tis but of the second hand; if aught
There be in this, 'tis from thy fancy brought.
Good thief who darest, Prometheus-like, aspire,
And fill thy poems with celestial fire,
Enlivened by these sparks divine, their rays
Add a bright lustre to thy crown of bays.
Young eaglet, who thy nest thus soon forsook,
So lofty and divine a course hast took
As all admire, before the down begin
To peep as yet upon thy smoother chin;
And, making Heaven thy aim, hast had the grace
To look the Sun of Righteousness in the face.
What may we hope, if thou goest on thus fast?
Scriptures at first, enthusiasms at last!
Thou hast commenced betimes a saint; go on,
Mingling diviner streams with Helicon,
That they who view what Epigrams here be,
May learn to make like, in just praise of thee.
Reader, I've done, nor longer will withhold
Thy greedy eyes; looking on this pure gold,
Thou'lt know adulterate copper, which, like this,
Will only serve to be a foil to his.

* This is Dryden's second known poem, the first being the poem on the death of Lord Hastings. These lines were prefixed to a small volume of religious poetry published in 1650, by John Hoddesdon, a youth of eighteen, and probably a Westminster schoolfellow and Cambridge fellow-collegian of Dryden. The lines were signed "J. Dryden of Trinity C." Dryden completed his nineteenth year in August 1650. Hoddesdon's book was called "Sion and Parnassus, or Epigrams on several Texts of the Old and New Testament, to which are added a Poem on the Passion, a Hymn on the Resurrection, Ascension, and Feast of Pentecost."

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND SIR ROBERT HOWARD,

ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.*

As there is music uninformed by art
In those wild notes, which with a merry heart
The birds in unfrequented shades express,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us less,
So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
Which shames composure† and its art excels.
Singing no more can your soft numbers grace
Than paint adds charms unto a beautious face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmness does suppose them deep,
Such is your Muse; no metaphor swelled high
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the sky:
Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Show sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.‡
'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear
And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as Stoics feign
Then least to feel when most they suffer pain;
And we, dull souls, admire but cannot see
What hidden springs within the engine be:
Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues
Each act and motion of your graceful Muse.

* Sir Robert Howard, to whom this poem is addressed, was a younger son of the Earl of Berkshire, with whom Dryden became intimate about the time of the Restoration, and by whom he was much befriended. Shadwell, in his "Medal of John Bayes," has made Howard's kindness to Dryden a subject of attack:

> "Then by the assistance of a noble knight
> Thou hadst plenty, ease, and liberty to write:
> First like a gentleman he made thee live,
> And on his bounty thou didst amply thrive."

And a note on "noble knight" explains, "Sir R. H., who kept him generously at his own house." Sir Robert Howard, like his father, was a zealous Royalist. The volume of poems which occasioned this Address from Dryden, was published almost immediately after the Restoration: and Dryden's poem appeared at the beginning of the book. Not long after, Dryden married a sister of Sir Robert's, Lady Elizabeth Howard. In the Preface to "Annus Mirabilis," which is addressed to Sir Robert Howard, Dryden expresses in warm terms his personal obligations to his brother-in-law. But soon after they had an angry public controversy, arising out of a criticism by Sir Robert on Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesy." Dryden replied in a tone of severe irony, with contemptuous remarks on Sir Robert Howard in striking contrast with some of the compliments in this poem. Sir Robert was a member of Parliament, and held the lucrative office of Auditor of the Exchequer. He died in 1698 at the age of 72. The contents of the volume to which this poem of Dryden is prefixed, are: A Panegyric to the King; Songs and Sonnets; The Blind Lady, a Comedy; Translations of the Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneid and of the Achilleis of Statius; and a Panegyric to General Monk. Dryden's name at the end of the poem is printed *Driden*.

† *Composure*, for composition. The word is used by Dryden in the sense of reconciliation, in the Preface to "Absalom and Achitophel," p. 90.

‡ Judges xiv. 14, 18.

Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies spread*
Lets through its meshes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.
No atoms casually together hurled
Could e'er produce so beautiful a world;
Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit
As would destroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your strong genius then, which does not feel
Those weights would make a weaker spirit reel.
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegasus can do.
Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more
Than not to feel those heavens and gods he bore.
Your easier Odes, which for delight were penned,
Yet our instruction make their second end;
We're both enriched and pleased, like them that woo
At once a beauty and a fortune too.
Of moral knowledge Poesy was queen,
And still she might, had wanton wits not been,
Who, like ill guardians, lived themselves at large,
And, not content with that, debauched their charge
Like some brave captain, your successful pen
Restores the exiled to her crown again,
And gives us hope, that having seen the days
When nothing flourished but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
A sober Prince's government is best.
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make improvement of the richest ground,
That soil which those immortal laurels bore
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.†
Elisa's‡ griefs are so expressed by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had she so spoke, Æneas had obeyed
What Dido rather than what Jove had said.
If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your use so justly has discharged those,
Elisa's shade may now its wandering cease
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be obliged, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess,

* "Rete Mirabile," is Dryden's note on the "curious net" of this line. *Rete mirabile* is the name given to the network of blood-vessels at the base of the brain of quadrupeds (Hooper's Medical Dictionary). Derrick has a note, which some succeeding editors have copied, explaining that this line is "a compliment to a poem of Sir Robert's, entitled Rete Mirabile." But there is no such poem of Sir Robert's.

† Referring to the translation of the Fourth Book of the Æneid, "Of the Loves of Dido and Æneas," in Sir R. Howard's volume.

‡ *Elisa*, another name of Dido.

Who, dressed by Statius in too bold a look,*
Did ill become those virgin robes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers with your author's view:
Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiff, as if designed in buff:
His colours laid so thick on every place
As only showed the paint, but hid the face.
But, as in perspective† we beauties see,
Which in the glass, not in the picture, be,‡
So here our sight obligingly mistakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar dishes are by cooks disguised,
More for their dressing than their substance prized.
Your curious Notes§ so search into that age,
When all was fable but the sacred page,
That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,
We are at least misled in pleasant way.
But what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.
Ere our weak eyes discerned the doubtful streak
Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.
So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shows like mists to the dull passenger.
To Charles your Muse first pays her dutious love,
As still the ancients did begin from Jove;
With Monk you end, whose name preserved shall be,‖
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,¶

* The translation of the "Achilleis" of Statius.

† The accent is on the first syllable of *perspective*. See the Address to Sir Godfrey Kneller. 37, 39, and Elegy on Mrs. Killigrew, 115.

‡ The use of *be* for *are* which occurs twice in this poem (see line 22) is severely censured by Dryden in Ben Jonson in the part of his "Defence of the Epilogue to the Conquest of Granada," where he enumerates several of Ben Jonson's faults of grammar.

"When we, whose wishes conquered thee,
Thus by thy vices ruined be,"

is a couplet in Ben Jonson's "Catiline." Dryden says, "*Be* there is false English for *are*, though the rhyme hides it." See also line 21 of Poem to Hoddesdon.

§ "Annotations on Statius."

‖ Sir R. Howard's volume of poems begins with a Panegyric on Charles and ends with one on Monk.

¶ "Hic situs est Rufus, pulso qui Vindice quondam
Imperium asseruit non sibi sed patriæ."

This epitaph, composed by Virginius Rufus for himself, is preserved in Pliny's Letters (vi. 10. and ix. 19). Rufus was Governor of Germany in the last year of Nero's reign (A.D. 68), when Julius Vindex, proprætor of Gaul, revolted from Nero and offered the emperorship to Galba, then in Spain. Rufus was urged by his own soldiers to try to make himself emperor: he refused, and he marched against Vindex and defeated him. Then his soldiers again urged him to make himself emperor: again he refused. When Nero perished, Galba was recognised emperor by the Senate. Rufus accompanied Galba to Rome. Galba soon perished, and was succeeded by Otho, who soon committed suicide. Then again Rufus was entreated and urged by his soldiers to make himself emperor; and on his refusing again, they threatened him, and their love so turned to hate that when he was accused of taking part in a conspiracy against Vitellius, they flocked to the Emperor to demand the death of Rufus. At the age of 83 he was made Consul for the second time by the Emperor Nerva, A.D. 97. He had been Consul for the first time, thirty-four years before, with Caius Memmius.

Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's interest than the world to sway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men
Is the peculiar talent of your pen.
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy:
This work, by merit first of fame secure,
Is likewise happy in its geniture;
For, since 'tis born when Charles ascends the throne,
It shares at once his fortune and its own.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND DR. CHARLETON,

ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS, AND MORE PARTICULARLY THIS OF STONEHENGE, BY HIM RESTORED TO THE TRUE FOUNDERS.*

THE longest tyranny that ever swayed
Was that wherein our ancestors betrayed
Their free-born reason to the Stagirite,
And made his torch their universal light.
So truth, while only one supplied the state,
Grew scarce and dear, and yet sophisticate;
Until 'twas† bought, like empiric wares or charms,
Hard words sealed up with Aristotle's arms.
Columbus was the first that shook his throne,
And found a temperate in a torrid zone,
The feverish air fanned by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with shady trees,
And guiltless men, that danced away their time,
Fresh as their groves and happy as their clime.
Had we still paid that homage to a name
Which only God and Nature justly claim,
The western seas had been our utmost bound,
Where poets still might dream the sun was drowned,
And all the stars, that shine in southern skies,
Had been admired by none but savage eyes.

* This poem is prefixed to a work in which Dr. Charleton endeavoured to prove that Stonehenge was a work of the Danes, in opposition to Inigo Jones, who assigned its origin to the Romans. Charleton's work, which bears the date 1663 on the title-page, was probably published in the end of 1662. The dedication to the King bears date April 27, 1662, and it was licensed September 21, 1662. Its full title is "Chorea Gigantum, or the most famous antiquity of Great Britain, Stonehenge, standing on Salisbury Plain, restored to the Danes, by Walter Charleton, M.D. and Physician in Ordinary to his Majesty." Charleton was born in 1619; he had been physician to Charles I.; he was a man of science, and author of several works; he died in 1707. Dryden's poem is here printed as it originally appeared in Dr. Charleton's work, 1663. The poem was republished in 1704, after Dryden's death, in the Fifth Part of the "Miscellany Poems," with some variations, most of which are not improvements, but which have been generally followed by subsequent editors. The poem is signed "John *Driden*."

† *Until t'was* in original edition changed into *till it was* in "Miscellany Poems," and by Derrick, followed by Scott, into *still it was;* which spoils the sense.

Among the asserters of free reason's claim,
The English are* not the least in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its present knowledge, but its future too.
Gilbert shall live,† till loadstones cease to draw
Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe,
And noble Boyle,‡ not less in nature seen,
Than his great brother, read in states and men.
The circling streams, once thought but pools, of blood
(Whether life's fuel or the body's food),
From dark oblivion Harvey's name§ shall save;
While Ent‖ keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend, the least renowned;
Whose fame, not circumscribed with English ground,
Flies like the nimble journeys of the light,
And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been by art or chance
Redeemed from error or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins in ore,
Your works unite, and still discover more.
Such is the healing virtue of your pen
To perfect cures on books as well as men.
Nor is this work the least: you well may give
To men new vigour, who make stones to live.
Through you the Danes, their short dominion lost,
A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.
Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne where kings, our earthly gods, were crowned;
Where by their wondering subjects they were seen,
Joyed with¶ their stature and their princely mien.
Our Sovereign here above the rest might stand,
And here be chose again to sway the land.
These ruins sheltered once his sacred head,
Then when from Worcester's fatal field he fled;**
Watched by the genius of this royal place,
And mighty visions of the Danish race,
His refuge then was for a temple shown:
But, he restored, 'tis now become a throne.

* *Th' English are* of the original edition replaced in the "Miscellany Poems" by "Our nation's." This change is an improvement; but it is not necessary, and there is no proof that Dryden authorized the changes in this piece which appeared when Tonson reprinted it after his death.

† Dr. William Gilbert, chief physician to Queen Elizabeth and James I. He was author of a treatise on the magnet, and inventor of an instrument for calculating the latitude.

‡ Robert Boyle, the famous natural philosopher, son of the Earl of Cork. "His great brother, read in states and men," was Roger, Earl of Orrery, known as Lord Broghill before the Restoration. Dryden dedicated to Lord Orrery his play of "The Rival Ladies," published in 1664, in a similar strain of high panegyric. Lord Orrery was a poet as well as a politician.

§ Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

‖ Dr. George Ent, an eminent physician, knighted by Charles II. He was an intimate friend of Harvey, and edited Harvey's last work, entitled "Exercitatio de Generatione Animalium," published in 1651. He also wrote a defence of Harvey's theory of circulation.

¶ Scott states that the first edition contains the words *chose by* instead of *joyed with:* but the statement appears to be a mistake.

** This line was changed, when reprinted in the "Miscellany Poems," into
"When he from Worcester's fatal battle fled."

TO THE LADY CASTLEMAINE,

UPON HER ENCOURAGING HIS FIRST PLAY.*

As seamen, shipwracked on some happy shore,
Discover wealth in lands unknown before,
And what their art had laboured long in vain
By their misfortunes happily obtain,
So my much-envied Muse, by storms long tost,
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
And finds more favour by her ill success
Than she could hope for by her happiness.
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose,
While they the victor,† he the vanquished chose:
But you have done what Cato could not do,
To choose the vanquished and restore him too.
Let others still triumph and gain their cause
By their deserts or by the world's applause;
Let merit crowns, and justice laurels give,
But let me happy by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praise despise;
Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.
You sit above, and see vain men below
Contend for what you only can bestow;
But those great actions others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a soul, such sweetness joined in one,
Could only spring from noble Grandison.
You, like the stars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heaven, and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cause,
From your own knowledge, not from Nature's laws.
Your power you never use but for defence,
To guard your own or others' innocence:

* Lady Castlemaine was daughter of Viscount Grandison. She married Roger Palmer, Esq. who was created by Charles II. Earl of Castlemaine. She became Charles II.'s mistress immediately after the Restoration, and maintained for a long time favour and power. She was ultimately made Duchess of Cleveland. Dryden's first play, "The Wild Gallant," produced in the beginning of 1663, was not successful on the stage: but it pleased the King, as Dryden informs us in his Preface on the publication of the play, and his Majesty may have been influenced by his mistress, Lady Castlemaine, who, it appears from this poem, consoled Dryden in his failure by her encouragement. In a "Session of the Poets," in imitation of Suckling's poem, printed in the State Poems (vol. i. p. 206), Dryden is named with this poem:

> "Dryden, who one would have thought had more wit,
> The censure of every man did disdain,
> Pleading some pitiful rhymes he had writ
> In praise of the Countess of Castlemaine."

This poem was reprinted by Dryden in his third volume of "Miscellany Poems," 1693.

† "Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni."
OVID, *Fast.* i. 525.

Your foes are such as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes show,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow;
With such assurance as they meant to say,
We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.
What farther fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
Posterity will judge by my success
I had the Grecian poet's happiness,
Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some god descended and preserved the play.
When first the triumphs of your sex were sung
By those old poets, Beauty was but young,
And few admired the native red and white,
Till poets dressed them up to charm the sight;
So Beauty took on trust, and did engage
For sums of praises till she came to age.
But this long growing debt to poetry
You justly, Madam, have discharged to me,
When your applause and favour did infuse
New life to my condemned and dying Muse.

TO MR. LEE,

ON HIS ALEXANDER.*

THE blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not appear;
For 'twill be thought, and with some colour too,
I pay the bribe I first received from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,
To play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.†
Such libels private men may well endure,
When States and Kings themselves are not secure;
For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.

* This complimentary poem was prefixed to Nathaniel Lee's tragedy "The Rival Queens, or the Death of Alexander the Great," published in 1677. It has been printed by Broughton, Derrick, and other editors with several small inaccuracies, which are here corrected from the first publication. Lee had a few years before addressed a complimentary poem to Dryden, which was prefixed to "The State of Innocence:" this is referred to in the opening lines of this poem. In 1679, Dryden and Lee jointly produced "Œdipus," and in 1683 "The Duke of Guise."

† In Beaumont and Fletcher's "King and No King," Bessus and the two swordsmen certify to each other's courage, after having been all thrashed and kicked by Bacurius (act 4, scene 3).

And yet my silence had not scaped their spite ;
Then envy had not suffered me to write,
For, since I could not ignorance pretend,
Such worth I must or envy or commend.
So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place in court is scarce so hard to get :
In vain they crowd each other at the door ;
For even reversions are all begged before :
Desert, how known soe'er, is long delayed ;
And then, too, fools and knaves are better paid.
Yet, as some actions bear so great a name
That courts themselves are just for fear of shame,
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praise and forced itself a way.
'Tis here as 'tis at sea ; who farthest goes
Or dares the most makes all the rest his foes.
Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest,
It shoots too fast and high to be opprest,*
As his heroic worth struck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman and who cut the boom.†
Such praise is yours, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feigned, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art ;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm ; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, bring the sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our colder climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themselves all phlegm :
Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Despise those drones, who praise while they accuse
The too much vigour of your youthful Muse.
That humble style which they their virtue make
Is in your power ; you need but stoop and take.
Your beautious images must be allowed
By all but some vile poets of the crowd.
But how should any sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo ?
Hard features every bungler can command ;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

* *Opprest*, the reading of the first edition : in the second edition of 1694, *exprest* appears, but it is probably a misprint, for it is not consistent with the context. Scott has printed *suppresst*.

† Scott explains this as referring to an exploit of Sir Edward Spragge in 1671 on the Mediterranean against the Algerines : but that cannot be, as Dryden says, "took the Dutchman." Mr. Holt White, in his MS. notes, suggests that the reference may be to the attack on the Dutch in the harbour of Berghen in 1665 ; there one of the captains who, under Teddiman's orders, passed the boom, might have earned this glory ; but there is no record of it. As this was written in 1677, it is perhaps more likely that the reference is to some exploit in Charles II.'s second Dutch war.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMON,

ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.*

WHETHER the fruitful Nile or Tyrian shore
The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
'Tis sure the noble plant, translated, first
Advanced its head in Grecian gardens nurst.
The Grecians added verse; their tuneful tongue
Made Nature first and Nature's God their song.
Nor stopped translation here: for conquering Rome
With Grecian spoils brought Grecian numbers home;
Enriched by those Athenian Muses more
Than all the vanquished world could yield before.
Till barbarous nations and more barbarous times
Debased the majesty of verse to rhymes;
Those rude at first; a kind of hobbling prose,
That limped along and tinkled in the close.†
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and monkish ignorance,
With pauses, cadence, and well-vowelled words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polished page
Restored a silver, not a golden age.
Then Petrarch followed, and in him we see
What rhyme improved in all its height can be;
At best a pleasing sound and fair barbarity.
The French pursued their steps; and Britain last
In manly sweetness all the rest surpassed.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom:
The Muses' empire is restored again,
In Charles his reign, and by Roscomon's pen.
Yet modestly he does his work survey,
And calls a finished Poem an ESSAY;
For all the needful rules are scattered here;
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;
So well is art disguised for nature to appear.

* The Earl of Roscomon's "Essay on Translated Verse" was published in 1684, with this complimentary Address by Dryden prefixed. A second edition, corrected and enlarged, appeared in 1685. Roscomon returned Dryden's favour with a complimentary poem on his "Religio Laici," which Dryden prefixed to that publication. Roscomon, born in 1633, died in January 1685. He and Dryden had at one time joined in projecting a scheme of refining and fixing the English language. Pope, who elsewhere is not sparing of praise for Dryden, has in a well-known couplet justly blamed the coarseness of his verse by comparison with Roscomon:

> "Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days
> Roscomon only boasts unspotted lays."
>
> *Translations of Horace*, 2 Epist. i. 213.

† Andrew Marvel uses the expression "tinkling rhyme" in his lines to Milton on his "Paradise Lost:"

> "Well mightst thou scorn thy readers to allure
> With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure."

Nor need those rules to give translation light ;*
His own example is a flame so bright
That he who but arrives to copy well
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain
Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain.
How much in him may rising Ireland boast,
How much in gaining him has Britain lost !
Their island in revenge has ours reclaimed ;
The more instructed we, the more we still are shamed.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow,
Derived from British channels long ago,
That here his conquering ancestors were nurst,†
And Ireland but translated England first :
By this reprisal we regain our right,
Else must the two contending nations fight
A nobler quarrel for his native earth
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and translation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not disdain the inglorious praise of art !
Great generals thus, descending from command,
With their own toil provoke the soldier's hand.
How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleased to hear
His fame augmented by a British peer ;‡
How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his softness and his sense improves !
When these translate, and teach translators too,
Nor firstling kid nor any vulgar vow
Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand :
Roscomon writes ; to that auspicious hand,
Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.
Roscomon, whom both court and camps commend,
True to his Prince and faithful to his friend ;
Roscomon first in field of honour known,
First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown ;
He both Minervas justly makes his own.
Now let the few beloved by Jove, and they
Whom infused Titan formed of better clay,§

* The meaning is, "nor are those rules needed."

† In the first edition this line was printed "That here his conquering ancestors was nurst." Dryden, in a letter to Jacob Tonson, complains of the *was* as a printer's error. The same letter gives information as to the success of Lord Roscomon's poem : "I am of your opinion," says Dryden ; "you should reprint it, and that you may safely venture on a thousand more."

‡ "The Earl of Mulgrave." He had joined Dryden in a translation of Ovid's Epistle of Helen to Paris, which had been published in 1680.

§ "Infused Titan," Prometheus, son of Iapetus, one of the Titans. It was an ancient fable that Prometheus made the first man and woman with clay, animating them with fire stolen from heaven. Dryden here copies an application of that fable from Juvenal :

> "Forsitan hæc spernant juvenes, quibus arte benigna
> Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan."
>
> *Sat.* xiv. 34.

On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page;
Our English palace opens wide in state,
And without stooping they may pass the gate.

TO MY FRIEND MR. NORTHLEIGH,

AUTHOR OF THE PARALLEL,

ON HIS TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY.*

So Joseph, yet a youth, expounded well
The boding dream, and did the event foretell,
Judged by the past, and drew the Parallel.
Thus early Solomon the truth explored,
The right awarded, and the babe restored.†
Thus Daniel, ere to prophecy he grew,
The perjured Presbyters did first subdue,
And freed Susanna from the canting crew.
Well may our monarchy triumphant stand,
While warlike James protects both sea and land;
And, under covert of his sevenfold shield,
Thou sendst thy shafts to scour the distant field.
By law thy powerful pen has set us free;
Thou studiest that, and that may study thee.

TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND, HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ.‡

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

The Grecian wits, who Satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquins§ on the life of man;
At mighty villains who the State opprest
They durst not rail perhaps; they laughed‖ at least,
And turned them out of office with a jest.

* John Northleigh, a student of law, who afterwards became a physician, published in 1685 the political work to which this complimentary poem of Dryden was prefixed. It was entitled 'The Triumph of our Monarchy over the Plots and Principles of our Rebels and Republicans, being Remarks on their most eminent Libels, by John Northleigh, LL.B. author of the Parallel. 8vo. 1685." Northleigh was twenty-eight when he published this work. He had published in 1682 "The Parallel, or the new specious Association, an old rebellious Covenant, closing with a disparity between a true Patriot and a factious Associator." Dryden's allusions to his youth may have been excited by his earlier publication.

† This illustration is used by Dryden in "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 43.

‡ Mr. Higden was a lawyer, a member of the Middle Temple. His Translation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal was published in 1687, having been licensed June 2, 1686; so this poem of Dryden was probably written in 1686. Derrick and Scott, neither of whom had seen Mr. Higden's work, have wrongly conjectured a later date for the poem.

§ *Pasquins;* jesters.

‖ *Laughed* was improperly changed by Derrick into *lashed,* which appears in all following editions.

No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wise legislators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of common law;
For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,
Though foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
And Satire is our Court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage:
But yours,* who lived in more degenerate times,
Was forced to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend, have tempered him so well,
You make him smile in spite of all his zeal:
An art peculiar to yourself alone,
To join the virtues of two styles in one.
  Oh! were your author's principle received,
Half of the labouring world would be relieved,
For not to wish is not to be deceived:
Revenge would into charity be changed,
Because it costs too dear to be revenged;
It costs our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compassed leaves a sting behind.
Suppose I had the better end of the staff,
Why should I help the ill-natured world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them who gets the day;
They love the spite and mischief of the fray.
No, I have cured myself of that disease,
Nor will I be provoked but when I please;
But let me half that cure to you restore;
You gave the salve, I laid it to the sore.
  Our kind relief against a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our spleen away.
If all your tribe, too studious of debate,
Would cease false hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail and lawyers be undone.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.†

To you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone
By bringing thither fifty-one,

* "Juvenal."

† Sir George Etherege, a man of wit and pleasure, and a writer of comedies, had obtained by his writings the favour of Mary, the Queen of James II., and was in James's reign appointed successively minister at Hamburg and to the Diet at Ratisbon. The exact date of this poem is not known, but it was written some time during the reign of James II. It appears to have been occasioned by a poetical epistle in the same style from Sir George Etherege to the Earl of Middleton,

Methinks all climes should be alike,
From tropic even to pole artique ;
Since you have such a constitution
As nowhere suffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of state ;
And both to wives and husbands show
The vigour of a plenipo.
Like mighty missioner you come
Ad Partes Infidelium ;
A work of wondrous merit sure,
So far to go, so much to endure ;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where sound of Cupid never came.
Less had you done, had you been sent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or even for oranges to China :
That had indeed been charity,
Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
Chapped, and for want of liquor dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the earth's so dull,
That is not of your labours full ? *
Triptolemus (so sung the Nine)
Strewed plenty from his cart divine ; †

Secretary of State, which is printed in the "Miscellany Poems" (vol. ii. ed. 1716). It would seem from the beginning of the poem, where latitude 53 is mentioned, that Etherege was at Hamburg when this letter was written to him ; but in the body of the poem, Ratisbon, where the Diet assembled, is clearly indicated. The commencement of Etherege's letter to Middleton, to which the beginning of Dryden's letter seems to refer, is also difficult to explain geographically ; as the change from London to Ratisbon, two degrees further south, would be rather a gain than a loss. Etherege begins :

"Since love and verse as well as wine
Are brisker where the sun does shine,
'Tis something to lose two degrees
Now age itself begins to freeze,
Yet this I patiently could bear,
If the rough Danube's beauties were
But only two degrees less fair
Than the bright nymphs of gentle Thames."

The latitude of London is 51° 15′ N., that of Ratisbon 48° 58′, the difference 2° 17′. Dryden has made a mistake in speaking of latitude 53 ; which would indeed have done for Hamburg, whose latitude is 53. Etherege is said to have been born about 1636 ; and if his age were now fifty-one, as Dryden says, this poem would have been written in 1687, which is probably the date of its composition. A second poetical epistle from Etherege to Middleton in the same style is also printed in the "Miscellany Poems" (vol. ii. of ed. 1716). The diplomatist and his chief, the Secretary of State, seem to have been on very pleasant familiar terms ; and it may be concluded that Dryden was a friend of Middleton. Etherege is called "gentle George" in "Mac Flecknoe," 151, and see the compliment to him in the Poem to Congreve, 29.

* "Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?"
VIRG. *Æn.* i. 460.

† It is fabled that Ceres gave Triptolemus her chariot, drawn by two dragons, and that he travelled in it all over the earth, distributing corn to all the inhabitants of the world.

But spite of all these fable-makers,
He never sowed on Almain* acres.
No, that was left by Fate's decree
To be performed and sung by thee.
Thou breakst through forms with as much ease
As the French king through articles.
In grand affairs thy days are spent,
In waging weighty compliment
With such as monarchs represent.
They, whom such vast fatigues attend,
Want some soft minutes to unbend,
To show the world that now and then
Great ministers are mortal men.
Then Rhenish rummers walk the round,
In bumpers every king is crowned;
Besides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.†
No health of potentate is sunk
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
These Dutch delights I mentioned last
Suit not, I know, your English taste:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your Excellence;
For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
His Excellence for all but sleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here's a harder imposition,
Which is indeed the Court's petition,
That setting worldly pomp aside,
Which poet has at font denied,
You would be pleased in humble way
To write a trifle called a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wise negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will say,
The Duke St. Aignon made a play.‡
If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His Grace of Bucks has made a farce;
And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.

* *Almain*, the old English form of *Allemagne*. It occurs in Dryden's play of "The Assignation." "The old Almain recreation." (Act 2, sc. 1.)

† There were three bishops among the Electors, the Bishops of Treves, Cologne, and Mentz.

‡ François de Beauvillier, Duc de St. Aignon, a distinguished French soldier and patron of literature, wrote a tragi-comedy called "Bradamante."

Then finish what you have began,
But scribble faster if you can:
For yet no George, to our discerning,
Has writ without a ten years' warning.*

TO MR. SOUTHERN,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE WIVES' EXCUSE.†

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write while these malignant planets reign.
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense or just to wit;
And whilst it lasts, let buffoonry succeed
To make us laugh, for never was more need.
Farce in itself is of a nasty scent,
But the gain smells not of the excrement.
The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms bore but a single show;
But let a monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.‡
May be thou hast not pleased the box and pit,
Yet those who blame thy tale commend thy wit;
So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ.
Like his, thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
Even lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine,§
But rest secure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy laboured drama damned or hissed,
But with a kind civility dismissed;

* The Duke of Buckingham was taunted with having been ten years employed on "The Rehearsal." A similar taunt occurs in a poem on the Duke in the "State Poems," there ascribed, but probably wrongly, to Dryden:

"I come to his farce, which must needs be well done,
For Troy was no longer before it was won,
Since 'tis more than ten years since this farce was begun."

† "The Wives' Excuse, or Cuckolds make Themselves," produced in 1692, was Southern's third comedy, and was ill received. Dryden had written the Prologue to Southern's first play, the tragedy of "The Loyal Brother," which had appeared ten years before, when the author was only in his twenty-third year, and which had had immense success. Two comedies by Southern, "The Disappointment, or the Mother in Fashion," and "Sir Anthony Love," had also had great success; and for the first of these Dryden had also furnished the Prologue. In this poem Dryden consoles his friend under his failure, and ascribes the want of success to the bad taste of the audience, and to anything but want of merit in the play. Southern printed the play, prefixing this poem; and he announced that Dryden, in speaking of it, had said that the public had been kind to "Sir Anthony Love," and were only required to be just to this play. He further stated that, on the strength of the merits of this play, Dryden had submitted to him the completion of his own "Cleomenes." Southern was born in 1659; he died in his eighty-seventh year, in 1746.

‡ Compare the poem addressed to Mr. Granville, line 23.

§ Nokes was a favourite actor, skilled in parts of low humour.

With such good manners, as the Wife* did use,
Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
There was a glance at parting, such a look
As bids thee not give o'er for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldst be seen as well as read,
Copy one living author and one dead:
The standard of thy style let Etherege be;
For wit, the immortal spring of Wycherly.
Learn, after both, to draw some just design,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE DEALER.†

WELL then, the promised hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race before the flood;
And thus, when Charles returned, our empire stood.
Like Janus,‡ he the stubborn soil manured,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cured;
Tamed us to manners, when the stage was rude,
And boisterous English wit with art endued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gained in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first;
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space;
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He moved the mind, but had not power to raise.

* 'The Wife in the play, Mrs. Friendall."

† Congreve's "Double Dealer" was first acted in November 1693, and was indifferently received on the stage. It was his second play: the first, "The Old Bachelor," had obtained great applause. Dryden had seen "The Old Bachelor" in manuscript, and he had said to Southern, who showed it to him, that he had never seen such a first play, and he aided to adapt it to the stage. The present poem was addressed to Congreve to console and encourage him under the unfavourable reception of "The Double Dealer." This is one of Dryden's best pieces. The praise is sincere. He wrote in a letter to Walsh, which has been preserved, in commendation of this play when it first appeared: "Congreve's 'Double Dealer' is much censured by the greater part of the town, and is defended only by the best judges, who, you know, are commonly the bravest. Yet it gains ground daily, and has already been acted eight times." The concluding lines of the poem, in which he charges Congreve with the defence of his fame when he is dead, are fine and touching. Congreve fulfilled Dryden's charge by an edition of his plays.

‡ Janus, the fabled first King of Italy, who came from Thessaly; with the aid of Saturn, who, driven by Jupiter from heaven, came to him and shared his throne, he taught the Italians agriculture and other arts.

Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorned their age,
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherly.
All this in blooming youth you have achieved;
Nor are your foiled contemporaries grieved.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless Consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bowed to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had sustained!
Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned:
The father had descended for the son,
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the State one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose:
But now, not I, but poetry is curst;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.*
But let them not mistake my patron's part
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy,—Thou shalt be seen,
Though with some short parenthesis between,
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine—that's little—but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native store:
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not give him more.
Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.

* Thomas Shadwell, who had succeeded Dryden as Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal, had died in 1692: he was succeeded as Poet Laureat by Nahum Tate, and as Historiographer by Thomas Rymer, who is here probably alluded to as "Tom the Second." Rymer, who is best known as the editor of the *Fœdera*, had written a poor tragedy, called "Edgar" when first published in 1678, and afterwards "The English Monarch," in a new edition in 1691. This line doubtless suggested Pope's:

"Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first."
Dunciad, i. 6.

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on His providence:*
But you, whom every Muse and grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and oh, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you:
And take for tribute what these lines express;
You merit more, nor could my love do less.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.†

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:
True, she was dumb; for Nature gazed so long,
Pleased with her work, that she forgot her tongue,
But smiling said, "She still shall gain the prize;
I only have transferred it to her eyes."
Such are thy pictures, Kneller, such thy skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught,
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.
At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds, deceived to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.
Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight,
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall,
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquered in the strife;
And from their animated canvas came,
Demanding souls, and loosened from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay,

* Dryden is very severe on Ben Jonson for using *his* with reference to Heaven; he calls it "ill grammar." (Defence of Epilogue to Conquest of Granada.) If it is an offence, Dryden frequently commits it; and in this poem (line 63) *she* is used for Heaven.

† This poem was first published by Dryden in the Third Part of his "Miscellany Poems," published in 1694, and was probably written in 1693. It may, as Scott supposes, have been addressed to Kneller as a compliment in return for his gift to Dryden of a copy of a portrait of Shakespeare painted by himself, alluded to in line 73. But, as Kneller painted Dryden several times, it is equally likely that the poem may have been addressed to the painter after the completion of one of the portraits of the poet. When this poem was reprinted in Tonson's folio volume of 1701, after Dryden's death, some passages were omitted: and the poem has been always since printed as given in Tonson's folio. The omitted passages are here restored; there is no evidence of Dryden's having authorized their suppression, and Tonson is not to be relied on.

And either would thy noble work inspire
Or think it warm enough without his fire.
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise;
This is the least attendant on thy praise:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal or chalk first imitated man:
Perhaps the shadow taken on a wall
Gave outlines to the rude original;
Ere canvas yet was strained, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first received a face.
By slow degrees the godlike art advanced;
As man grew polished, picture was enhanced:
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective,*
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
But all came forward in one common view:
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects played;
Not languished and insensibly decayed.
Rome raised not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive:
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface.
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began to enervate poetry.
Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,†
Unraised, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations only born to fight.
Long time the sister arts in iron sleep
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep;
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs and open all their eyes.
Thence rose the Roman and the Lombard line;
One coloured best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting looked like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true design,
Postures unforced, and lively colours join,
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest,

* The accent on first syllable of *perspective*. See poem to Sir R. Howard, l. 77 and note.

† Eight ambassadors from the King of Bantam were in England in 1682. The English East India Company had then a factory there, which, in the reign of James II., was expelled by the Dutch, who also deposed the King. The Bantam ambassadors had been treated with distinction by Charles II.; he knighted two of them when they had their audience of leave. The faces of the ambassadors were well known by portraits and engravings. (See Granger's Biographical History of England, vol. vi. p. 35.)

Where light, to shades descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought ;
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakespeare, thy gift, I place before my sight ; *
With awe I ask his blessing ere I write ;
With reverence look on his majestic face ;
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight ;
Bids thee, through me, be bold ; with dauntless breast
Contemn the bad and emulate the best.
Like his, thy critics in the attempt are lost :
When most they rail, know then they envy most.
In vain they snarl aloof ; a noisy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren industry deplore,
Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth,
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth
By the first pair, while Eve was yet a saint,†
Before she fell with pride and learned to paint.
Forgive the allusion ; 'twas not meant to bite,
But Satire will have room, where'er I write.
For oh, the painter Muse, though last in place,
Has seized the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found,
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound,
But Homer was with barren laurel crowned.
Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I,
But pass we that unpleasing image by.
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine,
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command ;
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.
Likeness appears in every lineament ;
But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
Though Nature there her true resemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, so glows the generous frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.
Thou paintst as we describe, improving still,
When on wild nature we engraft our skill,
Yet not creating beauties at our will.

* "Shakespeare's picture drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller and given to the author." This was a copy by Kneller of the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare. This copy is now in Earl Fitzwilliam's possession.

† Lines 91-94 omitted, and *For*, the first word of line 95, changed to *But*, in Tonson's folio, 1701, and in all subsequent editions.

Some other hand perhaps may reach a face ;*
But none like thee a finished figure place :
None of this age, for that's enough for thee,
The first of these inferior times to be ;
Not to contend with heroes' memory.
Due honours to those mighty names we grant,
But shrubs may live beneath the lofty plant ;
Sons may succeed their greater parents gone ;
Such is thy lot, and such I wish my own.
But poets are confined in narrower space,
To speak the language of their native place ;
The painter widely stretches his command ;
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you please to live ;
And not seven cities, but the world, would strive.
Sure some propitious planet then did smile
When first you were conducted to this isle ;
Our Genius brought you here, to enlarge our fame ;
For your good stars are everywhere the same.
Thy matchless hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.
Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee the examples of their wondrous art.†
Those masters, then but seen, not understood,
With generous emulation fired thy blood ;
For what in nature's dawn the child admired,
The youth endeavoured, and the man acquired.
If yet thou hast not reached their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a song or senseless opera
Is to the living labour of a play,
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to history.
But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live :
Kings cannot reign unless their subjects give ;
And they who pay the taxes bear the rule :
Thus thou sometimes art forced to draw a fool ;
But so his follies in thy posture sink,
The senseless idiot seems at last to think.
Good Heaven ! that sots and knaves should be so vain,
To wish their vile resemblance may remain,
And stand recorded at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest !

* Lines 115-123 omitted in Tonson's folio, 1701, and in all subsequent editions.
† "He travelled very young into Italy."

Mean time while just encouragement you want,*
You only paint to live, not live to paint.
Else should we see your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place;
A whole composed of parts, and those the best,
With every various character exprest;
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew;
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.
More cannot be by mortal art exprest;
But venerable age shall add the rest:
For Time shall with his ready pencil stand,
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand,
Mellow your colours, and embrown the teint,
Add every grace, which time alone can grant;
To future ages shall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

TO MR. GRANVILLE,†

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY, CALLED HEROIC LOVE.

Auspicious poet, wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy what I must commend!
But since 'tis Nature's law in love and wit,
That youth should reign and withering age submit,
With less regret those laurels I resign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.‡
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field
Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last.
Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise:
Old monarchs, though successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age
Can best, if any can, support the stage;
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduced to second infancy:

* Lines 164, 165, omitted in Tonson's folio and in subsequent editions.

† George Granville, afterwards a Secretary of State, and created Lord Lansdowne by Queen Anne in 1711, when twelve peers were created to secure a majority for the Ministry in the House of Lords. Granville's play of "Heroic Love, or the Cruel Separation," which gave occasion to this complimentary poem of Dryden, was produced on the stage in 1698, and was received with much applause. Pope in one of his earliest poems couples him with Waller, who was his model.

"Waller's strains or Granville's moving lays."
Pastorals, Spring, 46.

‡ Dryden had already once bequeathed his laurels to Congreve. See the poem to Congreve.

Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
They plot not on the stage, but on the town,
And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill.
Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miscall reviving.*
Our sense is nonsense, through their pipes conveyed;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made,
'Tis so disguised in death; nor thinks 'tis he
That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys first was killed, and after dressed
For his own sire, the chief invited guest.†
I say not this of thy successful scenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted what they could not spoil.
Their setting sun‡ still shoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay;
And better gleanings their worn soil can boast
Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coast.§
This difference yet the judging world will see;
Thou copiest Homer, and they copy thee.

TO MY FRIEND MR. MOTTEUX,‖

ON HIS TRAGEDY, CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'Tis hard, my friend, to write in such an age
As damns not only poets, but the stage.
That sacred art, by Heaven itself infused,
Which Moses, David, Solomon have used,
Is now to be no more: the Muses' foes
Would sink their Maker's praises into prose.

* This is an attack on the players of Drury Lane, whose performances Dryden designates as "crab-vintage," as he explains in a note of his own. The accusation of "murdering plays, which they miscall reviving," refers to a revival of Dryden's "Almanzor" at Drury Lane, which had displeased him. This attack on the Drury Lane company provoked a retort from one of them, George Powel, in a Preface to a tragedy called "The Fatal Discovery, or Love in Ruins," 4to. 1698. After a slap at "Almanzor," Powel says: "I confess he is a little severe, when he will allow our best performance to bear no better fruit than a crab vintage. Indeed, if we young actors spoke but half as sourly as his old gall scribbles, we should be crab all over."

† Killed by Procne, his mother. (Ovid, Metam. vi. 620.)

‡ "Mr. Betterton's company in Lincoln's Inn Fields." There had been a separation of the actors into two companies in 1695.

§ "Drury Lane Play-house."

‖ Peter Anthony Motteux was a French Huguenot who came over to England on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and became a bookseller and merchant in London, and had also a place in the Post Office. He translated "Don Quixote" into English: he also was editor of the "Gentleman's Journal." His knowledge of the English language was fully equal to Dryden's praise in this poem. Motteux's tragedy, "Beauty in Distress," was published in June 1698, with this complimentary poem prefixed. Jeremy Collier's attack on "the immorality and profaneness of the English stage," in which Dryden was severely handled, had appeared in the previous March: Dryden retaliates in this poem, and excuses himself for his attacks on the clergy. In his Epilogue to "The Pilgrim," written very shortly before his death, Dryden defended himself against Collier: but it must be admitted that his self-defence is not complete or satisfactory.

Were they content to prune the lavish vine
Of straggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who but a madman would his thoughts defend?
All would submit, for all but fools will mend.
But when to common sense they give the lie,
And turn distorted words to blasphemy,
They give the scandal; and the wise discern
Their glosses teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have loosely or profanely writ
Let them to fires, their due desert, commit:
Nor, when accused by me, let them complain;
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worse than witchcraft, they pursued;*
The pulpit preached the crime, the people rued.
The stage was silenced; for the saints would see
In fields performed their plotted tragedy.
But let us first reform, and then so live
That we may teach our teachers to forgive;
Our desk be placed below their lofty chairs;
Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part at least we may divide,
Humility reward and punish pride;
Ambition, interest, avarice, accuse;
These are the province of the tragic Muse.
These hast thou chosen; and the public voice
Has equalled thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are so preserved by thee
That even Corneille might with envy see†
The alliance of his tripled Unity.
Thy incidents perhaps too thick are sown;
But so much plenty is thy fault alone;
At least but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in design, and Wycherly in wit.
Let thine own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare;
Contented to be thinly regular:
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, enfeebled, is refined too much;
And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:
Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and strengthened with allay.
But whence art thou inspired, and thou alone,
To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest
Should overmatch the most, and match the best.
In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong;
Here find the first deficience of our tongue:
Words, once my stock, are wanting to commend
So great a poet and so good a friend.

* "For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft." (1 Sam. xv. 23.)

† *Corneille*, a word of three syllables, as pronounced in French. Some modern editors have wrongly printed it *Corneille*. *Even* is to be pronounced as one syllable, *ev'n*.

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN, JOHN DRIDEN,*

OF CHESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQ.

How blessed is he who leads a country life,
Unvexed with anxious cares and void of strife!
Who, studying peace and shunning civil rage,
Enjoyed his youth and now enjoys his age:
All who deserve his love he makes his own;
And, to be loved himself, needs only to be known.
Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours come
From your award to wait their final doom,
And, foes before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost you terminate the cause
And save the expense of long litigious laws,
Where suits are traversed, and so little won
That he who conquers is but last undone.

* The spelling *Driden* has always been preserved for the poet's cousin, to whom this poem is addressed. It has been seen that Dryden often spelt his own name with an *i*: this spelling occurs in one of Tonson's title-pages as late as 1688. The spelling of names at that time was very uncertain. The difference of spelling is convenient, to distinguish the two Johns. This John Driden was the poet's first cousin, being the second son of Sir John Dryden, the elder brother of the poet's father Erasmus. He was a man of wealth, having inherited from his mother the property on which he resided, Chesterton, near Stilton, in Huntingdonshire. He was member for the county, and was an independent member of Parliament. This poem was written in 1699 and published in the "Fables" in the beginning of the next year. We know by letters of Dryden that he bestowed great care on the finishing of this poem, and was very proud of it. He writes to his cousin, Mrs. Steward, November 7, 1699: "The Earl of Dorset and your cousin Montague have both seen the two poems, to the Duchess of Ormond, and my worthy cousin Driden, and are of opinion that I never writ better. My other friends are divided in their judgments, which to prefer; but the greater part are for those to my dear kinsman, which I have corrected with so much care, that they will now be worthy of his sight, and do neither of us any dishonour after our death." In a letter written to the same lady, after the publication of the volume, April 11, 1700, he says: "I always thought my verses to my cousin Driden were the best of the whole, and, to my comfort, the town thinks them so; and he, which pleases me most, is of the same judgment, as appears by a noble present he has sent me, which surprised me, because I did not in the least expect it." The present is said to have been 500*l*. Dryden's intimacy with his cousin appears to have grown up towards the close of his life; his established fame probably excited his cousin's pride, and there was now political sympathy. The member for Huntingdonshire was in opposition to King William's ministry. Dryden was now hoping for something from the favour of Montague, who was the First Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he wrote to Montague, October 1699, sending him this poem before publication, and deprecating offence at his political sentiments. Some lines reflecting on the Dutch valour in the war lately terminated he had omitted, he says, by the advice of his cousin, who thought them disrespectful to King William. "My cousin Driden saw them in the country, and the greatest exception he made to them was a satire against the Dutch valour in the last war. He desired me to omit it (to use his own words) 'out of the respect he had to his sovereign.' I obeyed his commands, and left only the praises which I think are due to the gallantry of my own countrymen. In the description which I have made of a Parliament-man, I think I have not only drawn the features of my worthy kinsman, but have also given my own opinion of what an Englishman in Parliament ought to be; and deliver it as a memorial of my own principles to all posterity. I have consulted the judgment of my unbiassed friends, who have some of them the honour to be known to you: and they think there is nothing which can justly give offence in that part of the poem. I say not this to cast a blind on free judgment (which I could not do, if I endeavoured it), but to assure you that nothing relating to the public shall stand without your permission; for it were to want common sense to desire your patronage, and resolve to disoblige you."

Such are not your decrees; but so designed,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind,
Like your own soul serene, a pattern of your mind.
  Promoting concord and composing strife,
Lord of yourself, uncumbered with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight:
Minds are so hardly matched that even the first,
Though paired by Heaven, in Paradise were cursed.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two;
He to God's image, she to his was made;
So farther from the fount the stream at random strayed.
  How could he stand, when, put to double pain,
He must a weaker than himself sustain?
Each might have stood perhaps, but each alone;
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.
  Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;
But yet, if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware,
And better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.
Thus have you shunned and shun the married state,
Trusting as little as you can to Fate.
  No porter guards the passage of your door,
To admit the wealthy and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart
To sanctify the whole by giving part.
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the second son a blessing brought!
The first-begotten had his father's share,
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.*
  So may your stores and fruitful fields increase,
And ever be you blessed, who live to bless.
As Ceres sowed where'er her chariot flew,
As Heaven in deserts rained the bread of dew,
So free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own Israel host.
  With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You seek the champian† sports or sylvan chace;
With well-breathed beagles you surround the wood,
Even then industrious of the common good;‡
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks;
Chased even amid the folds, and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.

* Mr. Driden, to whom this poem is addressed, was second son of Sir John Dryden, and inherited from his mother, daughter of Sir Robert Bevile.

† *Champian*, an old English spelling of the word, formed from the French *campagne*. The same spelling occurs in a passage in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," in the first two folios. "Daylight and champian discovers not" (act 2, scene 5). Another old spelling is *champion*. See Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words."

‡ Compare "industrious of the needle and the chart" (The Hind and the Panther, part 2, line 571).

This fiery game your active youth maintained,
Not yet by years extinguished, though restrained;
You season still with sports your serious hours,
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life; who runs the round,
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.
Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he,
Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,
Than such as once on slippery thrones were placed,
And, chasing, sigh to think themselves are chased.
So lived our sires, ere doctors learned to kill,
And multiplied with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
Pity the generous kind their cares bestow*
To search forbidden truths (a sin to know),
To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounced by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpose delay;
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.
What help from art's endeavours can we have?
Guibbons† but guesses, nor is sure to save;
But Maurus‡ sweeps whole parishes, and peoples every grave,
And no more mercy to mankind will use
Than when he robbed and murdered Maro's muse.
Wouldst thou be soon dispatched, and perish whole,
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn§ with thy soul.
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood:
But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.

* The meaning is, "It is a pity that the generous kind," &c.

† Dr. Guibbons, a celebrated physician of the day. He is mentioned by Dryden, in conjunction with Hobbes, in his Postscript to the Translation of Virgil. "That to have recovered, in some measure, the health which I had lost by application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbes, the two ornaments of their profession, which I can only pay by this acknowledgment." He is "Mirmillo the famed Opifer" in Garth's "Dispensary."

‡ *Maurus*, Sir Richard Blackmore, a poet and physician, who had attacked Dryden in print, and whom here and elsewhere he pillories in revenge. "Quack Maurus" Dryden calls him in his Prologue to "The Pilgrim:"

> "Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
> In either of our Universities."

Blackmore was a Master of Arts at Oxford, but he had his medical diploma from the University of Padua.

§ The Rev. Luke Milbourn, who had published an offensive criticism on Dryden's Virgil. See the conclusion of the Preface to the Fables, where Dryden again lashes Blackmore and Milbourn together.

The wise for cure on exercise depend ;
God never made his work for man to mend.
The tree of knowledge, once in Eden placed,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste ;
O, had our grandsire walked without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of life !
Now both are lost : yet wandering in the dark,
Physicians for the tree have found the bark ;
They, labouring for relief of human kind,
With sharpened sight some remedies may find ;
The apothecary-train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth,* generous as his Muse, prescribes and gives ;
The shopman sells, and by destruction lives :
Ungrateful tribe ! who, like the viper's brood,
From Medicine issuing, suck their mother's blood !
Let these obey, and let the learned prescribe,
That men may die without a double bribe ;
Let them, but under their superiors, kill,
When doctors first have signed the bloody bill :
He scapes the best, who, nature to repair,
Draws physic from the fields in draughts of vital air.
You hoard not health for your own private use,
But on the public spend the rich produce.
When, often urged, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your loved retreat,
And sends to senates, charged with common care,
Which none more shuns, and none can better bear :
Where could they find another formed so fit
To poise with solid sense a sprightly wit ?
Were these both wanting, (as they both abound,)
Where could so firm integrity be found ?
Well-born and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court ;
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give what public needs require.
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade ;
And part employed to roll the watery trade ;
Even Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Required a sabbath-year to mend the meagre soil.
Good senators (and such are † you) so give,
That kings may be supplied, the people thrive ;
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids nor over-buys,
But on our native strength in time of need relies.

* *Garth :* the celebrated physician, Sir Samuel Garth, author of "The Dispensary." Garth's establishment of the dispensary for supplying advice and medicines gratuitously to the poor is the generosity alluded to. This dispensary was opposed by many doctors, which led Garth to write his witty satire.

† *Such as* is printed in Scott's and other editions, incorrectly.

Munster was bought, we boast not the success ;*
Who fights for gain for greater makes his peace.†
Our foes, compelled by need, have peace embraced;
The peace both parties want is like to last;
Which if secure, securely we may trade,
Or not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in our selves, while on our selves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be then the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and battered to repair.
Observe the war in every annual course;
What has been done was done with British force.
Namur subdued is England's palm alone;
The rest besieged, but we constrained the town :‡
We saw the event that followed our success ;
France, though pretending arms, pursued the peace,
Obliged by one sole treaty to restore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought :
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Persian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refused to fight :
Themselves their own mortality confessed,
And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.
Even victors are by victories undone :
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recalled, too late to keep his own.
While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why should we tempt the doubtful die again ?
In wars renewed uncertain of success,
Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country serves,
Prerogative and privilege preserves.
Of each our laws the certain limit show ;
One must not ebb, nor t' other overflow.
Betwixt the Prince and Parliament we stand;
The barriers of the State on either hand :
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our blessed abode,
Like those that watered once the Paradise of God.
Some overpoise of sway by turns they share;
In peace the people, and the prince in war :

* The Bishop of Munster, who joined England in consideration of a large subsidy in Charles II.'s first Dutch war, and afterwards deserted us and made a separate peace with Holland. This is referred to in "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 37 :

"Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,
In whom we seek the German faith in vain."

See the note on that passage.

† The Peace of Ryswick.

‡ The taking of Namur by William III. in 1695, after a siege of one month. Here probably Dryden introduced the lines reflecting on Dutch valour, which he told Montague he had omitted by the advice of his cousin.

Consuls of moderate power in calms were made ;
When the Gauls came, one sole Dictator swayed.
  Patriots in peace assert the people's right,
With noble stubbornness resisting might :
No lawless mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandsire, free to grant
In parliaments that weighed their Prince's want :
But so tenacious of the common cause
As not to lend the king against his laws ;
And, in a loathsome dungeon doomed to lie,
In bonds retained his birth-right liberty,
And shamed oppression, till it set him free.*
  O true descendant of a patriot line,
Who, while thou sharest their lustre, lendst them thine,
Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see ;
'Tis so far good as it resembles thee.
The beauties to the original I owe,
Which when I miss, my own defects I show.
Nor think the kindred Muses thy disgrace ;
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a house few ages can afford,
One to perform, another to record.
Praiseworthy actions are by thee embraced ;
And 'tis my praise to make thy praises last.
For even when death dissolves our human frame,
The soul returns to Heaven from whence it came,
Earth keeps the body, verse preserves the fame.

* Scott, following Malone, has explained this as referring to John Driden's maternal grandfather, Sir Robert Bevile, who, it is said, "appears to have been imprisoned in the time of Charles I. for resisting some irregular levy of money ;" but this is apparently a conjecture resting exclusively on this passage of Dryden's poem. The laborious and accurate Mr. Holt White, in his MS. notes, ascertained that Sir Erasmus Dryden, the common grandfather of the two cousins, is referred to ; and he refers to a list in Rushworth's "Historical Collections" (i. 473) where occurs the name of Sir Erasmus Draiton, as one of those sent to prison on account of the loan-money, and liberated on the eve of the general election for Charles I.'s third parliament, 1628. Sir Erasmus Dryden died May 22, 1632.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

The poems in this division, beginning with Dryden's first poem on the death of the young Lord Hastings, are arranged in chronological order, with the exception of four at the end, the dates of the composition of which have not been ascertained. It has been necessary to correct the texts of almost all of them by collation with the first publications. The poem of "Eleonora," which is longer and more ambitious than any of the others, and was published separately by Dryden, is printed with a separate title-page and introduction.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD HASTINGS.*

MUST noble Hastings immaturely die,
The honour of his ancient family?
Beauty and learning thus together meet
To bring a winding for a wedding sheet?
Must Virtue prove Death's harbinger? must she,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, sin's wages, grace's now? shall art
Make us more learned, only to depart?
If merit be disease, if virtue death,
To be good not to be, who'd then bequeath
Himself to discipline? who'd not esteem
Labour a crime, study self-murder deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces securely, ignorant healthfully.
Rare linguist! whose worth speaks it self; whose praise,
Though not his own, all tongues besides do raise;
Than whom great Alexander may seem less,
Who conquered men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations spake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.
His native soil was the four parts of the earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apostle; and (with reverence may
I speak it?) inspired with gift of tongues as they.
Nature gave him, a child, what men in vain
Oft strive, by art though furthered, to obtain.

* This is Dryden's first poem, written in 1649, when he was seventeen and at Westminster School. Lord Hastings had been his schoolfellow, and died June 24, 1649, at the age of nineteen, of small-pox. This young nobleman was the eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon; his extraordinary precocity and learning made his early death deeply and widely deplored. A volume of poems, containing thirty-three Elegies on his death, was published at the close of the year, bearing the title "Lachrymæ Musarum, the Tears of the Muses expressed in Elegies written by divers persons of nobility and worth upon the death of the most hopeful Henry, Lord Hastings, eldest son of the Right Honourable Ferdinando, Earl of Huntingdon, heir-general of the high-born Prince, George Duke of Clarence, brother to King Edward the Fourth." In this volume Dryden's poem appeared. It also contains poems by Herrick, Denham, and Marvel. The young nobleman was engaged to be married to a daughter of Sir Theodore Mayerne, a famous physician, who attended him in his illness. This poem is characteristic of a schoolboy full of classical erudition, and carries to an extreme the scholastic pedantry, discernible also, though in less degree, in Dryden's early political poems. The rhythm also of some of the lines is imperfect. This poem was reprinted in vol. i. of the edition of the "Miscellany Poems" of 1716. A few errors of consequence have crept into the text, as it has appeared in Scott's and other late editions: the text is here corrected from the original publication, which Scott had not seen.

His body was an orb,* his sublime soul
Did move on virtue's and on learning's pole:
Whose regular motions better to our view
Than Archimedes' sphere the heavens did shew.
Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
Beauty and learning, filled up all the parts.
Heaven's gifts, which do, like falling stars, appear
Scattered in others, all, as in their sphere,
Were fixed and conglobate in his soul,† and thence
Shone through his body with sweet influence;
Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
The whole frame rendered was celestial.
Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make,
If thou this hero's altitude canst take:
But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus astronomical.
Lived Tycho‡ now, struck with this ray which shone
More bright in the morn than others beam at noon,
He'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here
What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.
Replenished then with such rare gifts as these,
Where was room left for such a foul disease?
The nation's sin hath drawn that veil which shrouds
Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds.
Heaven would no longer trust its pledge, but thus
Recalled it, rapt§ its Ganymede from us.
Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
The very filthiness of Pandora's box?
So many spots, like næves,‖ our Venus soil?
One jewel set off with so many a foil?
Blisters with pride swelled, which through his flesh did sprout
Like rosebuds, stuck in the lily-skin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its rising did commit;

* *Orb.* Compare "Eleonora," 272:

"The figure was with full perfection crowned,
Though not so large an orb, as truly round."

Also "Absalom and Achitophel," 839, and note.

† This line has been usually printed incorrectly, the *and* being omitted. The second syllable of *conglobate* is short. It is mistakenly said in Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary, that Dryden in this passage has put the accent on the second syllable: the mistake arose out of the omission of *and*. There is an obvious imitation of this passage in Oldham's first poem, also an Elegy on the death by small-pox of a young friend (Mr. Charles Morwent):

"Those parts which never in one subject dwell,
But some uncommon excellence foretell,
Like stars, did all constellate here,
And met together in one sphere."

‡ Tycho Brahe.

§ *Rapt*, snatched; the Latin *raptus*.

‖ *Næves*, a Latin word which probably occurs nowhere else in English literature: spots, moles, or small excrescences of the body. This line has been usually incorrectly printed, and the note of interrogation dropped: it was changed for the worse by Derrick into

"So many spots like næves on Venus' soil."

Dryden calls Lord Hastings Venus, as the perfection of beauty.

Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife,
Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
The cabinet of a richer soul within?
No comet need foretell his change drew on,
Whose corps might seem a constellation.*
Oh! had he died of old, how great a strife
Had been, who from his death should draw their life,
Who should by one rich draught become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were,
Learned, virtuous, pious, great, and have by this
An universal metempsychosis!†
Must all these aged sires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one so young, so small,
Who, had he lived his life out, his great fame
Had swollen 'bove any Greek or Roman name?
But hasty winter with one blast hath brought
The hopes of autumn, summer, spring, to nought.
Thus fades the oak in the sprig, in the blade the corn;
Thus without young this phœnix dies, new-born.
Must then old three-legged grey-beards,‡ with their gout,
Catarrhs, rheums, aches,§ live three ages out?
Time's offals, only fit for the hospital,
Or to hang an antiquary's ‖ rooms withal!
Must drunkards, lechers spent with sinning, live
With such helps as broths, possets, physic give?
None live but such as should die? shall we meet
With none but ghostly fathers in the street?
Grief makes me rail, sorrow will force its way,
And showers of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.
  But thou, O virgin widow, left alone,¶
Now thy beloved, heaven-ravished spouse is gone,
Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply
Medicines, when thy balm was no remedy;
With greater than Platonic love, O, wed
His soul, though not his body, to thy bed:

* For this rhyme of *constellation* see the poem to Charles II. on his Coronation, line 70, and note. Another example occurs in Dryden's Epilogue to "Sir Martin Marall," 1667:

"As country vicars, when the sermon's done,
Run huddling to the benediction."

Motion is a word of three syllables in "Threnodia Augustalis," line 64.

† *Metempsychosis.* The third and fourth syllables both long, as in Greek.

‡ "Three-legged grey-beards." This is part of the Sphinx's riddle guessed by Œdipus; the old man's stick being the third leg.

§ *Aches* is here a word of two syllables, to be pronounced *aitches.*

‖ This line has fared ill in reprinting this poem, *an* being omitted and the plural genitive *antiquaries'* being printed. It is printed in the original poem *an antiquaries: antiquarie* is the old spelling, and the apostrophe for the genitive was then not printed; the *an* determines the singular number.

¶ Here Dryden addresses the young lady to whom Lord Hastings was betrothed, and whose "skilful sire," Sir Theodore Mayerne, attended him in his illness.

Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
The ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Transcribe the original in new copies; give
Hastings of the better part: so shall he live
In his nobler half; and the great grandsire be
Of an heroic divine progeny:
An issue which to eternity shall last,
Yet but the irradiations which he cast.
Erect no mausoleums; for his best
Monument is his spouse's marble breast.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.*

He who in impious times undaunted stood
And midst rebellion durst be just and good,
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirmed the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear;
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
  Ark† of thy age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, Heaven confined in thee.
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve;
And fewer such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose and gave the law to fate!
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth were meant for ornaments to Heaven.

EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBORNE'S TOMB,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.‡

Ye sacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undisturbed by wars, in quiet sleep;
Discharge the trust, which, when it was below,
Fairborne's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.

* John Powlet, Marquis of Winchester, a famous Royalist of the Civil War, whose mansion at Basing after a siege of two years was taken by Cromwell and burnt in October 1645, and who was then made a prisoner, died in 1674, in his seventy-seventh year. He was buried at Englefield, in Berkshire; and this epitaph by Dryden, the former eulogist of Cromwell and the "rebellion," was engraved on the monument erected by his widow, the last of three wives. This epitaph was printed in Pope's volume of Miscellanies, 1712.

† *Ark* has been changed, probably originally by a misprint, into *ask*, which appears in Scott's and all modern editions.

‡ The tomb of Sir Palmes Fairborne in Westminster Abbey, on which this epitaph is inscribed, bears also the following inscription:—"Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir Palmes Fairborne, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors, then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of his age. October 24, 1680."

Alive and dead these walls he will defend :
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue.
From thence returning with deserved applause,
Against the Moors his well-fleshed sword he draws ;
The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer Heaven, his virtue shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their height ;
The martyr's glory crowned the soldier's fight.
More bravely British general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er revenged so well ;
Which his pleased eyes beheld before their close,
Followed by thousand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loss for times to come
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.*

Farewell, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own :
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould as mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive :
The last set out the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
Whilst his young friend performed and won the race.†
O early ripe ! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.‡
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betrayed.

* John Oldham, the author of the "Satires on the Jesuits," died in 1683, at the early age of twenty-nine. These Satires, written in 1679, and published in the height of the excitement against the Roman Catholics, had made Oldham suddenly famous. Dryden in these excellent lines gives just praise to his fellow satirist. Wanting Dryden's polish, he sometimes even exceeds Dryden in strength as a satirist. Oldham had evidently in his youth admired and studied Dryden's poems. Imitations by him of passages in Dryden's earliest poems are mentioned in the notes to "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 4, and the poem on the Death of Lord Hastings.

† Æneis, v. 328.

‡ The word *numbers* in this line is unwarrantably changed into *smoothness* in the reprints of the poem prefixed to the editions of Oldham's Works, 1722 and 1770.

Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,
Still showed a quickness; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewell! farewell, thou young,
But ah! too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,*

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

AN ODE.

I

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou rollst above us in thy wandering race,
Or in procession fixed and regular
Moved with the heaven's majestic pace,
Or called to more superior bliss,
Thou treadst with seraphims the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region be thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse
In no ignoble verse,
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given,
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of Heaven.

* Mrs. (or, as would now be said, Miss) Anne Killigrew was daughter of the Rev. Dr. Henry Killigrew, Master of the Savoy, and a Prebendary of Westminster. Her father had in early life written a tragedy; and Dryden alludes to him as a poet in the second stanza of this poem. Thomas Killigrew, the court wit, and Sir William Killigrew, both play-writers, were his brothers, and Miss Killigrew's uncles. She was maid of honour to the Duchess of York, afterwards Queen. She died of small-pox in 1685, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. Her poems were collected and published after her death, in a quarto volume, 1686, with this poem of Dryden prefixed, and with the motto on the title-page, "Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus" (Martial, vi. 29). The poem was reprinted by Dryden in his third Miscellany volume, 1694. The text here is corrected from the first publication and the reprint in 1694.

2

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
(An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.)
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was formed at first with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
Than was the beautious frame she left behind:
Return, to fill or mend the quire of thy celestial kind.

3

May we presume to say that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven as well as here on earth?
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And even the most malicious were in trine.*
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tuned it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth;—
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distilled their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles†
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all the blest fraternity of love
Solemnized there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above.

4

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of Poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordained above,
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love!

* Another allusion to trines as of happy auspice is in "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 292, where see note.

† *Miracles* here rhymes with *bees*. See notes on "Astræa Redux," 106; "The Medal," 164; and "Threnodia Augustalis," 414.

Oh wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubric* and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own,)
To increase the steaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say to excuse our second fall?
Let this thy Vestal, Heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,†
Unmixed with foreign filth and undefiled;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

5

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For Nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn
That it seemed borrowed, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test and every light her Muse will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Even love (for love sometimes her Muse exprest),
Was but a lambent flame which played about her breast;
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

6

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretched her sway,
For Painture‡ near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependences was framed,
As conquerors will never want pretence,
(When armed, to justify the offence),
And the whole fief in right of Poetry she claimed.

* The old French spelling *lubrique* has here been preserved inconsistently in all editions to the latest. In the poem to Sir George Etherege, line 6, the spelling *artique* for *arctic* is needed for the rhyme.

† "Her Arethusian stream." One of Dryden's forced classical allusions. Arethusa, according to the ancient fable, was changed by Diana into a fountain to save her from the amorous pursuit of Alpheus, the god of the river of that name in Elis. Alpheus then mingled the waters of his river with those of Arethusa. Diana opened a secret passage under the earth and the sea, through which the waters of Arethusa, disappearing in Elis, rose in the island of Ortygia, near Sicily. The river Alpheus followed her also under the sea, and rose in Ortygia.

‡ *Painture*, a word from the French *peinture*, now obsolete. In the poem to Sir Godfrey Kneller, Dryden uses the word "picture" for the art of painting.

The country open lay without defence ;
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament,
And all the large demains* which the dumb Sister swayed ;
All bowed beneath her government,
Received in triumph wheresoe'er she went.
Her pencil drew whate'er her soul designed,
And oft the happy draught surpassed the image in her mind.
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks
And fruitful plains and barren rocks ;
Of shallow brooks that flowed so clear,
The bottom did the top appear ;
Of deeper too and ampler floods
Which, as in mirrors, showed the woods ;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defaced, the wonder of the eye ;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.†
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

7

The scene then changed ; with bold erected look
Our martial King the sight with reverence strook :
For, not content to express his outward part,
Her hand called out the image of his heart :‡
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figured there,
As when by magic ghosts are made appear.
Our phœnix queen was portrayed too so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right :
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observed, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands ;

* Dryden's spelling, *demains*, is here preserved.

† In the original edition this line stood :

"Her forming hand gave shape unto the name."

It was altered in the republication of 1694 to what is printed above.

‡ Mrs. Killigrew painted James II. ; *eye* stood in the first edition instead of *sight*, substituted in 1694.

Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank the queen.*
Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
But like a ball of fire, the farther thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had designed, Heaven only knows:
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose
That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

8

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportioned shape and beautious face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit nor piety could Fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel Destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a hardened felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plundered first, and then destroyed.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda† died:
Heaven by the same disease did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

9

Mean time, her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return with vain devotion pays.
Ah, generous youth! that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come;
Alas! thou knowst not, thou art wrecked at home.
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou kenst from far,
Among the Pleiads, a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

* This passage was considerably altered in 1694 from the first edition, where it stood:

"As in that day she took from sacred hands
The crown, 'mong numerous heroines was seen
More yet in beauty than in rank the queen."

† *Orinda*; the name given to Katharine Philips, a poetess, who died of small-pox in 1664, in her thirty-third year. Her poems were published in 1667, with the title, "Poems by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Katharine Philips, the matchless Orinda;" and Anne Killigrew wrote some verses in her honour.

10

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When in the Valley of Jehosophat
The judging God shall close the book of Fate,
And there the last assizes keep
For those who wake and those who sleep;
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are covered with the lightest ground;
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shalt go,
As harbinger of Heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learned below.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE VISCOUNT OF DUNDEE.*

Oh last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thou did each in other live,
Nor wouldst thou her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell! who dying didst support the State,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

* This is a free translation by Dryden of a Latin epitaph on the famous Claverhouse by Dr. Pitcairn. John Graham of Claverhouse, made Viscount Dundee in 1688, was killed in 1689, fighting for James II. at Killicrankie, and in the moment of achieving victory over General Mackay's force. The death of Dundee was the ruin of James's cause in Scotland. The following is the original Latin epitaph:—

"Ultime Scotorum! Potuit, quo sospite solo,
Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ;
Te moriente novos accepit Scotia cives,
Accepitque novos, te moriente, Deos.
Illa tibi superesse negat, tu non potes illi,
Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane, vale!
Tuque vale, gentis priscæ fortissime ductor,
Ultime Scotorum, atque ultime Grahme, vale!"

EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITMORE.*

Fair, kind, and true, a treasure each alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend in one,
Rest in this tomb, raised at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing what he had, and lost.
Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come first and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest with longer life;
And wish your vows, like hers, may be returned,
So loved when living, and when dead so mourned.

* Frances, wife of Sir Thomas Whitmore, baronet, of Bridgnorth, died in 1690, and was buried at Twickenham. This epitaph by Dryden is on the monument in Twickenham Church.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

"Superas evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Diis geniti potuere."

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 128.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Eleonora, Countess of Abingdon, daughter of Sir Henry Lee, baronet, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, died May 31, 1691. *She died in her thirty-third year, and on Whitsunday night, as is stated in a marginal note by Dryden to the poem; and her death was very sudden; it happened in the ball-room of her house. This poem was a task undertaken by Dryden for a handsome pecuniary reward. He says in the prefatory address to Lord Abingdon that he had never seen the lady, and was not acquainted with him. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that the poem wants vigour and animation: it is perhaps the least successful of Dryden's poems. There is a proud allusion to himself and his circumstances at the end of the poem, which he calls*

> *"This humble tribute of no vulgar Muse,*
> *Who, not by cares or wants or age deprest,*
> *Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast."*

The poem was published in quarto in 1692. *The marginal indications are Dryden's own.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

My Lord,—The commands with which you honoured me some months ago are now performed: they had been sooner, but betwixt ill-health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes, and told them that good verses never flow but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late than ill: if at least I am capable of writing anything, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escaped from a shipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard swimming, where I may pant a while and gather breath; for the doctors give me a sad assurance that my disease never took its leave of any man but with a purpose to return.* However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and menaged† the small stock which age has left me to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Lady's memory. We who are priests of Apollo have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait until the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist, which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my Lord, for I have really felt it on this occasion and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution, and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes, which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as in the expression, and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your Lordship sees in the title, not for an Elegy, but a Panegyric: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all occasions of praise, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound by prescription to employ the magnificence of words and the force of figures to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the younger Pliny amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, that if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel my self. One disad-

* The illness was gout, which about this time prevented his finishing his play of "Cleomenes," and obliged him to call in Southern's assistance for finishing it.

† Dryden's French spelling, *menage*, is here preserved.

vantage I have had, which is never to have known or seen my Lady; and to draw the lineaments of her mind, from the description which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter him self (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my Lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the best poet, of our nation, acknowledges that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric, which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem The Pattern: and though, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of that illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world nor to my conscience, if I gave not your Lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only, for the praise of it is given you by your self. They who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon to have been so truly loved by you while she was living, and so gratefully honoured after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands: and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers by a real and lasting grief for the deceased, and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: so give me leave to hope, that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure your Lordship, that she is remembered, in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your Lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted my self of it must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few in England, that

they stand like exceptions against general rules: and though one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subject; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say, my talent is satire: if it be so, 'tis a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest: they have sown the dragons' teeth themselves, and it is but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the character of honour, though 'tis not my happiness to know you, may stand aside with the small remainders* of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt your selves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker of the House: yet, like him, I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden sufficiently recompensed by the honour. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper-monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

My Lord, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

The Introduction.

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers first and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice and spreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last;
Who then perhaps were offering vows in vain
For his long life and for his happy reign:
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loss the news became.
The nation felt it in the extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing and with bleeding hearts;
But most the poor, whom daily she supplied,
Beginning to be such but when she died.
For, while she lived, they slept in peace by night,
Secure of bread as of returning light,
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pampered and forgot to pray:
So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
They stood prepared to see the manna fall.
Such multitudes she fed, she clothed, she nurst,
That she her self might fear her wanting first.

Of her charity.

* Compare for this use of the word *remainders* "The Hind and the Panther," part 3, line 602, and note on the line.

Of her five talents other five she made ;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid ;
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise ; the soul gave all :
Unbribed it gave ; or, if a bribe appear,
No less than Heaven, to heap huge treasures there.
Want passed for merit at her open door :
Heaven saw he safely might increase his poor,
And trust their sustenance with her so well
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy whom she saw or knew ;
All in the compass of her sphere she drew :
He who could touch her garment was as sure,
As the first Christians of the Apostles' cure.
The distant heard by fame her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest needs,
A future cordial for a fainting mind ;
For what was ne'er refused all hoped to find,
Each in his turn : the rich might freely come,
As to a friend ; but to the poor 'twas home.
As to some holy house the afflicted came,
The hunger-starved, the naked, and the lame ;
Want and diseases fled before her name.
For zeal like hers her servants were too slow ;
She was the first, where need required, to go,
Her self the foundress, and attendant too.
Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train :
Her Lord him self might come, for aught we know,
Since in a servant's form he lived below ;
Beneath her roof he might be pleased to stay :
Or some benighted angel in his way
Might ease his wings, and seeing Heaven appear
In its best work of mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method as above,
All carried on ; all of a piece with theirs ;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares ;
As loud her praises, and as warm her prayers.

Of her prudent management.

Yet was she not profuse ; but feared to waste,
And wisely managed, that the stock might last ;
That all might be supplied, and she not grieve,
When crowds appeared, she had not to relieve :
Which to prevent, she still increased her store ;
Laid up, and spared, that she might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,
Provided for the seventh necessity ;*

* A reference, not very correct, to Pharaoh's provision in the seven years of plenty for the seven years of famine (Genesis xli.).

Taught from above his magazines to frame,
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heaven, though all-sufficient, shows a thrift
In his economy, and bounds his gift;
Creating for our day one single light;
And his reflection too supplies the night.
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us and latent in the sky,
Are lightened by his beams, and kindly nurst;
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.
Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her soul, abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
Had she given more, it had profusion been,
And turned the excess of goodness into sin.
These virtues raised her fabric to the sky; *Of her humility.*
For that which is next Heaven is charity.
But as high turrets for their airy steep
Require foundations in proportion deep,
And lofty cedars as far upward shoot
As to the nether heavens they drive the root,
So low did her secure foundation lie;
She was not humble, but humility.
Scarcely she knew that she was great or fair
Or wise beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare.
For to be conscious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own worth wanting, others' to abound;
Ascribed above their due to every one,
Unjust and scanty to her self alone.
Such her devotion was as might give rules *Of her piety.*
Of speculation to disputing schools,
And teach us equally the scales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warmed, but not be scorched with zeal.
Business might shorten, not disturb her prayer;
Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.
An active life long oraisons* forbids;
Yet still she prayed, for still she prayed by deeds.
Her every day was Sabbath; only free
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from servile toil releast,
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as blest angels exercise above,
Varied with sacred hymns and acts of love;

* Dryden's spelling, *oraison*, is preserved; it is the French word, showing the origin from the Latin *orare*, to pray, which is not apparent in the word as now spelt, *orison*.

Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
Even that perpetual one, which she employs
(For such vicissitudes in Heaven there are)
In praise alternate and alternate prayer.
All this she practised here; that when she sprung
Amidst the quires, at the first sight she sung;
Sung, and was sung her self, in angels' lays;
For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.
All offices of Heaven so well she knew,
Before she came, that nothing there was new;
And she was so familiarly received
As one returning, not as one arrived.

Of her various virtues.

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight.
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light?
But as the sun in water we can bear,
Yet not the sun, but his reflection there,
So let us view her here in what she was,
And take her image in this watery glass:
Yet look not every lineament to see;
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you scarcely know 'tis she.
For where such various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguished light.
Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Though 'tis a train of stars that, rolling on,
Rise in their turn and in the Zodiac run,
Ever in motion; now 'tis faith ascends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends.
As in perfumes composed with art and cost,
'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost;
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose every part,
In due proportion mixed, proclaimed the Maker's art.
No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevailed, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
The occasion but exerted that or this.

Of her conjugal virtues.

A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made to attract his eyes and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accurst;
As beautious, not as brittle as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her sin.

So she not only had preserved from ill
Her sex and ours, but lived their pattern still.
Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
She much obeyed him, but she loved him more:
Not awed to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So subjects love just kings, or so they should.
Nor was it with ingratitude returned;
In equal fires the blissful couple burned;
One joy possessed them both, and in one grief they mourned.
His passion still improved; he loved so fast,
As if he feared each day would be her last.
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state:
When he to Heaven entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the soul is all in every part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for charity
Was not more fruitful or more kind than she;
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises looked not with so pleased a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As in their order next to light they came.*
Nor Cybele† with half so kind an eye
Surveyed her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit.
Her pious love excelled to all she bore;
New objects only multiplied it more.
And as the chosen found the pearly grain
As much as every vessel could contain;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear;
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
At his first aptness the maternal love
Those rudiments of reason did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:

Of her love to her children.

Her care of their education.

* The prospective array of his Roman descendants displayed by Anchises to Æneas in the shades below, in the sixth book of the Æneid.

† Cybele was wife of Saturn, and mother of Jupiter and other gods and goddesses.

True to the artificer, the laboured mind
With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind;
Soft for impression, from the first prepared,
Till virtue with long exercise grew hard:
With every act confirmed, and made at last
So durable as not to be effaced,
It turned to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodness resolved into necessity.*
Thus fixed she virtue's image, that's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children shone;
For that was their perfection; she was such,
They never could express her mind too much.
So unexhausted † her perfections were,
That for more children she had more to spare;
For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Deprived of bodies and of mortal breath;
And, could they take the impressions of her mind,
Enough still left to sanctify her kind.

Of her friendship

Then wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend:
As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide,
So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, sought a vent
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge her treasures, and securely rest:
To unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, souls can penetrate:
Fixed to her choice, inviolably true,
And wisely choosing, for she chose but few.
Some she must have; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for so large a mind.
The souls of friends like kings in progress are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A sweet retirement to a coarser place;
Where pomp and ceremonies entered not,
Where greatness was shut out, and business well forgot.
This is the imperfect draught; but short as far
As the true height and bigness of a star
Exceeds the measures of the astronomer.
She shines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne and Heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly guest;‡
Distance and altitude conceal the rest.

* For this use of the verb *resolve* compare "The Hind and the Panther," part 1, line 446.
† *Unexhausted*, so printed in the original edition, and *inexhausted* in the Ode on Mrs. Anne Killigrew, line 28.
‡ *Guest*, spelt *ghest* by Dryden.

Though all these rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow space of life confined,
The figure was with full perfection crowned,
Though not so large an orb, as truly round.*
As when in glory, through the public place,
The spoils of conquered nations were to pass,
And but one day for triumph was allowed,
The Consul was constrained his pomp to crowd;
And so the swift procession hurried on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown:
So, in the straitened bounds of life confined,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind;
And multitudes of virtues passed along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemployed no minute slipped away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heaven to have her was so great
That some were single acts, though each complete
But every act stood ready to repeat.
Her fellow saints with busy care will look
For her blest name in Fate's eternal book;
And, pleased to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:
But more will wonder at so short an age
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page;
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy near the original, 'twas she.†
As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire;
So was she soon exhaled, and vanished hence,
A short sweet odour, of a vast expense.
She vanished, we can scarcely say she died;
For but a now‡ did heaven and earth divide:
She passed serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs,§ when souls are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue,
Or, one dream passed, we slide into a new;

Reflections on the shortness of her life.

She died in her thirty-third year.

The manner of her death.

* For this simile of an orb see notes on the poem on Oliver Cromwell, stanza 5, "Absalom and Achitophel," 839, and Elegy on Lord Hastings.

† Jesus Christ was crucified in his thirty-third year.

‡ For this use of *now*, as a substantive for *moment*, compare "Threnodia Augustalis," line 28 and note.

§ This use of the verb *to need* for the passive *to be needed* is of very common occurrence. See, among other instances,

"But little learning needs in noble blood."
The Hind and the Panther, iii. 468.

So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think our selves awake, and are asleep;
So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of Heaven, and she was there.
No pains she suffered, nor expired with noise;
Her soul was whispered out with God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckoned to a feast,
And treated like a long familiar guest.
Her preparedness to die. He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go;
Even on that day, in all her trim prepared,
As early notice she from Heaven had heard,
And some descending courtier* from above
Had given her timely warning to remove,
Or counselled her to dress the nuptial room,
She died on Whitsunday night. For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
Clothed all in white, the livery of the day;
Scarce had she sinned in thought or word or act;
Unless omissions were to pass for fact;
That hardly Death a consequence could draw,
To make her liable to Nature's law.
And that she died, we only have to show
The mortal part of her she left below;
The rest (so smooth, so suddenly she went)
Looked like translation through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand sent.†
Apostrophe to her soul. O happy soul! if thou canst view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou findst that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widowed, and thy orphan family;
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A transient view of thy full glories there;
That they with moderate sorrow may sustain
And mollify their losses in thy gain.

* The word *courtier* in this line was changed into *courier* by Broughton, who has been followed by all succeeding editors. In a note in the Wartons' edition *courtier* is treated as necessarily a misprint. *Courtier* is probably right. In Dryden's Prologue to the Duke of York, he speaks of "Heaven's Whitehall," and of the courtiers assembled there (p. 138). A courtier from Heaven is as probable as a courier from thence.

† This is an obscure line. It probably refers to Elijah's ascension, on the appearance of "a chariot of fire and horses of fire," which parted him and Elisha, "and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven" (2 Kings ii. 11). In this case the two previous descents of fire from heaven at Elijah's call to consume Ahaziah's messengers probably explain Dryden's expression, "third errand."

Or else divide the grief; for such thou wert,
That should not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a single heart.
Let this suffice: nor thou, great saint, refuse
This humble tribute of no vulgar muse:
Who, not by cares or wants or age deprest,*
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast;
And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
Where vice triumphs and virtue is a crime;
Where even to draw the picture of thy mind
Is satire on the most of human kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis praise; before my rage,
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thy self hadst no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what, and where thou art: to wish thy place
Were in the best presumption more than grace.
Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are)
Have in this poem been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,
So shall this verse preserve thy memory,
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

Epiphonema, or close of the poem.

* This is an interesting reference to Dryden's own circumstances in the end of the year 1691, after he had lost his offices of Poet-Laureat and Historiographer Royal, and when there was no hope for him of regaining Court patronage. Lord Dorset's private munificence had probably compensated him for the loss of his salaries. There may have been some intention of defiance in this passage. He received a very handsome reward for this poem, and he was now certainly compelled to labour for profit.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.*

1

MARK how the lark and linnet sing:
With rival notes
They strain their warbling throats
To welcome in the spring.
But in the close of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They cease their mutual spite,
Drink in her music with delight,
And listening and silent, silent and listening, listening and silent, obey.

2

So ceased the rival crew, when Purcell came;
They sung no more, or only sung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admired
The godlike man,
Alas! too soon retired,
As he too late began.
We beg not Hell our Orpheus to restore;
Had he been there,
Their sovereign's fear
Had sent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew;
He long ere this had tuned their jarring sphere,
And left no Hell below.

3

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the sky;
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung.
Ye brethren of the lyre and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleased alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

* Henry Purcell, the celebrated musician, died in 1695, at the early age of thirty-seven. He had set to music several of the songs of Dryden's plays. This funereal ode of Dryden was set to music by Dr. Blow. The text has here been corrected from the original publication with Dr. Blow's music. Line 9 has been restored; in all modern editions it is printed,

"And listening silently obey."

Line 13 has been always printed with the words "the godlike man" after "admired," the same words occurring in the next line. The words are struck out with a pen in the copy in the British Museum; and as "admired" is clearly wanted to rhyme with "retired," the addition was probably a printer's mistake.

ON THE MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY,*

WHO DIED AT BATH AND IS THERE INTERRED.

BELOW this marble monument is laid
All that Heaven wants of this celestial maid.
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consigned,
The mould was made on purpose for the mind;
And she would lose, if at the latter day
One atom could be mixed with other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face;
Her limbs were formed with such harmonious grace:
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul,
Which her own inward symmetry revealed;
And like a picture shone, in glass annealed;
Or like the sun eclipsed, with shaded light;
Too piercing else to be sustained by sight.
Each thought was visible that rolled within,
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen.
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thoughts to hide.
All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies,
For marriage, though it sullies not, it dyes.
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if she could not, or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learned so much of Heaven below,
That, when arrived, she scarce had more to know;
But only to refresh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, that she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but seemed confined to prayer.
Yet in such charities she passed the day,
'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
A female softness, with a manly mind;
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind;
In sickness patient, and in death resigned.

* This lady was Mrs. (Miss) Mary Frampton, who was buried in the Abbey Church at Bath. Dryden's lines are on her monument, with the following inscription:—"Here lies the body of Mary, third daughter of Richard Frampton, of Moreton in Dorsetshire, esquire; and of Jane his wife, sole daughter of Sir Francis Cottington of Founthill in Wilts, who was born January 1, 1676, and died, after seven weeks' illness, on the 6th of September, 1698. This monument was erected by Catharine Frampton, her second sister and executrix, in testimony of her grief, affection, and gratitude." Some errors have crept into this poem in successive editions, which are here corrected: in line 6, *with* had become *of;* in line 18, *thoughts, thought;* in line 28. *that, as;* and in line 29, *seemed, was.* All the errors are to be found in Scott's edition. Mr. Holt White collated Derrick's text with the inscription at Bath. The poem is printed quite correctly in the "Annual Register" for 1761.

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.*

'Twas on a joyless and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the thorn,
When Damon, who designed to pass the day
With hounds and horns, and chase the flying prey,
Rose early from his bed; but soon he found
The welkin pitched with sullen clouds around,
An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey
The fields, and cursed the ill omens of the day,
He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace;
Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his face:
He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
And sent his voice before him from afar.
"Return," he cried, "return, unhappy swain,
"The spungy clouds are filled with gathering rain:
"The promise of the day not only crossed,
"But even the spring, the spring it self is lost.
"Amyntas"—oh! he could not speak the rest,
Nor needed, for presaging Damon guessed.
Equal with Heaven young Damon loved the boy,
The boast of Nature, both his parents' joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind;
So great a genius, and a soul so kind,
Gave sad assurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew:
For when their gifts too lavishly are placed,
Soon they repent, and will not make them last.
For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's soul.
Then thus he cried, "The morn bespoke the news,
"The morning did her cheerful light diffuse,
"But see how suddenly she changed her face,
"And brought on clouds and rains, the day's disgrace:
"Just such, Amyntas, was thy promised race.
"What charms adorned thy youth, where nature smiled,
"And more than man was given us in a child!
"His infancy was ripe: a soul sublime
"In years so tender that prevented time;
"Heaven gave him all at once; then snatched away,
"Ere mortals all his beauties could survey,
"Just like the flower that buds and withers in a day."

* Nothing appears to be known of the history of this poem, to whom it refers, or when it was composed. It was published after Dryden's death in the fifth volume of "Miscellany Poems," in 1704.

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, though with grief opprest,
Reclined his dying head upon her breast.
The mournful family stood all around;
One groan was heard, one universal sound:
All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow drowned.
So dire a sadness sate on every look,
Even Death repented he had given the stroke.
He grieved his fatal work had been ordained,
But promised length of life to those who yet remained.
The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
It seems, had bribed him to prolong their space.
The father bore it with undaunted soul,
Like one who durst his destiny control;
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Resigned his son, but not resigned his heart.
Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wish, and such my prophecy;
For yet, my friend, the beautious mould remains;
Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More lasting, and endued with equal grace!
Equal she may, but farther none can go;
For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hearst thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and sing him on his way.
He cleaves the liquid air; behold, he flies,
And every moment gains upon the skies.
The new come guest admires the etherial state,
The sapphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the shining throng,
He shows the passport which he brought along.
His passport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire;
Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow;
For like Amyntas none is left below.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.*

He who could view the book of destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth, in the first opening page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly and so kind,
Would wonder, when he turned the volume o'er,
And after some few leaves should find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A step of life that promised such a race.†
We must not, dare not think, that Heaven began
A child, and could not finish him a man;
Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The cost already furnished; so bestowed,
As more was never to one soul allowed:
Yet after this profusion spent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering ashes to remain,
I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf,
Yet, durst I guess, Heaven kept it for himself,
And giving us the use, did soon recall,
Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.
  Thus then he disappeared, was rarified,
For 'tis improper speech to say he died:
He was exhaled;‡ his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
'Tis sin produces death; and he had none,
But the taint Adam left on every son.
He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'Twas but the original forfeit of his blood;
And that so little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.

* The history of this poem, as of the preceding one, is unknown. It was first published with the preceding, and with the epitaph on "young Mr. Rogers," which follows, in the fifth volume of the "Miscellany Poems," in 1704, after Dryden's death. The resemblance of some passages to passages in "Eleonora" might lead to the inference that it was written about the same time as that poem.

† Compare in "Eleonora," 291-6:

> "Her fellow saints with busy care will look
> For her blest name in Fate's eternal book;
> And, pleased to be outdone, with joy will see
> Numberless virtues, endless charity:
> But more will wonder at so short an age
> To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page."

‡ Compare in "Eleonora," 303-5:

> "So was she soon exhaled, and vanished hence,
> A short sweet odour, of a vast expense.
> She vanished, we can scarcely say she died."

Nothing remained of the first muddy clay;
The length of course had washed it in the way:
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As such we loved, admired, almost adored,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford.
Perhaps we gave so much, the powers above
Grew angry at our superstitious love;
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatched away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone;
And yet we murmur that he went so soon,
Though miracles are short and rarely shown.
Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many which in one was tied.
That individual blessing is no more,
But multiplied in your remaining store.
The flame's dispersed, but does not all expire:
The sparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts in all your numerous race,
And from those parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refined to that degree,
Imagine all in one and think that one is He.

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS

OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.*

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow and their vanished pleasure,
Adorned with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race:
More moderate gifts might have prolonged his date,
Too early fitted for a better state:
But, knowing Heaven his home, to shun delay
He leaped o'er age and took the shortest way.

* This young gentleman was probably a member of the old family of Rogers, of Dowdeswell, near Cheltenham; the date of the composition of this epitaph is not known. It was first printed in the fifth volume of the "Miscellany Poems," 1704. The epitaph is not mentioned in Atkyns's or Rudder's History of Gloucestershire.

ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON,

OF BARNINGHAM, IN NORFOLK.*

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,
'Twas gold too fine to fix† without allay.
Heaven's image was in her so well exprest,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
Too justly ravished from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

* This epitaph on Miss Margaret Paston, a young lady of an ancient Norfolk family, was first printed in Pope's Miscellanies in 1712. The date of composition is not known. The epitaph is not mentioned in Bloomfield's work on Norfolk.

† The word *fix* has been turned into *mix* in modern editions, including Scott's.

SONGS, ODES, AND LYRICAL PIECES.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

Dryden's two great Odes, or Songs for St. Cecilia's Day, appear in this division among smaller and inferior pieces, inter viburna cupressi. *It is the same in Scott's edition. In the Aldine edition, lately reproduced by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, a few songs are added from Dryden's Plays,—a small selection from the Songs of the Plays. The lascivious nature of many of the Songs of the Plays, and the connexion of many others with the stories, probably reduced the Aldine edition to a selection. It has been thought better to restrict the Songs published in this edition to those not belonging to the Plays: the others may be read by any one who wishes in collected editions of Dryden's Plays. The "Secular Masque" and the Song composed by Dryden for insertion in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Pilgrim," on the occasion of a performance of the "Pilgrim" for Dryden's benefit a few weeks before his death, are inserted in this division.*

A note by Dryden in his copy of Spenser, which is in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, shows that he had had an idea of a Song for St. Cecilia's Day, founded on a stanza of the Fairy Queen, which after all was not used by him. He has written the words, "Groundwork for a Song on St. Cecilia's Day," before the 13th stanza of the 7th canto of the fragmentary (seventh) Book.

Was never so great joyance since the day
That all the gods whilom assembled here
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemn bridal cheer
'Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there:
Where Phœbus' self, that god of poets hight,
They say, did sing the spousal hymn full clear
That all the gods were ravished with delight
Of his celestial song and music's wondrous might.

The dates of composition of several of the Songs cannot be fixed; and in such cases the order of publication has been followed.

SONGS, ODES, AND LYRICAL PIECES.

SONG.

FAREWELL, FAIR ARMIDA.*

FAREWELL, fair Armida, my joy and my grief!
In vain I have loved you, and hope no relief,
Undone by your virtue, too strict and severe,
Your eyes gave me love, and you gave me despair.
Now called by my honour, I seek with content
The fate which in pity you would not prevent.
To languish in love were to find by delay
A death that's more welcome the speediest way.

On seas and in battles, in bullets and fire,
The danger is less than in hopeless desire.
My death's wound you give me, though far off I bear
My fall from your sight, not to cost you a tear;
But if the kind flood on a wave should convey,
And under your window my body should lay,
The wound on my breast when you happen to see,
You'll say with a sigh—it was given by me.

SONG,

IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

BLAME not your Armida, nor call her your grief;
'Twas honour, not she, that denied you relief.
Abuse not her virtue nor call it severe;
Who loves without honour must meet with despair.

* This song was assigned to Dryden by Malone, on account of a parody of the second stanza in "The Rehearsal" (act 3, scene 1) put into the mouth of Mr. Bayes; and Scott has inserted it in his edition. The song is printed in a collection called "Covent Garden Drollery," published in 1672, and with it is printed another song in reply, which is as likely to be Dryden's as the above. Both poems are therefore here printed. Malone, and Scott following him, say that the song was composed on the death of Captain Digby, a younger son of the Earl of Bristol, who was killed in the naval engagement with the Dutch, May 28, 1672, and that the lady of whom he was enamoured was the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, Frances Stuart, whom Charles II. had vainly endeavoured to win, and whose marriage with the Duke of Richmond incensed the king. The "Rehearsal" was first acted in December 1671; but the parody did not appear in the first copy of the play, and chronology is not violated by the story that the songs were composed after Digby's death in battle. The "Covent Garden Drollery" contains several of Dryden's Prologues and Epilogues, and a song from his play of "Marriage à la Mode," produced in the winter of 1672. His name is never given, and it is likely that other pieces of this collection may be Dryden's. Mr. Bolton Corney called attention in "Notes and Queries" (First Series, ix. 95) to a remarkable Prologue to Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," contending that it must be Dryden's; and a song addressed to "Dear Revecchia," Mrs. Reeve, is probably his. These two songs were also printed in another Miscellany of 1672, "New Court Songs and Poems, by R. V., Gent."

Now prompted by pity, I truly lament
And mourn for your fall which I could not prevent;
I languish to think that your blood should defray
The expense of a fall, though so noble a way.

In seas and in battles that you did expire
Was the effect of your valour, not hopeless desire;
Of the fame you acquired I greedily hear,
And grieve when I think that it cost you so dear.
And when dismal fate did your body convey
By my window your funeral rites for to pay,
I sigh that your fate I could not reverse,
And all my kind wishes I show on your hearse.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON.*

SONG.

1

On a bank, beside a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta sighed alone;
From the cheerless dawn of morning
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing thus she made her moan:
"Hope is banished,
Joys are vanished,
Damon, my beloved, is gone!

2

"Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover;
Oh, so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon lived alone for me;
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses;
Who so lived and loved as we!

3

"Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore:
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drained before.
Death, come end me,
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more."

* This song was printed in Dryden's first volume of "Miscellany Poems," published in 1684.

SONG.*

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the green.
She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guest
By the towzing and tumbling and touching her breast:
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah! she cried, ah! for a languishing maid
In a country of Christians to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant parson or Catholic priest,
To instruct a young virgin that is at a loss
What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining, &c.

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,
Then showed her his arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear;
When the balm was infused, she was not at a loss
What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining, &c.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.†

NOVEMBER 22, 1687.

I

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead,

* This song was printed with the name of "A New Song" in Dryden's second volume of "Miscellany Poems," published in 1685.

† This ode was composed for the festival of St. Cecilia's day, November 22, 1687, very shortly after the publication of "The Hind and the Panther." It was set to music by Draghi, an Italian composer. St. Cecilia was, according to the legend, a Roman virgin of rank, who embraced Christianity in the reign of Antoninus, and whose virtue and devoutness obtained for her the honour of visits from an angel. She is said to have invented the organ, and she was canonized as the guardian saint of Music. A musical society was formed in London for the celebration of St. Cecilia's day in the year 1683. From that time a festival was annually held on the 22nd of November, in Stationers' Hall, and an ode, composed for the occasion, was sung. In 1684, Oldham had composed the ode.

Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

2

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal* struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

3

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

4

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

5

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

6

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

* Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." (Genesis iv. 21.)

7

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted* left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY OF THE MAY.†

1

A QUIRE of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To choose a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green,
The garland was given, and Phillis was queen;
But Phillis refused it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

2

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore,
The Graces are banished, and Love is no more:
The soft god of pleasure that warmed our desires
Has broken his bow, and extinguished his fires,
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

3

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity swore:
But, if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms;
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When Pan and his son and fair Syrinx return.

* *Unrooted* is Dryden's word in this line, unnecessarily changed into *uprooted* by all editors following Broughton.

† Printed in the fifth volume of the "Miscellany Poems," published after Dryden's death, in 1704, having there the title of "The Lady's Song." It is printed in the first volume of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham's Works, with the title here given, and it is there said to have been written by Dryden in 1691. The song refers to the exile of James II. and his Queen.

A SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY

GOING OUT OF TOWN IN THE SPRING.*

1

Ask not the cause, why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year;†
Chloris‡ is gone, and Fate provides
To make it spring, where she resides.

2

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back a pitying eye;
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure,
To give the wounds they will not cure!

3

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadst placed such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

4

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recall.
I only am by love designed
To be the victim for mankind.

* This song was printed in Dryden's third volume of "Miscellany Poems," published in 1693.

† "Invert the year:" a phrase from Horace, applied to winter,—

"Simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum."
1 *Sat.* 1. 36.

See note on line 438 of "The Hind and the Panther," part 3.

‡ Chloris, a Greek name of Flora. "Chloris eram quæ Flora vocor."—Ovid, *Fast.* v. 195.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.*

A SONG IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY; 1697.

1

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais,† by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

2

Timotheus,‡ placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

* Very soon after the publication of the Translation of Virgil, Dryden was requested to furnish an Ode for the festival of St. Cecilia of 1697. He complied with the request, and this great Ode was the result. He is said to have been paid forty pounds for it. A story has been told, on the authority of Lord Bolingbroke, that Dryden sat up the whole of one night, and finished this Ode at a sitting. (Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. ii. p. 20, cited by Malone in his "Life of Dryden," page 285.) Dr. Birch, a very accurate man, has published, on the authority of a gentleman whom he names, and who had seen the letter, that Dryden wrote to a friend that he was almost a fortnight in composing and correcting it. The latter story is the more probable, and yet there may have been some foundation for Bolingbroke's. In a letter to his sons at Rome, written from Sir William Bowyer's at Denham Court, Bucks, September 3, 1697, he says that he was then writing a song for St. Cecilia's Feast, and adds, "This is troublesome, and no way beneficial." But it does not follow that Dryden did not afterwards receive a handsome present.

† Dryden had made the mistake of writing Lais instead of Thais, but he wrote to Tonson to correct the error: "Remember in the copy of verses for St. Cecilia to alter the name of Lais, which is given there, for Thais. Those two ladies were contemporaries, which caused that small mistake. December, 1697."

‡ A musician of Bœotia, a favourite of Alexander the Great; not the great musician, Timotheus, who died before Alexander was born; unless Dryden has confused the two.

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires* he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.†

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

3

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

* Scott has substituted *spheres* for *spires*; the change is perhaps a misprint.
† "Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum."—VIRG. *Æn.* x. 115.

4

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse ;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood ;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

5

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
Honour but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying :
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

6

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

7

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

A SONG.*

1

Go tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppressed, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

2

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the wretch, that speechless lies,
Attends but death to close his eyes.

* This song appears in the folio edition of Dryden's Poems published by Tonson in 1701.

ROUNDELAY.*

1

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears, upon the plain,
Sighing to himself, and crying,
"Wretched I, to love in vain!
"Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
"Kiss me once, and ease my pain."

2

Sighing to himself, and crying,
"Wretched I, to love in vain!
"Ever scorning, and denying
"To reward your faithful swain:
"Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
"Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

3

"Ever scorning, and denying
"To reward your faithful swain."
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he loved in vain.
"Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
"Kiss me once, and ease my pain!"

4

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he loved in vain;
But repenting, and complying,
When he kissed, she kissed again:
Kissed him up before his dying;
Kissed him up, and eased his pain.

THE FAIR STRANGER.†

A SONG.

1

HAPPY and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest;
My amorous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair:

* Printed in Dryden's third volume of "Miscellany Poems," 1693.

† This song first appeared in "A New Miscellany of Original Poems" by various authors, published in 1701; but it is not printed in Tonson's folio edition of that year. Derrick said that the "fair stranger" was Charles II.'s famous mistress, Louise de Querouailles, Duchess of Portsmouth, who came over from France with the Duchess of Orleans in 1671: but there is no authority for this statement, and Dryden's friend Mulgrave spoke disrespectfully of the Duchess in his "Essay on Satire," and Dryden himself did so in "Absalom and Achitophel," where she is called Bathsheba. It is more likely that the fair stranger was James II.'s queen, Mary of Modena; or if it must be a high personage, it may have been the Duchess of Mazarin. But there is no proof that the song was composed in honour of any great lady.

2

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control,
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

3

Your smiles have more of conquering charms
Than all your native country's arms:
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

4

But in your eyes, oh, there's the spell!
Who can see them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

A SONG.*

1

FAIR, sweet and young, receive a prize
Reserved for your victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me!
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

2

Your face for conquest was designed,
Your every motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

3

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost, unless you love;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

* Printed in the fifth volume of "Miscellany Poems," published after Dryden's death, 1704.

A SONG.*

HIGH state and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
My soul does inspire;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.

Your love let me crave;
Give me in possessing
So matchless a blessing;
That empire is all I would have.

Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you discover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die,
So give up my game.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.†

Enter JANUS.

JANUS.

CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace:
An hundred times the rolling sun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in sight;
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

* Printed in the fifth volume of "Miscellany Poems," published after Dryden's death, 1704. In the edition of the "Miscellany Poems" of 1716 (vol. ii.) it is printed with the title, "An Ayre on a Ground," with some alterations in the text, and a different arrangement of the lines.

† A representation was arranged at the Theatre Royal for Dryden's benefit on March 25, 1700, only a few weeks before his death. He died on May 1. Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Pilgrim" was acted, altered for the occasion by Sir John Vanbrugh; and Dryden wrote this "Secular Masque," which was set to music, for the same occasion, and also contributed for "The Pilgrim," a Prologue and Epilogue and a Dialogue to be sung in the play. The Dialogue here follows the "Secular Masque:" the Prologue and Epilogue are printed at the end of the next division; all these pieces were published in June, after Dryden's death, with this title: "The Pilgrim, a Comedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, written originally by Mr. Fletcher, and now very much altered, with several additions; likewise, a Prologue, Epilogue, Dialogue, and Masque, written by the late great poet, Mr. Dryden, just before his death, being the last of his works. Printed for Benjamin Tooke, near the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet Street, 1700." "The moral of this emblematical representation," says Scott, "is sufficiently intelligible. By the introduction of the deities of the chase, of war, and of love, as governing the various changes of the seventeenth century, the poet alludes to the sylvan sports of James I., the bloody wars of his son, and the licentious gallantry which reigned in the courts of Charles II. and James his successor."

Enter CHRONOS, *with a scythe in his hand and a globe on his back, which he sets down at his entrance.*

CHRONOS.

Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of humankind.

Enter MOMUS, *laughing.*

MOMUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back.
The world was a fool, e'er since it begun;
And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I
Can hinder the crimes
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Chorus of all three.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

JANUS.

Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time, begin the show,
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have been.

CHRONOS.

Then, goddess of the silver bow, begin.
[*Horns, or hunting music within.*

Enter DIANA.

DIANA.

With horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to my woodland-walks away:
I tuck up my robe, and am buskined soon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon.*
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks,
With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Chorus of all.

With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

* *Wex.* Dryden's spelling in his very last piece. See note on "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 4.

JANUS.

Then our age was in its prime:

CHRONOS.

Free from rage:

DIANA.

And free from crime.

MOMUS.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Chorus of all.

Then our age was in its prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

[*Dance of* DIANA'S *attendants.*

Enter MARS.

MARS.

Inspire the vocal brass, inspire;
The world is past its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has looked the sky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good,* is fled.
Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly;
The sprightly green
In woodland-walks no more is seen;
The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

Chorus of all.

Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly;
The sprightly green
In woodland-walks no more is seen;
The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

MARS.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around,
Sound a reveille, sound, sound,
The warrior god is come.

* Scott has changed *good* into *God;* an unnecessary change, to say the least

Chorus of all.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum ;
  Through all the world around,
  Sound a reveille, sound, sound,
The warrior god is come.

MOMUS.

Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
  And let mankind agree ;
Better the world were fast asleep,
  Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
  With all our cost and care ;
But neither side a winner,
  For things are as they were.

Chorus of all.

The fools are only thinner,
  With all our cost and care ;
But neither side a winner,
  For things are as they were.

Enter VENUS.

VENUS.

Calms appear when storms are past ;
Love will have his hour at last :
Nature is my kindly care ;
Mars destroys, and I repair ;
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

Chorus of all.

Take her, take her, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

CHRONOS.

  The world was then so light,
  I scarcely felt the weight ;
Joy ruled the day, and Love the night.
But, since the Queen of Pleasure left the ground,
    I faint, I lag,
    And feebly drag
  The ponderous orb around.

MOMUS.

All, all of a piece throughout :
  Thy chase had a beast in view ; [*Pointing to Diana.*
Thy wars brought nothing about ; [*To Mars.*
  Thy lovers were all untrue. [*To Venus.*

JANUS.

'Tis well an old age is out.

CHRONOS.

And time to begin a new.

Chorus of all.

All, all of a piece throughout:
Thy chase had a beast in view;
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.
[*Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.*

SONG

OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS, WHO, BEING CROSSED BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER, AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.*

Music within. The Lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a Keeper.

PHILLIS.

Look, look, I see—I see my love appear!
'Tis he—'tis he alone;
For like him there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear!

AMYNTAS.

Hark! the winds war;
The foaming waves roar;
I see a ship afar,
Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore:
But what's that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the sails?†
Ah! No, no, no,
St. Hermo never, never shone so bright;
'Tis Phillis, only Phillis can shoot so fair a light;
'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis that saves the ship alone,
For all the winds are hushed, and the storm is overblown.

* This song was intended for the madhouse scene in "The Pilgrim" (act 3, scene 7). A scholar is there, who, after being examined by two gentlemen, is pronounced sane, and is on the point of being discharged. The story of his lady-love is Dryden's invention; there is no Phillis in Beaumont and Fletcher's play.

† The lights of St. Hermo, or St. Elmo, meteoric appearances in the Mediterranean.

PHILLIS.

Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNTAS.

If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through the charms.

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other and embrace.*

PHILLIS.

Shall I marry the man I love?
And shall I conclude my pains?
Now blessed be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNTAS.

Body joined to body, and heart joined to heart;
To make sure of the cure,
Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er his part.

PHILLIS.

But suppose he should stay . . . . .

AMYNTAS.

At worst, if he delay,
'Tis a work must be done;
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better the sooner begun.

Chorus of both.

At worst, if he delay,
'Tis a work must be done;
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better the sooner begun.

[*They run out together hand in hand.*

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

Dryden's Prologues and Epilogues, written either for his own or for others' plays, are here given in chronological order: and the collection is complete, according to our knowledge of Dryden's authorship of such pieces. It is possible that some of his early Prologues and Epilogues, written before he had attained to much fame, may have been unclaimed by him in later years; and it is therefore possible that some pieces in the collection called "Covent Garden Drollery," published in 1672, *may be his, in addition to several there published, his authorship of which is known. It is difficult to see why Dryden should have omitted to claim, if his, the admirable Prologue to "Julius Cæsar," printed in the note at p.* 399, *from "Covent Garden Drollery," and confidently ascribed to Dryden by so competent a critic as Mr. Bolton Corney; but less striking pieces he might not have cared to rescue from oblivion. The following series does much to illustrate the course of the English stage from immediately after the Restoration to within a few weeks of Dryden's death, and the history of his own forty years' literary life and connexion with the drama. The first Prologue was written in the very beginning of* 1663 *for his own first play, "The Wild Gallant," and the last in March* 1700, *within six weeks of his death, for a performance arranged by his friends for his benefit. In respect of Dryden's connexion with dramatic literature, it may be here mentioned that a comedy called "The Mistaken Husband" was published in* 1675, *as acted at the Theatre Royal, and that the publisher (R. Bentley) said in the Preface that it had been left by the author with Dryden, who, after twelve years, the author not returning to claim it, gave it to the players, having added a scene to it. Pepys mentions in his Diary a translation from the French by Dryden, produced at the King's Theatre in September* 1668, *called "The Ladies à la Mode;" of which no mention is to be found anywhere else; it was entirely unsuccessful: "so mean a thing," says Pepys, "as, when they came to say it would be acted again to-morrow, both he that said it, Beeson, and the pit fell a laughing, there being this day not a quarter of the pit full."* (*Pepys' Diary, Sept.* 15, 1668.)

The Prologues and Epilogues composed by Dryden for others came in aid of his finances. Five guineas was the customary fee which contented him, till, in 1682, *he asked Southerne ten guineas for a Prologue to "The Loyal Brother," telling him that the players had hitherto had his goods too cheap, and from that time ten guineas was his price.*

Three Prologues, made for political occasions, have been separated from this collection, and printed in the first division.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE WILD GALLANT."*

1663.

PROLOGUE.

Is it not strange to hear a poet say,
He comes to ask you how you like the play?
You have not seen it yet; alas! 'tis true;
But now your love and hatred judge, not you.
And cruel factions, bribed by interest, come,
Not to weigh merit, but to give their doom.
Our poet, therefore, jealous of the event,
And (though much boldness takes) not confident,
Has sent me whither you, fair ladies, too
Sometimes upon as small occasions go,
And from this scheme, drawn for the hour and day,
Bid me inquire the fortune of his play.

The curtain drawn discovers two Astrologers; the Prologue is presented to them.

1 *Astrol. reads.* A figure of the heavenly bodies in their several apartments, Feb. 5th, half an hour after three afternoon,† from whence you are to judge the success of a new play, called *The Wild Gallant.*

2 *Astrol.* Who must judge of it, we or these gentlemen? We'll not meddle with it; so tell your poet. Here are, in this house, the ablest mathematicians in Europe for his purpose.

They will resolve the question, ere they part.

1 *Ast.* Yet let us judge it by the rules of art:
First Jupiter, the ascendant's lord disgraced,
In the twelfth house and near grim Saturn placed,
Denote short life unto the play.

2 *Ast.* Jove yet,
In his apartment Sagittary, set
Under his own roof, cannot take much wrong.

1 *Ast.* Why then the life's not very short, nor long;

* "The Wild Gallant," Dryden's first play, a comedy, was produced at the King's House or Theatre Royal, February 5, 1663. It was not well received. Pepys mentions that he saw it acted on February 23, and ill-acted. He adds: "The play so poor a thing as I never saw in my life almost, and so little answering the name that, from the beginning to the end, I could not, nor can at this time, tell certainly which was the Wild Gallant. The King did not seem pleased at all, the whole play, nor anybody else." But the play was favoured by Lady Castlemaine, and, probably through her interest, acted at Court. Dryden addressed a poem to Lady Castlemaine in acknowledgment of her kindness to his first play. See p. 305. "The Wild Gallant" was reproduced in 1667, when Dryden wrote a new Prologue and new Epilogue, which are printed later, p. 396. This play was not published till 1669.

† The theatres opened at three in the afternoon.

2 *Ast.* The luck not very good, nor very ill;
Prolo. That is to say, 'tis as 'tis taken still.
1 *Ast.* But, brother, Ptolemy the learned says,
'Tis the fifth house from whence we judge of plays.
Venus, the lady of that house, I find
Is Peregrine; your play is ill designed;
It should have been but one continued song,
Or at the least a dance of three hours long.*
2 *Ast.* But yet the greatest mischief does remain,
The twelfth apartment bears the lord of Spain;
Whence I conclude, it is your author's lot,
To be endangered by a Spanish plot.†
Prolo. Our poet yet protection hopes from you;
But bribes you not with any thing that's new.
Nature is old, which poets imitate;*
And for wit, those that boast their own estate
Forget Fletcher and Ben before them went,
Their elder brothers, and that vastly spent;
So much, 'twill hardly be repaired again,
Not though supplied with all the wealth of Spain.
This play is English, and the growth your own;
As such it yields to English plays alone.
He could have wished it better for your sakes,
But that in plays he finds you love mistakes:‡
Besides, he thought it was in vain to mend
What you are bound in honour to defend;
That English wit, howe'er despised by some,
Like English valour, still may overcome.

EPILOGUE.

The Wild Gallant has quite played out his game;
He's married now, and that will make him tame.
Or if you think marriage will not reclaim him,
The critics swear they'll damn him, but they'll tame him.
Yet, though our poet's threatened most by these,
They are the only people he can please:
For he, to humour them, has shown to-day
That which they only like, a wretched play.
But though his play be ill, here have been shown
The greatest wits and beauties of the town;
And his occasion having brought you here,
You are too grateful to become severe.
There is not any person here so mean,
But he may freely judge each act and scene.
But if you bid him choose his judges, then
He boldly names true English gentlemen;

* Malone mentions that this is probably a reference to Sir W. Davenant's opera of "The Siege of Rhodes," which was brought out in 1662 at the rival theatre, the Duke of York's, and had great success.

† The plot of "The Wild Gallant" was taken from the Spanish.

‡ Malone suggests that this is a reference to the mistakes of Teague, an Irish footman, a character in Sir Robert Howard's comedy, "The Committee," which was very popular.

For he ne'er thought a handsome garb or dress
So great a crime to make their judgment less;
And with these gallants he these ladies joins,
To judge that language their converse refines.
But if their censures should condemn his play,
Far from disputing, he does only pray
He may Leander's destiny obtain:*
Now spare him, drown him when he comes again.

PROLOGUE TO "THE RIVAL LADIES."†

1664.

'Tis much desired, you judges of the town
Would pass a vote to put all prologues down;
For who can show me, since they first were writ,
They e'er converted one hard-hearted wit?
Yet the world's mended well; in former days
Good prologues were as scarce as now good plays.
For the reforming poets of our age
In this first charge spend their poetic rage.
Expect no more when once the prologue's done;
The wit is ended ere the play's begun.
You now have habits, dances, scenes, and rhymes,
High language often, ay, and sense sometimes.
As for a clear contrivance, doubt it not;
They blow out candles to give light to the plot.
And for surprise, two bloody-minded men
Fight till they die, then rise and dance again.
Such deep intrigues you're welcome to this day:
But blame yourselves, not him who writ the play.
Though his plot's dull as can be well desired,
Wit stiff as any you have e'er admired,
He's bound to please, not to write well, and knows
There is a mode in plays as well as clothes;
Therefore, kind judges—

A Second Prologue enters.

2. Hold! would you admit
For judges all you see within the pit?
1. Whom would he then except, or on what score?
2. All who, like him, have writ ill plays before;
For they, like thieves condemned, are hangmen made
To execute the members of their trade.

* Leander was drowned in swimming across the Hellespont to Hero.

† "The Rival Ladies," Dryden's second play, a tragi-comedy, was first acted by the King's servants in the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, in the winter of 1663-4. It had better success than "The Wild Gallant," and was published in 1664. Pepys says of this play, which he saw at the King's House, August 4, 1664, "A very innocent, and most pretty witty play: I was much pleased with it." This play when published was dedicated to the Earl of Orrery, and in the dedication Dryden defended his use of rhymed verse in the play. He was quickly replied to by Sir Robert Howard, and thus began the controversy which produced Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," and led to a quarrel of short duration between Dryden and his brother-in-law.

All that are writing now he would disown,
But then he must except—even all the town;
All choleric losing gamesters, who in spite
Will damn to-day, because they lost last night;
All servants, whom their mistress' scorn upbraids,
All maudlin lovers, and all slighted maids,
All who are out of humour or severe,
All that want wit, or hope to find it here.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE INDIAN EMPEROR."*

1665.

PROLOGUE.

ALMIGHTY critics! whom our Indians here
Worship, just as they do the devil, for fear;
In reverence to your power, I come this day,
To give you timely warning of our play.
The scenes are old, the habits are the same
We wore last year, before the Spaniards came †
Now, if you stay, the blood that shall be shed
From this poor play be all upon your head.
We neither promise you one dance or show;
Then plot and language, they are wanting too.
But you, kind wits, will those light faults excuse,
Those are the common frailties of the Muse;
Which who observes, he buys his place too dear;
For 'tis your business to be cozened here.
These wretched spies of wit must then confess,
They take more pains to please themselves the less.
Grant us such judges, Phœbus, we request,
As still mistake themselves into a jest;
Such easy judges that our poet may
Himself admire the fortune of his play;

* "The Indian Emperor, or the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, being the Sequel of the Indian Queen," was the full title with which this tragedy was published in 1667. It was brought out at the Theatre Royal in 1665. "The Indian Queen," of which it was the sequel, was a play by Sir Robert Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law, which had been acted at the Theatre Royal the year before; and Dryden is said to have aided Sir Robert in the composition of "The Indian Queen." But there is no statement of Dryden's precise part in the authorship of "The Indian Queen," or of so much assistance as to justify its being printed (as Scott has printed it) among Dryden's plays: nor is there any evidence to warrant the insertion of the Prologue and Epilogue in a collection of Dryden's poems. The probability is that these were by Sir Robert Howard, and that Dryden only gave slight aid to his brother-in-law. A handbill was distributed when "The Indian Emperor" was brought out, headed, "Connexion of the Indian Emperor to the Indian Queen," and this very natural and innocent mode of explaining the connexion of the story with that of Sir R. Howard's play was ridiculed in the "Rehearsal:" where Mr. Bayes is made to say, "I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper to insinuate the plot into the boxes." "The Indian Emperor" had great success.

† In "The Indian Queen," acted the year before, the time was before the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico.

And arrogantly, as his fellows do,
Think he writes well, because he pleases you.
This he conceives not hard to bring about,
If all of you would join to help him out:
Would each man take but what he understands,
And leave the rest upon the poet's hands.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Mercury.

To all and singular in this full meeting,
Ladies and gallants, Phœbus sends ye greeting.
To all his sons, by whate'er title known,
Whether of court, of coffee-house, or town;
From his most mighty sons, whose confidence
Is placed in lofty sound and humble sense,
Even to his little infants of the time,
Who write new songs and trust in tune and rhyme;
Be't known, that Phœbus, being daily grieved
To see good plays condemned and bad received,
Ordains your judgment upon every cause
Henceforth be limited by wholesome laws.
He first thinks fit no sonnetteer advance
His censure farther than the song or dance.
Your wit burlesque may one step higher climb,
And in his sphere may judge all dogrel rhyme;
All proves, and moves, and loves, and honours too;
All that appears high sense, and scarce is low.
As for the coffee-wits, he says not much;
Their proper business is to damn the Dutch.
For the great Dons of wit ———
Phœbus gives them full privilege alone
To damn all others, and cry up their own.
Last, for the ladies, 'tis Apollo's will,
They should have power to save, but not to kill;
For Love and he long since have thought it fit,
Wit live by beauty, beauty reign by wit.

PROLOGUE TO "SECRET LOVE, OR THE MAIDEN QUEEN."*

1667.

I

He who writ this, not without pains and thought,
From French and English theatres has brought
The exactest rules by which a play is wrought:

* Dryden's tragi-comedy of "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," was produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on March 2, 1667. Pepys was present at the first acting of the play, and records his admiration of it, and of the acting, especially that of Nell Gwyn in Florimel. "After dinner, with my wife to the King's House to see 'The Maiden Queen,' a new play by Dryden, mightily

2

The unities of action, place, and time;
The scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of Jonson's humour with Corneille's * rhyme.

3

But while dead colours he with care did lay,
He fears his wit or plot he did not weigh,
Which are the living beauties of a play.

4

Plays are like towns, which, howe'er fortified
By engineers, have still some weaker side,
By the o'er-seen defendant unespied.

5

And with that art you make approaches now;
Such skilful fury in assaults you show,
That every poet without shame may bow.

6

Ours therefore humbly would attend your doom,
If, soldier-like, he may have terms to come
With flying colours and with beat of drum.

recommended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and the truth is, the comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and the Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her." The play was a great favourite with Charles II., who, Dryden states in his preface to the published play, "graced it with the title of his play." The play was published in 1668. The Epilogue recited and published with the play was by a friend, a "person of honour." The following short Epilogue for the play is in "Covent Garden Drollery," with several known pieces by Dryden: it rather tallies with Dryden's Prologue, and it may be by him:—

The Prologue durst not tell before 'twas seen
The plot we had to swinge the Maiden Queen.
For had we then discovered our intent,
The fop who writ it had not given consent,
Or the new peaching trick at least had shown
And brought in others' faults to hide his own.
That wit he has been by his betters taught,
When he's accused to show another's fault.
When one wit's hunted hard by joint consent,
Another slips betwixt and does prevent
His death; for many hares still foil the scent.
Thus our poor poet would have scaped to-day,
But from the herd I singled out his play.
Then heigh along with me,
Both great and small, you poets of the town,
And Nell will love you, for to hiss him down.

Corneille, a word of three syllables in French, and so pronounced by Dryden. See note, p. 323. Mr. R. Bell has inserted the word *old* before Corneille, and has done the same again in the Epilogue to "Œdipus," line 6.

The Prologue goes out, and stays while a tune is played; after which he returns again.

SECOND PROLOGUE.

I had forgot one half, I do protest,
And now am sent again to speak the rest.
He bows to every great and noble wit;
But to the little Hectors of the pit
Our poet's sturdy, and will not submit.
He'll be beforehand with 'em, and not stay
To see each peevish critic stab his play;
Each puny censor, who, his skill to boast,
Is cheaply witty on the poet's cost.
No critic's verdict should of right stand good,
They are excepted all, as men of blood:
And the same law should shield him from their fury,
Which has excluded butchers from a jury.
You'd all be wits ——————
But writing's tedious, and that way may fail;
The most compendious method is to rail;
Which you so like, you think yourselves ill used,
When in smart prologues you are not abused.
A civil prologue is approved by no man;
You hate it as you do a civil woman.
Your fancy's palled, and liberally you pay
To have it quickened ere you see a play.
Just as old sinners, worn from their delight,
Give money to be whipped to appetite.
But what a pox keep I so much ado
To save our poet? He is one of you;
A brother judgment,* and, as I hear say,
A cursed critic as e'er damned a play.
Good savage gentlemen, your own kind spare;
He is, like you, a very wolf or bear;
Yet think not he'll your ancient rights invade,
Or stop the course of your free damning trade;
For he, he vows, at no friend's play can sit,
But he must needs find fault, to show his wit;
Then, for his sake, ne'er stint your own delight;
Throw boldly, for he sets† to all that write;
With such he ventures on an even lay,
For they bring ready money into play.
Those who write not, and yet all writers nick,
Are bankrupt gamesters, for they damn on tick.

* *Judgment* is again used in the sense of *judge* in the Epilogue to "An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer," line 3.

† *Sets* improperly changed to *sits* in modern editions.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE WILD GALLANT,"*

WHEN REVIVED IN 1667.

PROLOGUE.

As some raw squire, by tender mother bred,
Till one-and-twenty keeps his maidenhead;
(Pleased with some sport, which he alone does find,
And thinks a secret to all human kind,)
Till mightily in love, yet half afraid,
He first attempts the gentle dairy-maid:
Succeeding there, and, led by the renown
Of Whetstone's park, he comes at length to town;
Where entered by some school-fellow or friend,
He grows to break glass-windows in the end:
His valour too, which with the watch began,
Proceeds to duel, and he kills his man.
By such degrees, while knowledge he did want,
Our unfledged† author writ a Wild Gallant.
He thought him monstrous lewd, I'll lay my life,
Because suspected with his landlord's wife;
But, since his knowledge of the town began,
He thinks him now a very civil man;
And, much ashamed of what he was before,
Has fairly played him at three wenches more.
'Tis some amends his frailties to confess;
Pray pardon him his want of wickedness.
He's towardly, and will come on apace;
His frank confession shows he has some grace.
You balked him when he was a young beginner,
And almost spoiled a very hopeful sinner;
But if once more you slight his weak endeavour,
For aught I know, he may turn tail for ever.

EPILOGUE.

Of all dramatic writing, comic wit,
As 'tis the best, so 'tis most hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the eye,
Where all may judge, and each defect may spy.
Humour is that which every day we meet,
And therefore known as every public street;

* "The Wild Gallant" was revived in March 1667, at the Theatre Royal, almost immediately after the success of "The Maiden Queen:" it was considerably altered from its first state, and Dryden supplied the new Prologue and Epilogue. These two pieces are printed in "Covent Garden Drollery."

† Printed by Dryden *unfletched*.

In which, if e'er the poet go astray,
You all can point, 'twas there he lost his way.
But what's so common to make pleasant too,
Is more than any wit can always do.
For 'tis, like Turks with hen and rice to treat,
To make regalios out of common meat.
But, in your diet, you grow savages:
Nothing but human flesh your taste can please;
And as their feasts with slaughtered slaves began,
So you, at each new play, must have a man.
Hither you come, as to see prizes fought;
If no blood's drawn, you cry, the prize is nought.
But fools grow wary now; and, when they see
A poet eyeing round the company,
Straight each man for himself begins to doubt;
They shrink like seamen when a press comes out.
Few of them will be found for public use,
Except you charge an oaf* upon each house,
Like the train bands, and every man engage
For a sufficient fool to serve the stage.
And when with much ado you get him there,
Where he in all his glory should appear,
Your poets make him such rare things to say,
That he's more wit than any man in the play:
But of so ill a mingle with the rest,
As when a parrot's taught to break a jest.
Thus, aiming to be fine, they make a show,
As tawdry squires in country churches do.
Things well considered, 'tis so hard to make
A comedy, which should the knowing take,
That our dull poet, in despair to please,
Does humbly beg by me his writ of ease
'Tis a land-tax, which he's too poor to pay;
You therefore must some other impost lay.
Would you but change for serious plot and verse
This motley garniture of fool and farce,
Nor scorn a mode, because 'tis taught at home,
Which does, like vests,† our gravity become,
Our poet yields you should this play refuse:
As tradesmen by the change of fashions lose
With some content their fripperies of France,
In hope it may their staple trade advance.

* Printed by Dryden *oph.*

† Scott says on the word "vests": "This seems to allude to the Polish dress, which, upon his estoration, Charles wished to introduce into Britain. It was not altered for the French till his ntimacy with that Court was cemented by pecuniary independence."

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "SIR MARTIN MAR-ALL, OR THE FEIGNED INNOCENCE."*

1667.

PROLOGUE.

Fools, which each man meets in his dish each day,
Are yet the great regalios of a play;
In which to poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest which cost them so dear.
Fops in the town more easily will pass;
One story makes a statutable ass;
But such in plays must be much thicker sown,
Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Observing poets all their walks invade,
As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade.
And when they have enough for comedy,
They stow their several bodies in a pie.
The poet's but the cook to fashion it,
For, gallants, you yourselves have found the wit.
To bid you welcome would your bounty wrong;
None welcome those who bring their cheer along.

EPILOGUE.

As country vicars, when the sermon's done,
Run hudling† to the benediction;‡
Well knowing, though the better sort may stay,
The vulgar rout will run unblessed away:
So we, when once our play is done, make haste
With a short epilogue to close your taste.
In this withdrawing, we seem mannerly;
But, when the curtain's down, we peep, and see
A jury of the wits, who still stay late,
And in their club decree the poor play's fate;
Their verdict back is to the boxes brought,
Thence all the town pronounces it their thought.
Thus, gallants, we, like Lilly, can foresee;
But if you ask us what our doom will be,
We by to-morrow will our fortune cast,
As he tells all things when the year is past.

* The comedy of "Sir Martin Mar-all" was adapted by Dryden from a version of Molière's "L'Etourdi," made by the Duke of Newcastle. It was produced, not at the Theatre Royal, but at the Duke of York's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, August 16, 1667; and the Duke of Newcastle was named as the author in the entry for publication at Stationers' Hall, June 24, 1668. It was, however, published anonymously. Malone suggests that Dryden wished to conceal his authorship, as his "giving it away from the king's servants, with whom he was in a kind of partnership, might be considered as a breach of his contract." The play was very successful. Pepys speaks of it, August 16, 1667, as "a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden." He adds, "I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit therein, not fooling." It was first published with Dryden's name in 1697.

† *Hudling* was changed by Scott incorrectly into *headlong*.

‡ For similar rhymes in Dryden see the poem on the Coronation of Charles II line 70, and Elegy on the Death of Lord Hastings, and the notes on those passages.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE TEMPEST."*

1667.

PROLOGUE.

As, when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot,

* The adaptation of Shakespeare's "Tempest" was by Sir W. Davenant and Dryden conjointly, and chiefly Davenant's. It was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre on November 7, 1667. The Prologue and Epilogue were Dryden's. Davenant died in 1668, and was succeeded as Poet Laureat by Dryden. "The Tempest" was published by Dryden after Davenant's death, in 1670. Scott says: "Dryden has not informed us of the share he had in this alteration; it was probably little more than the care of adapting it to the stage. The Prologue is one of the most masterly tributes ever paid at the shrine of Shakespeare." The reader will be glad to compare with the above Prologue the Prologue to Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," printed without a name in "Covent Garden Drollery," and confidently asserted by an excellent critic, Mr. Bolton Corney, from internal evidence, to be Dryden's. (Notes and Queries, 1st Series, ix. 95.) It has much resemblance to Dryden's best style, but, beyond style, there is no evidence of his authorship; and it would be singular, if it is his, that he should not have reprinted it in any of his "Miscellany Volumes," which contain many of his Prologues and Epilogues much inferior to this. "Julius Cæsar" also was revived at the Theatre Royal, with which Dryden was connected; and he would have no motive for concealing at the time his authorship of the Prologue, as he might have had if the play had been brought out in the rival House.

PROLOGUE TO "JULIUS CÆSAR."

In country beauties as we often see
Something that takes in their simplicity,
Yet, while they charm, they know not they are fair,
And take without their spreading of the snare,
Such artless beauty lies in Shakespeare's wit;
'Twas well in spite of him, whate'er he writ.
His excellencies came, and were not sought,
His words like casual atoms made a thought;
Drew up themselves in rank and file, and writ,
He wondering how the devil it were such wit.
Thus, like the drunken tinker in his play,
He grew a prince, and never knew which way.
He did not know what trope or figure meant,
But to persuade is to be eloquent;
So in this Cæsar which this day you see,
Tully ne'er spoke as he makes Anthony.
Those then that tax his learning are to blame,
He knew the thing, but did not know the name;
Great Jonson did that ignorance adore,
And though he envied much, admired him more.
The faultless Jonson equally writ well;
Shakespeare made faults—but then did more excel.
One close at guard like some old fencer lay,
T'other more open, but he showed more play.
In imitation Jonson's wit was shown,
Heaven made his men, but Shakespeare made his own.
Wise Jonson's talent in observing lay,
But others' follies still made up his play.
He drew the like in each elaborate line,
But Shakespeare like a master did design.
Jonson with skill dissected human kind,
And showed their faults, that they their faults might find;
But then, as all anatomists must do,
He to the meanest of mankind did go,
And took from gibbets such as he would show.
Both are so great, that he must boldly dare
Who both of them does judge, and both compare:
If amongst poets one more bold there be,
The man that dare attempt in either way is he.

So from old Shakespeare's honoured dust this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving play:
Shakespeare, who, taught by none, did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art;
He, monarch-like, gave those his subjects law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reached that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Jonson crept, and gathered all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since outwrit all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespeare's pen.
The storm which vanished on the neighbouring shore
Was taught by Shakespeare's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty, which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle.
But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things;
But Shakespeare's power is sacred as a king's.
Those legends from old priesthood were received,
And then he writ, as people then believed.
But if for Shakespeare we your grace implore,
We for our theatre shall want it more;
Who by our dearth of youths are forced to employ
One of our women to present a boy;
And that's a transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the magic in the play.
Let none expect in the last act to find
Her sex transformed from man to woman-kind.
Whate'er she was before the play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect man.
Or, if your fancy will be farther led
To find her woman—it must be abed.

EPILOGUE.

Gallants, by all good signs it does appear
That sixty-seven's a very damning year,
For knaves aboard,* and for ill poets here.

Among the Muses there's a general rot;
The rhyming Monsieur, and the Spanish plot,
Defy or court, all's one, they go to pot.

The ghosts of poets walk within this place,
And haunt us actors wheresoe'er we pass,
In visions bloodier than King Richard's was.

* *Aboard* is incorrectly turned into *abroad* in Scott's and R. Bell's editions. *Aboard* refers to the "Tempest" as well as to the naval Dutch war, which was proceeding in 1667.

For this poor wretch, he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part of the play,
And begs the favour to be damned to-day.

He sends me only like a sheriff's* man here
To let you know the malefactor's near,
And that he means to die *en cavalier.*†

For, if you should be gracious to his pen,
The example will prove ill to other men,
And you'll be troubled with them all again.

PROLOGUE TO "ALBUMAZAR."‡

1668.

To say this comedy pleased long ago
Is not enough to make it pass you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit,
When few men censured, and when fewer writ;
And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this
As the best model of his master-piece.
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchymist by this Astrologer;

* *Sheriff* pronounced as one syllable, the *e* elided: and again in the last line of the Prologue on the Union of the Two Companies in 1686. This occurs frequently in Oldham.

"Whether for sheriff he has been known to fine
And with how many dishes he does dine."
Imitation of Third Satire of Juvenal.

"And vainly give
More for a night than you to fine for sheriff."
Imitation of Eighth Satire of Boileau.

In all these cases the word is printed *sheriff*, but the verse clearly requires the word to be pronounced practically as a monosyllable. A similar instance of pronunciation in Dryden is furnished by the word *spiritual*, the emphasis being on the second syllable; see "The Hind and the Panther," part 2, lines 525, 618. *Sprite* was used commonly for *spirit.*

† For similar instances of English pronunciation of French words see *rendezvous* in Prologue for the "Women Actors," line 6; *barbare* in Epilogue to "Aureng-zebe," line 25; and *guerre* in Epilogue to "Henry the Second," line 6. This adoption of French words as English is common. The following example is from Marvel's "Appleton House:"

"And everything so wished and fine
Starts forth with it to its bonne mine."

‡ The play of "Albumazar" is generally believed to have been written by Thomas Tomkis, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; it was acted by members of that College before James I., when he visited Cambridge University in March 1615. Others have attributed the play to Shakespeare, and assigned the date of 1603 for its composition. It was revived at the Duke of York's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in February 1668, when Dryden wrote this Prologue. He accuses Ben Jonson of having taken his "Alchemist" from this play; but if "Albumazar" was not published before 1615, that could not be, as "The Alchemist" was acted in 1610, and printed in 1612. Dryden was not always accurate, and may here have made a mistake as to the date of the play. This Prologue was printed in the first volume of "Miscellany Poems," 1684. It is also printed in "Covent Garden Drollery," 1672. The Prologue as printed by Dryden's authority in 1684 has several variations from the earlier version in "Covent Garden Drollery," and the changes are mostly improvements.

Here he was fashioned, and we may suppose
He liked the fashion well who wore the clothes.*
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould ;
What was another's lead becomes† his gold :
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well which he unjustly gains.
But this our age such authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write a word ;
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their possession call :
Who, like bold padders, scorn by night to prey,
But rob by sunshine, in the face of day :
Nay, scarce the common ceremony use
Of "Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse !"
But knock the poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegasus before the owner's face.
Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad,‡
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modest, could it but be said,
They strip the living, but these rob the dead ;§
Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,
And make love to them the Egyptian way ;
Or, as a rhyming author would have said,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men‖ in Poetry may claim some part ;
They have the licence, though they want the art ;
And might, where theft was praised, for Laureates stand,¶
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others' studying,**
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage ;
'Tis all his own, when once he has spit in the porridge.
But, gentlemen, you're all concerned in this ;
You are in fault for what they do amiss :

* In "Covent Garden Drollery" version:

"And I should suppose
He likes my fashion well that wears my clothes."

† *Became*, in "Covent Garden Drollery" version.

‡ Scott erroneously conjectured that "Country Toms" has a reference to Dryden's adversary, Thomas Shadwell, who succeeded him as Laureat, and, as Laureats are afterwards spoken of, that this Prologue was written after Shadwell became Laureat. But Shadwell was not appointed Laureat till after the Revolution of 1688; and this Prologue was published in "Covent Garden Drollery" in 1672, and in its last revised form, in which "Laureates" is substituted for "laurels," was published in 1684.

§ In "Covent Garden Drollery" version:

"They stript the living, but they rob the dead."

‖ "Yet such" in "Govent Garden Drollery" version.

¶ This line stood in the "Covent Garden Drollery" version:

"Such as in Sparta weight for laurels stand."

** This and the three following lines stand thus in the "Covent Garden Drollery" version:

"They make their benefit of others' studying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whose broth to claim there's no one has the courage,
'Tis all his own after he has spit in the porridge."

For they their thefts still undiscovered think,
And durst not steal unless you please to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They should refund,—but that can never be;*
For should you letters of reprisal seal,
These men write that which no man else would steal.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "AN EVENING'S LOVE, OR THE MOCK ASTROLOGER."†

1668.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN first our poet set himself to write,
Like a young bridegroom on his wedding-night,
He laid about him, and did so bestir him,
His Muse could never lie in quiet for him:
But now his honey-moon is gone and past,
Yet the ungrateful drudgery must last,
And he is bound, as civil husbands do,
To strain himself, in complaisance to you:
To write in pain, and counterfeit a bliss,
Like the faint smacking of an after-kiss.
But you, like wives ill pleased, supply his want;
Each writing Monsieur is a fresh gallant:
And though, perhaps, 'twas done as well before,
Yet still there's something in a new amour.
Your several poets work with several tools,
One gets you wits, another gets you fools:
This pleases you with some by-stroke of wit,
This finds some cranny that was never hit.
But should these jaunty lovers daily come
To do your work, like your good man at home,
Their fine small-timbered wits would soon decay;
These are gallants but for a holiday.
Others you had, who oftener have appeared,
Whom for mere impotence you have cashiered:
Such as at first came on with pomp and glory,
But, overstraining, soon fell flat before ye.

* Lines 45-6 are not in the "Covent Garden Drollery" version.

† Dryden's comedy, "An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer," was produced at the King's House, June 22, 1668. The play was taken from "Le Feint Astrologue" of the younger Corneille, who again had imitated Calderon's "El Astrologo Fingido." Pepys saw this play acted, June 20, 1668, and "did not like it." He adds that Herringman, the publisher, told him, "Dryden do himself call it but a fifth-rate play." The play was published in 1671. Pepys and his wife disapproved much of this play, which they saw performed June 20, 1668. He pronounces it "very smutty, and nothing so good as the Maiden Queen or the Indian Emperor of Dryden's making." And he goes on to say, "I was troubled at it, and my wife tells me, wholly (which he confirms a little in the Epilogue) taken out of the Illustrious Bassa." The Epilogue is a skilful defence of borrowing from the French. "Ibrahim, or the Illustrious Bassa," was a romance by Scudery founded on the same story as Corneille's and Calderon's dramas.

Their useless weight with patience long was borne,
But at the last you threw them off with scorn.
As for the poet of this present night,
Though now he claims in you an husband's right,
He will not hinder you of fresh delight.
He, like a seaman, seldom will appear,
And means to trouble home but thrice a-year;
That only time from your gallants he'll borrow;
Be kind to-day, and cuckold him to-morrow.

EPILOGUE.

My part being small, I have had time to-day
To mark your various censures of our play.
First, looking for a judgment* or a wit,
Like Jews, I saw them scattered through the pit;
And where a lot of smilers lent an ear
To one that talked, I knew the foe was there.
The club of jests went round; he, who had none,
Borrowed of the next, and told it for his own.
Among the rest, they kept a fearful stir,
In whispering that he stole the Astrologer;
And said, betwixt a French and English plot,
He eased his half-tired muse, on pace and trot.
Up starts a Monsieur, new come o'er, and warm
In the French stoop, and the pull-back of the arm:
"*Morbleu*," *dit-il*, and cocks, "I am a rogue,
But he has quite spoiled the Feigned Astrologue."
"'Pox," says another, "here's so great a stir
With a son of a whore farce that's regular,
A rule, where nothing must decorum shock!
Damme, 'tis as dull as dining by the clock.
An evening! Why the devil should we be vext,
Whether he gets the wench this night or next?"
When I heard this, I to the poet went,
Told him the house was full of discontent,
And asked him what excuse he could invent.
He neither swore nor stormed, as poets do,
But, most unlike an author, vowed 'twas true;
Yet said, he used the French like enemies,
And did not steal their plots, but made them prize.
But should he all the pains and charges count
Of taking them, the bill so high would mount,
That, like prize-goods, which through the office come,
He should have had them much more cheap at home.
He still must write, and, banquier-like, each day
Accept new bills, and he must break or pay.
When through his hands such sums must yearly run,
You cannot think the stock is all his own.

* For this use of *judgment*, meaning *judge*, see Prologue to "Secret Love," 45.

His haste his other errors might excuse,
But there's no mercy for a guilty muse;
For, like a mistress, she must stand or fall,
And please you to a height, or not at all.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "TYRANNIC LOVE, OR THE ROYAL MARTYR."*

1669.

PROLOGUE.

SELF-LOVE, which, never rightly understood,
Makes poets still conclude their plays are good,
And malice in all critics reigns so high,
That for small errors they whole plays decry;
So that to see this fondness, and that spite,
You'd think that none but madmen judge or write.
Therefore our poet, as he thinks not fit
To impose upon you what he writes for wit,
So hopes, that, leaving you your censures free,
You equal judges of the whole will be:
They judge but half, who only faults will see.
Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare,
They spoil their business with an over-care;
And he, who servilely creeps after sense,†
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence.
Hence 'tis, our poet, in his conjuring,
Allowed his fancy the full scope and swing.
But when a tyrant for his theme he had,
He loosed the reins, and bid his Muse run mad;
And though he stumbles in a full career,
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
He saw his way; but in so swift a pace,
To choose the ground might be to lose the race.
They then, who of each trip the advantage take,
Find but those faults, which they want wit to make.

* The "Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr," was produced at the Theatre Royal in the spring of 1669. It was printed in 1670. This tragedy is written in heroic verse. Dryden says in his Preface that it was contrived and written in seven weeks.

† This line being found fault with, Dryden defended it in the Preface to the published play by the example of Horace, whom he imitated. "For the little critics, who please themselves with thinking they have found a flaw in that line of the Prologue,

And he, who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, &c.

as if I patronized my own nonsense, I may reasonably suppose they have never read Horace. *Serpit humi tutus*, &c. are his words. He who creeps after plain, dull, common sense, is safe from committing absurdities; but can never reach any height, or excellence of wit: and sure I could not mean that any excellence was to be found in nonsense."

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MRS. ELLEN *when she was to be carried off dead by the Bearers.**

TO THE BEARER.

Hold! are you mad? you damned, confounded dog!
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

TO THE AUDIENCE.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted; I'll be civil;
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil.
For, after death, we sprites have just such natures,
We had, for all the world, when human creatures;
And, therefore, I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to 't, you say there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights;
And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
O poet, damned dull poet, who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheese-cake time!
I'll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
To excuse his godly, out-of-fashion play;
A play, which, if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slandered, and be thought devout.
But, farewell, gentlemen, make haste to me,
I'm sure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:—

Here Nelly lies, who, though she lived a slattern,
Yet died a princess, acting in St. Catherine.†

* "Mrs. Ellen" is Nell Gwyn. She acted the part of Valeria in this play; having stabbed herself, at the end of the play, she is about to be carried off dead, when by a strange surprise she rouses herself to deliver this Epilogue. Curll says that the King was so captivated by Nell's delivery of this Epilogue on the occasion of the first acting of the play, that he went behind the scenes, and carried her off that night. There may be some truth in the story: there is no doubt that Nell Gwyn first became Charles's mistress about this time. She produced a son to the King in May of the following year. See the note on next page.

† St. Catherine was "the Royal Martyr" of the play; and Mrs. Boutell was the lady who performed that part.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "ALMANZOR AND ALMAHIDE, OR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA."*

1670.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by MRS. ELLEN GWYN *in a broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt.*

THIS jest was first of the other House's making,
And, five times tried, has never failed of taking;
For 'twere a shame a poet should be killed
Under the shelter of so broad a shield.
This is that hat, whose very sight did win ye
To laugh and clap as though the devil were in ye.
As then for Nokes, so now I hope you'll be
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me.
I'll write a play, says one, for I have got
A broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt towards a plot.
Says the other, I have one more large than that.
Thus they out-write each other—with a hat!
The brims still grew with every play they writ;
And grew so large, they covered all the wit.
Hat was the play; 'twas language, wit, and tale:
Like them that find meat, drink, and cloth in ale.
What dulness do these mongrel wits confess,
When all their hope is acting of a dress!
Thus, two the best comedians of the age
Must be worn out with being blocks of the stage:
Like a young girl, who better things has known,
Beneath their poet's impotence they groan.
See now what charity it was to save!
They thought you liked what only you forgave;
And brought you more dull sense, dull sense much worse
Than brisk gay nonsense, and the heavier curse.
They bring old iron and glass upon the stage,
To barter with the Indians of our age.
Still they write on, and like great authors show;
But 'tis as rollers in wet gardens grow
Heavy with dirt, and gathering as they go.
May none, who have so little understood,
To like such trash, presume to praise what's good!

* The two parts of "Almanzor and Almahide, or the Conquest of Granada," tragedies in heroic verse like "Tyrannic Love," were both performed in 1670. Nell Gwyn, who acted in both, playing Almahide, and spoke the Prologue to the First Part on its first appearance, was confined on May 8, 1670, of a son, the Duke of St. Alban's. The First Part therefore would probably have appeared some little time after. Malone fixed the time of the first representation of these two plays for the winter of 1669 and spring of 1670: but he was probably mistaken. The borrowing of the jest of broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt from Nokes and the other House, mentioned in the opening lines of the Prologue, is said to refer to a caricature of French dress by Nokes at the Duke of York's Theatre, during the visit of the Duchess of Orleans and her suite to England, in May 1670. Both parts were published in 1672.

And may those drudges of the stage, whose fate
Is damned dull farce more dully to translate,
Fall under that excise the state thinks fit
To set on all French wares, whose worst is wit.
French farce, worn out at home, is sent abroad;
And, patched up here, is made our English mode.
Henceforth, let poets, ere allowed to write,
Be searched, like duellists before they fight,
For wheel-broad hats, dull humour,* all that chaff,
Which makes you mourn, and makes the vulgar laugh:
For these, in plays, are as unlawful arms
As, in a combat, coats of mail and charms.

EPILOGUE.

Success, which can no more than beauty last,
Makes our sad poet mourn your favours past:
For, since without desert he got a name,
He fears to lose it now with greater shame.
Fame, like a little mistress of the town,
Is gained with ease, but then she's lost as soon;
For, as those tawdry misses, soon or late,
Jilt such as keep them at the highest rate,
And oft the lacquey, or the brawny clown,
Gets what is hid in the loose-bodied gown;
So, Fame is false to all that keep her long,
And turns up to the fop that's brisk and young.
Some wiser poet now would leave fame first;
But elder wits are, like old lovers, curst:
Who, when the vigour of their youth is spent,
Still grow more fond as they grow impotent.
This, some years hence, our poet's case may prove;
But yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.
When forty comes, if e'er he live to see
That wretched, fumbling age of poetry,
'Twill be high time to bid his Muse adieu:
Well he may please himself, but never you.
Till then, he'll do as well as he began,
And hopes you will not find him less a man.
Think him not duller for this year's delay;†
He was prepared, the women were away;
And men, without their parts, can hardly play.
If they, through sickness, seldom did appear,
Pity the virgins of each theatre:‡
For at both houses 'twas a sickly year!

* Scott and Bell have changed *humour* into *honour*; an evidently improper change.

† This line helps to fix the date of the first appearance of the play; there had been a "year's delay" since "Tyrannic Love" appeared. The lines which follow refer to Nell Gwyn's pregnancy and confinement; another actress of the King's House, Mrs. James, was absent in 1669, and Mrs. Davis of the Duke's Theatre was "sick" in that year. (Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn," p. 69.)

‡ *Theatre* was pronounced with the *a* long. The same rhyme occurs in Epilogue to "Marriage-a-la-Mode," line 9.

And pity us, your servants, to whose cost,
In one such sickness, nine whole months are lost.
Their stay, he fears, has ruined what he writ:
Long waiting both disables love and wit.
They thought they gave him leisure to do well;
But, when they forced him to attend, he fell!
Yet, though he much has failed, he begs to-day
You will excuse his unperforming play:
Weakness sometimes great passion does express;
He had pleased better, had he loved you less.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE SECOND PART OF "ALMANZOR AND ALMAHIDE, OR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA."

1670.

PROLOGUE.

THEY who write ill, and they who ne'er durst write,
Turn critics out of mere revenge and spite:
A playhouse gives them fame; and up there starts,
From a mean fifth-rate wit, a man of parts.
So common faces on the stage appear;
We take them in, and they turn beauties here.
Our author fears those critics as his fate;
And those he fears by consequence must hate,
For they the traffic of all wit invade,
As scriveners draw away the bankers' trade.
Howe'er, the poet's safe enough to-day;
They cannot censure an unfinished play.
But, as when vizard-mask appears in pit,
Straight every man who thinks himself a wit
Perks up, and, managing his comb with grace,
With his white wig sets off his nut-brown face;
That done, bears up to the prize, and views each limb,
To know her by her rigging and her trim;
Then, the whole noise of fops to wagers go,—
"Pox on her, 't must be she;" and—"Damme, no!"—
Just so, I prophesy, these wits to-day
Will blindly guess at our imperfect play;
With what new plots our Second Part is filled,
Who must be kept alive, and who be killed.
And as those vizard-masks maintain that fashion,
To soothe and tickle sweet imagination;
So our dull poet keeps you on with masking,
To make you think there's something worth your asking.
But, when 'tis shown, that which does now delight you
Will prove a dowdy, with a face to fright you.

EPILOGUE.*

They who have best succeeded on the stage
Have still conformed their genius to their age.
Thus Jonson did mechanic humour show
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then comedy was faultless, but 'twas coarse:
Cobb's tankard was a jest, and Otter's horse.†
And as their comedy, their love was mean;
Except by chance in some one laboured scene,
Which must atone for an ill-written play,
They rose, but at their height could seldom stay.
Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped;
And they have kept it since, by being dead.
But, were they now to write, when critics weigh
Each line, and every word, throughout a play,
None of them, no, not Jonson in his height,
Could pass, without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not envy, that these truths are told;
Our poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
'Tis not to brand them that their faults are shown,
But by their errors to excuse his own.
If love and honour now are higher raised,
'Tis not the poet, but the age is praised.
Wit's now arrived to a more high degree;
Our native language more refined and free;
Our ladies and our men now speak more wit
In conversation, than those poets writ.
Then, one of these is, consequently, true;
That what this poet writes comes short of you
And imitates you ill (which most he fears),
Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
Yet, though you judge (as sure the critics will)
That some before him writ with greater skill,
In this one praise he has their fame surpast,
To please an age more gallant than the last.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken on the First Day of the King's House acting after the Fire.‡

1672.

So shipwracked passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand,

* Dryden was called to account for his criticisms in this Epilogue on Ben Jonson and other old dramatists; and he prefixed a "Defence of the Epilogue, or an Essay on the Dramatic Poetry of the last Age," when he published the piece.

† Cobb, the water-bearer in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," and Captain Otter in Jonson's "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," who gave his drinking-cups the names of Horse, Bull, and Bear.

‡ The King's Theatre in Drury Lane was burnt down in January 1672, and the Company took the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields which had been the Duke of York's Theatre. Lincoln's Inn

Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,
Expecting famine on* a desert shore.
From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
Whence even the natives, forced by hunger, fled.
Our stage does human chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:
You are changed too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for† charity.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you, the founders, make yourselves the guests.
Of all mankind beside Fate had some care,
But for poor wit no portion did prepare;
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cherished it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmannered zealots make their scorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spared not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new built city rises higher,
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.‡
Our great metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, should in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed:
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

PROLOGUE TO "ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA."§

1672.

With sickly actors and an old house too,
We're matched with glorious theatres and new;‖
And with our alehouse scenes and clothes bare worn
Can neither raise old plays nor new adorn.

Fields Theatre was opened by the King's Company on February 26, 1672, the play acted being Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit without Money:" and Dryden furnished this Prologue. It was printed in the first volume of the "Miscellany Poems;" also imperfectly in "Covent Garden Drollery," and entire in "Westminster Drollery," published in 1672.

* *From* in "Covent Garden Drollery" version.

† *Of* in "Covent Garden Drollery" version.

‡ Compare in "Annus Mirabilis" stanza 212,

"Great as the world's, which at the death of time
Must fall and rise a nobler frame by fire."

§ "Arviragus and Philicia," a tragi-comedy by Lodovick Carlell, a court officer of Charles I. was originally produced in 1639, and it was revived at the Theatre Royal in 1672, with a Prologue by Dryden, spoken by Hart. It is to be inferred from the beginning of the Prologue that the play was produced in the old house in Lincoln's Inn Fields in which the King's Company took refuge after the fire at Drury Lane Theatre. This Prologue was printed in the first volume of the "Miscellany Poems," 1684.

‖ An allusion to the new and handsomely decorated Duke of York's Theatre in Dorset Gardens. In the "Prologue for the Women" Dryden calls it "the gaudy house with scenes;" and again "gay shows with gaudy scenes" are spoken of in the Prologue to "Marriage-a-la-Mode."

If all these ills could not undo us quite,
A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;
Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fallen from some incomparable plume;
And therefore, Messieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lacqueys early to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege entrench,
Or ask you why you like 'em? they are French.
Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding:
Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest;
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English where to clap the play:
Civil, Igad! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to understand:
Meantime we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
You'd less good breeding or had more good nature.

PROLOGUE FOR THE WOMEN,

*When they actea at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.**

1672.

WERE none of you, gallants, e'er driven so hard,
As when the poor kind soul was under guard,
And could not do't at home, in some by-street
To take a lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our case; we can't appoint our house,
The lovers' old and wonted rendezvous,†
But hither to this trusty nook remove;
The worse the lodging is, the more the love.
For much good pastime, many a dear sweet hug
Is stolen in garrets, on the humble rug.
Here's good accommodation in the pit;
The grave demurely in the midst may sit,

* While the King's Company was in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1672, the actresses gave some representations by themselves; and this Prologue is supposed to have been furnished by Dryden for the first of such performances. The women acted Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," and Killigrew's "Parson's Wedding." This Prologue was spoken by Mrs. Marshall. Dryden's play of "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," was also revived this year by the women-actors, with the Prologue and Epilogue which follow. This Prologue was printed in the first volume of the "Miscellany Poems," 1684.

† The same rhyme occurs in "Hudibras" with the aggravation of the plural:

"Convened at midnight in out-houses
T' appoint new rising rendezvouses."

Part 3, canto 2, 183.

And so the hot * Burgundian on the side
Ply vizard mask, and o'er the benches stride:
Here are convenient upper boxes too,
For those that make the most triumphant show;
All that keep coaches † must not sit below.
There, gallants, you betwixt the acts retire,
And at dull plays have something to admire:
We, who look up, can your addresses mark,
And see the creatures coupled in the ark:
So we expect the lovers, braves, and wits;
The gaudy house with scenes will serve for cits.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE MAIDEN QUEEN, OR SECRET LOVE,"

When acted by the Women only. ‡

1672.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by MRS. BOUTELL, *in man's clothes.*

WOMEN like us passing for men, you'll cry,
Presume too much upon your secrecy.
There's not a fop in town but will pretend
To know the cheat himself, or by his friend;
Then make no words on't, gallants, 'tis e'en true,
We are condemned to look and strut, like you.
Since we thus freely our hard fate confess,
Accept us, these bad times, in any dress.
You'll find the sweet on't: now old pantaloons
Will go as far as formerly new gowns;
And from your own cast wigs expect no frowns.
The ladies we shall not so easily please;
They'll say, "What impudent bold things are these,
"That dare provoke, yet cannot do us right,
"Like men, with huffing looks, that dare not fight!"
But this reproach our courage must not daunt;
The bravest soldier may a weapon want;
Let her that doubts us still send her gallant.
Ladies, in us you'll youth and beauty find,
All things, but one, according to your mind:
And when your eyes and ears are feasted here,
Rise up, and make out the short meal elsewhere.

* Hot with drinking Burgundy.
† Mr. R. Bell has wrongly turned *coaches* into *couches*.
‡ This Prologue and Epilogue to Dryden's play of "The Maiden Queen, or Secret Love," revived and acted by the women in 1672, are taken from "Covent Garden Drollery."

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MRS. REEVE, *in man's clothes.*

What think you, sirs, was't not all well enough?
Will you not grant that we can strut and huff?
Men may be proud; but faith, for aught I see,
They neither walk nor cock so well as we;
And for the fighting part, we may in time
Grow up to swagger in heroic rhyme;
For though we cannot boast of equal force,
Yet at some weapons men have still the worse.
Why should not then we women act alone?
Or whence are men so necessary grown!
Ours are so old, they are as good as none.
Some who have tried them, if you'll take their oaths,
Swear they're as arrant tinsel as their clothes.
Imagine us but what we represent,
And we could e'en give you as good content.
Our faces, shapes,—all's better than you see,
And for the rest, they want as much as we.
Oh, would the higher powers be kind to us,
And grant us to set up a female house!
We'll make ourselves to please both sexes then,
To the men women, to the women men.
Here, we presume, our legs are no ill sight,
And they will give you no ill dreams at night.
In dreams both sexes must their passion ease,
You make us then as civil as you please.
This would prevent the Houses joining too,
At which we are as much displeased as you;
For all our women most devoutly swear,
Each would be rather a poor actress here
Than to be made a Mamamouchi there.*

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE."†

1672.

PROLOGUE.

LORD, how reformed and quiet are we grown,
Since all our braves and all our wits are gone!

* This is a contemptuous reference to a play by E. Ravenscroft, called "The Citizen turned Gentleman, or Mamamouchi," adapted from Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The citizen of the play is fooled into believing that the son of the Sultan of Turkey wishes to marry his daughter, and has given him the Turkish title of Mamamouchi. This play had been lately produced at the rival theatre in Dorset Gardens, and had great success; and Ravenscroft in the Prologue had made a contemptuous allusion to Dryden's "Conquest of Granada," and so provoked the poet's wrath. Dryden again ridiculed Mamamouchi in the Prologue to "The Assignation."

† Dryden's comedy of "Marriage-a-la-Mode" was produced in 1672, at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, while the King's Company was there. The play was very successful; it was

Fop-corner now is free from civil war,
White-wig and vizard mask * no longer jar.
France and the fleet have swept the town so clear,†
That we can act in peace, and you can hear.
Those that durst fight are gone to get renown;
And those that durst not, blush to stand in town.‡
'Twas a sad sight, before they marched § from home,
To see our warriors in red waistcoats come,
With hair tucked up, into our tiring-room.
But 'twas more sad to hear their last adieu:
The women sobbed, and swore they would be true;
And so they were, as long as e'er they could;
But powerful guinea cannot be withstood,
And they were made of playhouse flesh and blood.
Fate did their friends for double use ordain;
In wars abroad they grinning honour gain,
And mistresses for all that stay maintain.
Now they are gone, 'tis dead vacation here,
For neither friends nor enemies appear.
Poor pensive punk now peeps ere plays begin,
Sees the bare bench, and dares not venture in;
But manages her last half-crown with care,‖
And trudges to the Mall on foot for air.
Our city friends so far will hardly roam,¶
They can take up with pleasures nearer home;
And see gay shows with ** gaudy scenes elsewhere;
For we presume they seldom come to hear.
But they have now taken up a glorious trade,
And cutting Morecraft †† struts in masquerade.

published in 1673. The Prologue and Epilogue were printed in "Covent Garden Drollery," so that the play must have first appeared in 1672. Some of the variations in the "Covent Garden Drollery" version are adopted in this edition; others are obvious misprints.

* *Mask* instead of *make*, which is the common reading of editors, has been adopted from the version in "Covent Garden Drollery," where the line is printed:

"While wig and vizard masks no longer jar."

† The war in conjunction with France against the Dutch, which began in March 1672.

‡ These two lines are omitted in Scott's and Bell's editions, and are supplied from the "Covent Garden Drollery" version.

§ *Went* instead of *marched* in "Covent Garden Drollery" version.

‖ Half-a-crown was the price of entrance to the pit.

¶ *Roam* is adopted from "Covent Garden Drollery" version, instead of *come*, which is in all modern editions.

** *With* from "Covent Garden Drollery" version, instead of *and*, the common reading.

†† In the "Covent Garden Drollery" version it is "cunning Morecraft;" but as *cutting* appears in the Prologue as printed in early editions of the play, the word is preserved. *Cutting* means doing the dandy, like the "Cutter of Coleman Street." Morecraft was a rich city usurer. Mr. R. Bell says he was a hair-dresser, but this is probably a conjecture from the epithet *cutting*. Morecraft is mentioned by Dryden in his Translation of the second Epode of Horace, and is clearly a money-lender:

"Thus Morecraft said within himself:
Resolved to leave the wicked town,
And live retired upon his own,
He called his money in:
But the prevailing love of pelf
Soon split him on the former shelf,
He put it out again."

[Oldham

Here's all our hope, for we shall show to-day
A masquing ball, to recommend our play;
Nay, to endear them more, and let them see
We scorn to come behind in courtesy,
We'll follow the new mode which they begin,
And treat them with a room, and couch within:
For that's one way, howe'er the play fall short,
To oblige the town, the city, and the court.

EPILOGUE.

Thus have my spouse and I informed the nation,
And led you all the way to reformation;
Not with dull morals, gravely writ, like those
Which men of easy phlegm with care compose,
Your poets, of stiff words and limber sense,
Born on the confines of indifference:
But by examples drawn, I dare to say,
From most of you who see and hear the play.
There are more Rhodophils in this theatre,
More Palamedes, and some few wives, I fear:*
But yet too far our poet would not run;
Though 'twas well offered, there was nothing done.
He would not quite the women's frailty bare,
But stript them to the waist, and left them there:
And the men's faults were less severely shown,
For he considers that himself is one.
Some stabbing wits, to bloody satire bent,
Would treat both sexes with less compliment;
Would lay the scene at home; of husbands tell,
For wenches taking up their wives in the Mell;
And a brisk bout, which each of them did want,
Made by mistake of mistress and gallant.
Our modest author thought it was enough
To cut you off a sample of the stuff:
He spared my shame, which you, I'm sure, would not,
For you were all for driving on the plot:
You sighed when I came in to break the sport,
And set your teeth when each design fell short.
To wives and servants all good wishes lend,
But the poor cuckold seldom finds a friend.
Since, therefore, court and town will take no pity,
I humbly cast myself upon the city.

Oldham also describes Morecraft as a money-lender:

"Let thriving Morecraft choose his dwelling there,
Rich with the spoils of some young spendthrift heir."

* Rhodophil and Palamede, two amorous young sparks in "Marriage-a-la-Mode." For the rhyme of *theatre* with *fear*, compare Epilogue to First Part of "Conquest of Granada," line 29.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE ASSIGNATION, OR LOVE IN A NUNNERY."*

1672.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUES, like bells to churches, toll you in
With chiming verse, till the dull plays begin;
With this sad difference though of pit and pew,
You damn the poet, but the priest damns you:
But priests can treat you at your own expense,
And gravely call you fools without offence.
Poets, poor devils, have ne'er your folly shown,
But to their cost you proved it was their own:
For when a fop's presented on the stage,
Straight all the coxcombs in the town engage;
For his deliverance and revenge they join,
And grunt, like hogs, about their captive swine.
Your poets daily split upon this shelf:
You must have fools, yet none will have himself.
Or if in kindness you that leave would give,
No man could write you at that rate you live:
For some of you grow fops with so much haste,
Riot in nonsense, and commit such waste,
'Twould ruin poets should they spend so fast.
He who made this observed what farces hit,
And durst not disoblige you now with wit.
But, gentlemen, you overdo the mode;
You must have fools out of the common road.
The unnatural strained buffoon is only taking;
No fop can please you now of God's own making.
Pardon our poet, if he speaks his mind;
You come to plays with your own follies lined:
Small fools fall on you, like small showers, in vain;
Your own oiled coats keep out all common rain.
You must have Mamamouchi, such a fop
As would appear a monster in a shop;†
He'll fill your pit and boxes to the brim,
Where, rammed in crowds, you see yourselves in him.

* Dryden's comedy of "The Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery," was produced in 1672, and was unsuccessful on the stage. It was published in 1673, with a dedication to Sir Charles Sedley, in which he admitted its bad reception. "It succeeded ill in the representation, against the opinion of many of the best judges of our age, to whom you know I read it, ere it was presented publicly. Whether the fault was in the play itself, or in the lameness of the action, or in the number of its enemies, who came resolved to damn it for the title, I will not now dispute." The title of "Love in a Nunnery" would have displeased Roman Catholics.

† Another fling at Ravenscroft's play of "The Citizen turned Gentleman, or Mamamouchi." See note on last line of Epilogue to "Secret Love," p. 414. The outlandish words in the lines which follow are taken from that play. Ravenscroft revenged himself on Dryden in a Prologue to his play of "The Careless Lovers," produced in 1673, where he dwelt on the failure on the stage of "The Assignation."

Sure there's some spell our poet never knew,
In *Hullibabilahde*, and *Chu, chu, chu;*
But *Marabarah sahem* most did touch you;
That is, Oh how we love the Mamamouchi!
Grimace and habit sent you pleased away;
You damned the poet, and cried up the play.
This thought had made our author more uneasy,
But that he hopes I'm fool enough to please ye.
But here's my grief,—though nature, joined with art,
Have cut me out to act a fooling part,
Yet, to your praise, the few wits here will say,
'Twas imitating you taught Haynes to play.

EPILOGUE.

Some have expected, from our bills to-day,
To find a satire in our poet's play.
The zealous rout from Coleman-street did run,
To see the story of the Friar and Nun;
Or tales yet more ridiculous to hear,
Vouched by their vicar of ten pound a-year,
Of nuns who did against temptation pray,
And discipline laid on the pleasant way:
Or that, to please the malice of the town,
Our poet should in some close cell have shown
Some sister, playing at content alone.
This they did hope; the other side did fear;
And both, you see, alike are cozened here.
Some thought the title of our play to blame;
They liked the thing, but yet abhorred the name:
Like modest punks, who all you ask afford,
But for the world they would not name that word.
Yet, if you'll credit what I heard him say,
Our poet meant no scandal in his play!
His nuns are good, which on the stage are shown,
And sure, behind our scenes you'll look for none.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "AMBOYNA, OR THE CRUELTIES OF THE DUTCH TO THE ENGLISH MERCHANTS."*

1673.

PROLOGUE.

As needy gallants in the scriveners' hands
Court the rich knave that gripes their mortgaged lands,

* Dryden's tragedy of "Amboyna" was produced at the Theatre Royal in 1673, during the Dutch war: and its object was to feed and stimulate the national feeling against the Dutch. It was published in the same year, with a fulsome dedication to Lord Clifford, with the language of

The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
To fawn on those who ruin them, the Dutch.
They shall have all, rather than make a war
With those who of the same religion are.
The Straits, the Guinea trade, the herrings too,
Nay, to preserve them, they shall pickle you.
Some are resolved not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love him who does the feat:
What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet still the same religion answers all:
Religion wheedled you to civil war,
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now would spare.
Be gulled no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith, than you;
Interest's the god they worship in their State;
And you, I take it, have not much of that.
Well, Monarchies may own religion's name,
But States* are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin, and such proportions fall
That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
How they love England, you shall see this day
No map shows Holland truer than our play:
Their pictures and inscriptions well we know;
We may be bold one medal sure to show.
View then their falsehoods, rapine, cruelty;
And think what once they were they still would be:
But hope not either language, plot, or art;
'Twas writ in haste, but with an English heart:
And least hope wit; in Dutchmen that would be
As much improper as would honesty.

EPILOGUE.

A poet once the Spartans led to fight,
And made them conquer in the Muses' right;
So would our poet lead you on this day,
Showing your tortured fathers in his play.
To one well born the affront is worse, and more,
When he's abused and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do,
They've both ill nature and ill manners too.

which Dryden's subsequent fierce attacks on Shaftesbury and on the public policy of this time, which was even more Clifford's than Shaftesbury's, are strangely inconsistent. See line 177 of "Absalom and Achitophel," and line 65 of "The Medal," and the notes on those passages on the subject of Dryden's gross self-contradiction in his invectives against Shaftesbury about the Dutch war. The mistake of all editors of Dryden in treating this Prologue and Epilogue as a reproduction with some additions of "A Satire on the Dutch," said to have been written by Dryden in 1662 has been exposed in the Introductory Note to "Astræa Redux," p. 14. The poem with that title first appeared in 1704, in the third volume of the "State Poems," and was clearly a bookseller's concoction from this Prologue and Epilogue.

* The word *state* is here used like *republic*, to denote a form of government without a king

Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion;
And their new commonwealth has set them free,
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber state mankind bestride;
Their sway became them with as ill a mien
As their own paunches swell above their chin:
Yet is their empire no true growth, but humour,
And only two Kings' touch can cure the tumour.*
As Cato did his Afric fruits display,†
So we before your eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal English will, like him, conclude,
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued!‡

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.§

1673.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by MR. HART *at the acting of the "Silent Woman."*

WHAT Greece, when learning flourished, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.

* The kings of England and France, now allied against the Dutch.

† See "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 173, where the same allusion occurs, and the note on that passage.

‡ Shaftesbury, in his speech to the two Houses, delivered in his character of Lord Chancellor at the opening of Parliament, February 5, 1673, said that Parliament had "judged aright, that at any rate *delenda est Carthago*, that government was to be brought down." He did not here say anything stronger than Dryden's,

"Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued:"

but he was afterwards, and to the end of his life, reproached for the *delenda est Carthago*, and Dryden became foremost in upbraiding him.

§ Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Robert Bell have both assigned a wrong date for this Prologue and Epilogue, which were composed for the King's Company of actors on a visit to Oxford in 1673. Both editors have proceeded on the erroneous supposition that the allusions in the Epilogue to machines and witches refer to Shadwell's "Lancashire Witches," produced at the theatre in Dorset Gardens in 1681; and as Hart retired from the stage in October 1681, Mr. Bell fixes that year as the date. The special allusion to machines and witches is to a representation of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" transformed into an opera in Dorset Gardens, in 1672. These two pieces are clearly those referred to by Dryden in his letter to Rochester in 1673. "I have sent your lordship a Prologue and Epilogue which I made for our players when they went down to Oxford. I hear they have succeeded; and by the event your lordship will judge how easy 'tis to pass anything upon an University, and how gross flattery the learned will endure." They are printed in the "Miscellany Poems," 1684, just before the Prologue and Epilogue for Oxford of 1674.

Methinks I see you crowned with olives sit,
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the best are but by mercy free;
A day which none but Jonson durst have wished to see.
Here they who long have known the useful stage
Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.
As your commissioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
In your Lyceum first themselves refined,
And delegated thence to human-kind.
But as ambassadors, when long from home,
For new instructions to their princes come,
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
The illiterate writer, empiric-like, applies
To minds diseased unsafe chance remedies:
The learned in schools, where knowledge first began,
Studies with care the anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
And fame from science, not from fortune, draws.
So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that nature which is ignorance.
To such a fame let mere town wits aspire,
And their gay nonsense their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from those Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in this Senate's hands.
Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit,
But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MR. HART.

No poor Dutch peasant, winged with all his fear,
Flies with more haste, when the French arms draw near,
Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither from the infected town:

Heaven for our sins this summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop first swept all things in its way;
But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay;*
Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
The Italian Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauched the stage with lewd grimace:
Instead of wit and humours, your delight
Was there to see two hobby-horses fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.
For love you heard how amorous asses brayed,
And cats in gutters gave their serenade.
Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monster shown you for a play.
But when all failed, to strike the stage quite dumb,
Those wicked engines, called machines, are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are played,
And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art magic is for poetry profest;
And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast,
To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our English stage are worshipped now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown
Macbeth, the Simon Magus of the town.†
Fletcher's despised, your Jonson out of fashion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are shown,
By you those staple authors' worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their scenes have praised,
We'll boldly back, and say their price is raised.

* The French actors have been already referred to in the Prologue to the First Part of "The Conquest of Granada," 1670, and the Prologue to "Arviragus and Philicia," 1672. They are lashed again in the next Prologue, and often afterwards.

† All this refers to a representation of "Macbeth" as an opera in the Dorset Gardens Theatre in 1672. A full account of the performance, with its machines and witches, may be read in Genest's 'Account of the English Stage," vol. i. p. 139. This line was erroneously printed by Broughton, who has been followed by all succeeding editors:

"Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town."

Scott, believing that this Epilogue was of much later date, and that Shadwell's "Lancashire Witches" was referred to, says in a note: "This has no reference to any recent representation of the tragedy of Macbeth: Shadwell, from the witchcraft introduced in his play, is ironically termed 'Macbeth and Simon Magus;'" all which is error. The opera of Macbeth is said to have been made from Shakespeare's play by Sir William Davenant; but his name did not appear on the title-page when it was published in 1674. Genest says that "when Davenant made this alteration of Macbeth, he had in his possession a copy of Middleton's 'Witch,' which till 1778 existed only in manuscript; from it he has taken the names of the witches and a considerable part of the choruses, which are still sung on the modern stage when Macbeth is acted." (1832.)

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE, MARCH 26, 1674.*

PROLOGUE.

A PLAIN-BUILT house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfied away;
When, fallen from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is designed.
You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
And for the homely room disdain the cheer.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain suit, since we can make but one,
Is better than to be by tarnished gawdry known.
They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty sums may carry on the trade;
We, broken banquiers, half destroyed by fire,
With our small stock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer strive;
We yield in both, and only beg to live;
Unable to support their vast expense,
Who build and treat with such magnificence,
That, like the ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial stage.
Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
While they impose their splendour on the less;
But only fools, and they of vast estate,
The extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe and the bib-cravat.
Yet if some pride with want may be allowed,
We in our plainness may be justly proud;
Our royal master willed it should be so;
Whate'er he's pleased to own can need no show;
That sacred name gives ornament and grace;
And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
To build a playhouse, while you throw down plays;

* Dryden was selected to write the Prologue and Epilogue to be delivered on the occasion of the opening of the new King's House or Theatre Royal, March 26, 1674. The new theatre was in Drury Lane: it was built after a design by Sir Christopher Wren. It appears from a paper published by Mr. Collier in the Shakespeare Society's papers (iv. 147), that Dryden had taken part in the expense of building a scene house for this new theatre. This Prologue and Epilogue are principally devoted to sneers at the rival theatre of the Duke of York in Dorset Gardens: its gawdry is contrasted with the plainness of the new Theatre Royal; and its handsome stage decorations and scenes, machines, operas, and French tastes are also ridiculed. In the Epilogue the situation of the new theatre in Drury Lane is pointed out as more convenient than that of the other theatre in Dorset Gardens, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. These two pieces are printed in Dryden's first Miscellany volume, published in 1684.

Whilst scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen disdain ;
While troops of famished Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at those upon whose alms they live :
Old English authors vanish, and give place
To these new conquerors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you submit ;
You're now grown vassals to them in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance
The mighty merits of these men of France,
Keep time, cry *Ben*,* and humour the *cadence*.
Well, please yourselves ; but sure 'tis understood,
That French machines have ne'er done England good.
I would not prophesy our house's fate ;
But while vain shows and scenes you overrate,
'Tis to be feared ——
That, as a fire the former house o'erthrew,
Machines and tempests will destroy the new.†

EPILOGUE.

Though what our prologue said was sadly true,
Yet, gentlemen, our homely house is new,
A charm that seldom fails with wicked you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch ;
Though she's no lady, you may think her such :
A strong imagination may do much.
But you, loud sirs, who through your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,
Who lolling on our foremost benches sit,
And still charge first, the true forlorn of wit ;
Whose favours, like the sun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor soul ;
So may your hats your foretops never press,
Untouched your ribbons, sacred be your dress ;
So may you slowly to old age advance,
And have the excuse of youth for ignorance ;
So may fop-corner full of noise remain,
And drive far off the dull, attentive train ;
So may your midnight scourings happy prove,
And morning batteries force your way to love ;
So may not France your warlike hands recall,
But leave you by each other's swords to fall,‡
As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When sober rail, and roar when you are drunk.

* *Ben* is the word in the copy in the "Miscellany Poems," 1684, and is probably intended for *bien* : modern editors have printed *Bon*.

† The "tempests" refers to an opera from Shakespeare's "Tempest," arranged by Shadwell, and brought out in 1673 in Dorset Gardens with abundance of machinery. The machines of the opera of "Macbeth," brought out in 1672 in the same theatre, were ridiculed by Dryden in his Epilogue to the University of Oxford, 1673.

‡ Mr. Scrope, a man of fortune and fashion, had been lately stabbed in the theatre at Dorset Gardens, by Sir Thomas Armstrong, during the performance of the opera of "Macbeth," and he died of the wound.

But to the wits we can some merit plead,
And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
Our house relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-paved streets, and long dark winter nights;
The Flanders horses from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad;
The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff
Of rhyme, more nauseous than three boys in buff.
Though in their house the poets' heads appear,*
We hope we may presume their wits are here.
The best which they reserved they now will play,
For, like kind cuckolds, though we have not the way
To please, we'll find you abler men who may.
If they should fail, for last recruits we breed
A troop of frisking Monsieurs to succeed.
(You know the French sure cards at time of need.)

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.†

1674.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by MR. HART.

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assigned,
To unbend and to divert their sovereign's mind:
When, tired with following nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool shades of wit,
And from the sweet retreat with joy survey
What rests and what is conquered of the way.
Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
You view the various turns of human life;
Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts you go,
And undebauched the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you set,
As once the sphere of crystal showed the great.
Blest sure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can suit your mind;
Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.

* The portraits of poets probably formed part of the decorations of the Dorset Gardens Theatre.

† It is to be presumed that this Prologue and the Epilogue which follows were spoken at Oxford on the same occasion. They are reprinted from Dryden's first Miscellany volume, 1684, where the Epilogue immediately follows the Prologue. The Prologue is there stated to have been spoken at Oxford in 1674. Dr. Bathurst, complimented in the Epilogue, was Vice-Chancellor in that year: he held the office from October 1673 to October 1675. The Epilogue is printed twice in the volume of 1684, and is said, the first time, to be spoken by Mrs. Boutell, and the second by Mrs. Marshall.

With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:
That Shakespeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonson's claim
May be renewed from those who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For Muses so severe are worshipped here
That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
And, as profane, from sacred places fly,
Rather than see the offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers shown;
And you have been so kind that we may boast,
The greatest judges still can pardon most.
Poets must stoop, when they would please our pit,
Debased even to the level of their wit;
Disdaining that which yet they know will take,
Hating themselves what their applause must make.
But when to praise from you they would aspire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their power transcends,
As what should be beyond what is extends.

EPILOGUE.

Oft has our poet wished, this happy seat
Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat:
I wondered at his wish, but now I find
He sought for quiet,* and content of mind;
Which noiseful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the shades, like laurels, grow.
Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
And age, returning thence, concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness,
Yearly to share, which hourly you possess;
Teaching even you, while the vexed world we show,
Your peace to value more, and better know.
'Tis all we can return for favours past,
Whose holy memory shall ever last,
For patronage from him whose care presides
O'er every noble art, and every science guides:
Bathurst, a name the learned with reverence know,
And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserved,
To rule those Muses whom before he served.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are derived to you;
Such ancient hospitality there rests
In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
Whose kindness was religion to their guests.
Such modesty did to our sex appear,

* "He here sought quiet," is a various reading of the second copy in the "Miscellany Poems," 1684.

As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown,
As might Apollo with the Muses own.
Till our return, we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "AURENG-ZEBE, OR THE GREAT MOGUL."*

1675.

PROLOGUE.

Our author by experience finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to please himself than you;
And, out of no feigned modesty, this day
Damns his laborious trifle of a play;
Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
But he has now another taste of wit;
And, to confess a truth, though out of time,
Grows weary of his long-loved mistress, Rhyme.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And Nature flies him like enchanted ground:
What verse can do he has performed in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his;
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred name:
Awed when he hears his godlike Romans rage,
He in a just despair would quit the stage;
And to an age less polished, more unskilled,
Does with disdain the foremost honours yield.
As with the greater dead he dares not strive,
He would not match his verse with those who live:
Let him retire, betwixt two ages cast,
The first of this and hindmost of the last.
A losing gamester, let him sneak away;
He bears no ready money from the play.
The fate which governs poets thought it fit
He should not raise his fortunes by his wit.
The clergy thrive, and the litigious bar;
Dull heroes fatten with the spoils of war:
All southern vices, Heaven be praised, are here;
But wit's a luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the plant are loth,
'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your growth:

* Aureng-zebe was produced at the Theatre Royal in 1675. It is the last of Dryden's rhyming tragedies; and in the Prologue he says that he grows weary of rhyme, which he had before so zealously defended. He also in the Prologue speaks of retiring from the stage; and nearly two years elapsed before he produced his next play. Aureng-zebe was published in 1676.

And wit in northern climates will not blow,
Except, like orange trees, 'tis housed from snow.
There needs no care to put a playhouse down,
'Tis the most desert place of all the town:
We and our neighbours, to speak proudly, are,
Like monarchs, ruined with expensive war;*
While, like wise English, unconcerned you sit,
And see us play the tragedy of Wit.

EPILOGUE.

A pretty task! and so I told the fool,
Who needs would undertake to please by rule:
He thought that, if his characters were good,
The scenes entire, and freed from noise and blood;
The action great, yet circumscribed by time,
The words not forced, but sliding into rhyme,
The passions raised and calmed by just degrees,
As tides are swelled, and then retire to seas;
He thought in hitting these his business done,
Though he perhaps has failed in every one:
But after all, a poet must confess,
His art's, like physic, but a happy guess.†
Your pleasure on your fancy must depend:
The lady's pleased, just as she likes her friend.
No song! no dance! no show! he fears you'll say:
You love all naked beauties, but a play.
He much mistakes your methods to delight;
And, like the French, abhors our target fight:
But those damned dogs can never be in the right.
True English hate your Monsieur's paltry arts,
For you are all silk-weavers in your hearts.
Bold Britons, at a brave Bear-garden fray,
Are roused; and, clattering sticks, cry, Play, play, play!
Meantime, your filthy foreigner will stare,
And mutter to himself, *Ha, gens barbare!*
And, gad, 'tis well he mutters; well for him;
Our butchers else would tear him limb from limb.
'Tis true, the time may come, your sons may be
Infected with this French civility:
But this in after ages will be done:
Our poet writes an hundred years too soon.
This age comes on too slow, or he too fast;
And early springs are subject to a blast!
Who would excel, when few can make a test
Betwixt indifferent writing and the best?
For favours cheap and common who would strive,
Which, like abandoned prostitutes, you give?

* This seems an intimation that the two Theatres both suffered by their rivalry.
† Spelt *ghess* by Dryden.

Yet, scattered here and there, I some behold,
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold:
To these he writes; and, if by them allowed,
'Tis their prerogative to rule the crowd.
For he more fears, like a presuming man,
Their votes who cannot judge than theirs who can.

EPILOGUE TO "CALISTO, OR THE CHASTE NYMPH."*

Intended to have been spoken by the LADY HENRIETTA MARIA WENTWORTH, *when "Calisto" was acted at Court, in* 1675.

As Jupiter I made my court in vain;
I'll now assume my native shape again.
I'm weary to be so unkindly used,
And would not be a god to be refused.
State grows uneasy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wise remove.
Now, as a nymph, I need not sue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god command;
No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand.
'Tis here that sovereign power admits dispute;
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our sullen Catos, whatsoe'er they say,
Even while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir, our bonds more easy make,
And gracefully what all must suffer take;

* This Epilogue is always given as Dryden's, and is very probably his; but in the "Miscellany Poems," 1684, it is not given with Dryden's name, while his name is prefixed to all his other Prologues and Epilogues printed in that volume; and it is also printed apart from the others. On the other hand, it is placed next to the similar pieces bearing Dryden's name, in the Table of Contents; a transposition which countenances the idea that it is Dryden's. His name was attached to this piece in the third edition, 1702, published after his death. "Calisto, or the Chaste Nymph," was a masque composed by Crowne to be acted at court in 1675. Crowne was at this time patronised by Rochester, who held a place at court, and was a great favourite of Charles II.: and Rochester is said to have recommended Crowne on this occasion to the court. Later, in 1679, there was a violent quarrel between Rochester and Dryden, but there is no evidence of their being on bad terms so early as 1675. In 1673 Dryden had dedicated his play of "Marriage-a-la-Mode" to Rochester, and a letter of his of the same year, but written later in the year, to Rochester is extant, full of expressions of gratitude and admiration. It has been generally stated that Rochester's recommendation of Crowne to compose this masque for the court was an intended slight to Dryden, but there seems to be no authority for the statement. Malone says that "a marked slight was shown to Dryden, whose office as Poet Laureat it peculiarly was to compose such entertainments for the court:" but the existence of such a right of the Poet Laureat is at least doubtful. Malone goes on to conjecture that Rochester interfered to prevent the Epilogue written by Dryden from being spoken. It was rejected, "I suppose," says Malone, "by Rochester's interference." This supposition has been repeated by Scott and other biographers as fact; but there is probably no ground for the supposition. It may be doubtful whether Dryden wrote the Epilogue. Crowne's masque was performed by a brilliant group of actors: the two Princesses, Mary and Anne, had parts, and Monmouth was among the dancers. Jupiter was played by Lady Wentworth, who was afterwards his mistress, and Mercury by Sarah Jennings, the future Duchess of Marlborough.

Above those forms the grave affect to wear,
For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit.
These peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midst of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace, the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loathed manna, which hot brains despise,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize;
And in its happy leisure sit and see
The promises of more felicity:
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,*
Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine;
Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your friends and to disarm your foes.

EPILOGUE TO "THE MAN OF MODE, OR SIR FOPLING FLUTTER."†

1676.

Most modern wits such monstrous fools have shown,
They seem not of Heaven's making, but their own.
Those nauseous Harlequins in farce may pass;
But there goes more to a substantial ass:
Something of man must be exposed to view,
That, gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit;
And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
I vow, methinks, he's pretty company!
So brisk, so gay, so travailed, so refined,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help Nature's work, and go to school,
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.

* The Princesses Mary and Anne.

† This comedy by Sir George Etherege, the last he produced, was brought out at Dorset Gardens in 1676. Dryden's admiration of Etherege, "gentle George," is manifested in "Mac Flecknoe,"—

> "Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
> Make Davenant betray, and Loveit rage:
> Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
> And in their folly show the writer's wit."
>
> vv. 151-4.

Notwithstanding Dryden's elaborate effort in the Prologue to represent that Sir Fopling Flutter was not intended for an individual portrait, the character was always believed to be designed for Sir George Hewitt, a notorious dandy of the time, and known as Beau Hewitt, the same who is gibbeted in Mulgrave's "Essay on Satire" for Dulness:

> "Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
> Till he takes Hewitt and Jack Hall for wits."

Yet none Sir Fopling him or him can call ;
He's knight of the shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can ;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow ;
One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow ;
His sword-knot this, his cravat that designed ;
And this the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred periwig he gained,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profaned.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake.
As for his songs, the ladies' dear delight,
These sure he took from most of you who write.
Yet every man is safe from what he feared ;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

PROLOGUE TO "CIRCE."*

1677.

WERE you but half so wise as you are severe,
Our youthful poet should not need to fear ;
To his green years your censures you would suit,
Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit.

* "Circe" is an opera, or, as the author calls it, a tragedy, by Dr. Charles Davenant, son of Sir William, and successor of his father as manager of the Duke's Company in Dorset Gardens. It was brought out in 1677 : Scott erroneously says, 1675. Dryden composed a Prologue, which he afterwards greatly changed. Both forms of the Prologue were published with the play in 1677. The second edition of the Prologue, which is given above, retains the first ten lines of the first edition : all else is different. Mr. R. Bell makes the mistake of representing the Prologue in its first form as by Davenant himself, and the second edition as by Dryden. After line 10, up to which the two Prologues are the same, the first Prologue went on as follows :

For your own sakes, instruct him when he's out,
You'll find him mend his work at every bout.
When some young lusty thief is passing by,
How many of your tender kind will cry,
"A proper fellow ! pity he should die !
"He might be saved, and thank us for our pains,
"There's such a stock of love within his veins."
These arguments the women may persuade,
But move not you, the brothers of the trade,
Who, scattering your infection through the pit,
With aching hearts and empty purses sit,
To take your dear five shillings' worth of wit.
The praise you give him in your kindest mood
Comes dribbling from you, just like drops of blood ;
And then you clap so civilly, for fear
The loudness might offend your neighbour's ear,
That we suspect your gloves are lined within,
For silence sake, and cottoned next the skin. [From

The sex that best does pleasure understand
Will always choose to err on t'other hand.
They check not him that's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him right.
Thus heartened well, and fleshed upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
Did no Volpone,* no Arbaces write ;
But hopped about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each were guilty of some Slighted Maid.†
Shakespeare's own muse her Pericles first bore ;
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor.
'Tis miracle to see a first good play ;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.
A slender poet must have time to grow,
And spread and burnish as his brothers do.
Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is curst,
But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
Then damn not, but indulge his stewed essays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise,
That he may get more bulk before he dies,
He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "ALL FOR LOVE, OR THE WORLD WELL LOST."‡

1678.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT flocks of critics hover here to-day,
As vultures wait on armies for their prey,
All gaping for the carcase of a play !

From these usurpers we appeal to you,
The only knowing, only judging few ;
You, who in private have this play allowed,
Ought to maintain your suffrage to the crowd.
The captive, once submitted to your bands,
You should protect from death by vulgar hands.

The Prologue in its improved form was printed in the "Miscellany Poems," 1684, with the erroneous designation of "An Epilogue written by Mr. Dryden." The text has been corrected from the version printed in 1684 ; in Scott's and R. Bell's editions, *nor* is inserted after *Volpone* in line 12, *was* substituted for *were* in line 15, and *rude* for *stewed* in line 24.

* Volpone, one of Ben Jonson's best plays ; Arbaces, a character in Fletcher's "King and no King."

† "The Slighted Maid" was a comedy, written by Sir Robert Stapleton, which had appeared in 1663.

‡ "All for Love, or the World well Lost,"—universally considered the best of Dryden's plays,—was produced at the King's Theatre in the beginning of 1678. The concluding couplet of the

With croaking notes they bode some dire event,
And follow dying poets by the scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; you've watched your time;
He fights this day unarmed, without his rhyme,
And brings a tale which often has been told,
As sad as Dido's, and almost as old.
His hero, whom you wits his bully call,
Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all;
He's somewhat lewd, but a well-meaning mind,
Weeps much, fights little, but is wondrous kind;
In short, a pattern and companion fit
For all the keeping tonies* of the pit.
I could name more: a wife, and mistress too,
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you;
The wife well-natured, and the mistress true.
Now, poets, if your fame has been his care,
Allow him all the candour you can spare.
A brave man scorns to quarrel once a day,
Like Hectors in at every petty fray.
Let those find fault whose wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all.
Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can,
As pigmies would be glad to lop a man.
Half-wits are fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
But as the rich, when tired with daily feasts,
For change become their next poor tenants' guests;
Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
And snatch the homely rasher from the coals:
So you, retiring from much better cheer,
For once may venture to do penance here.
And since that plenteous autumn now is past,
Whose grapes and peaches have indulged your taste,
Take in good part from our poor poet's board
Such rivelled fruits as winter can afford.

EPILOGUE.

Poets, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left,—and that's to rail.
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thundered through the pit,
And this is all their equipage of wit.

Prologue shows that it came out in winter. In the Prologue to "Aureng-zebe," in 1675, Dryden had intimated his intention of renouncing rhymed tragedies: and in this he abandons rhyme.

"He fights this day unarmed, without his rhyme."

Dryden says in the Preface to this play, which was printed almost immediately: "In my style, I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare, which that I might perform more freely, I have disencumbered myself from rhyme."

* *Tony*, a cant word for simpleton, and a play on *Antony*.

We wonder how the devil this difference grows
Betwixt our fools in verse and yours in prose:
For, faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.
The threadbare author hates the gaudy coat,
And swears at the gilt coach, but swears afoot:
For 'tis observed of every scribbling man,
He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,
If pink or purple best become his face.
For our poor wretch, he neither rails or prays,
Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes.*
He does his best; and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his writ of ease.
Yet, if he might his own grand jury call,
By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's power the men's ambition move,
But grace you him, who lost the world for love!
Yet if some antiquated lady say
The last age is not copied in his play;
Heaven help the man who for that face must drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.
Let not the young and beautious join with those;
For should you raise such numerous hosts of foes,
Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call;
'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.

EPILOGUE TO "MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS."†

1678.

YOU'VE seen a pair of faithful lovers die;
And much you care, for most of you will cry,
'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.
For, Heaven be thanked, we live in such an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the stage:
And even those martyrs are but rare in plays;
A cursed sign how much true faith decays:
Love is no more a violent desire;
'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.

* Dryden here boldly turns to account the name which had been satirically given to himself in the famous "Rehearsal."

† This is an Epilogue to Lee's tragedy of "Mithridates," produced for the first time at the King's House in 1678. Scott has printed as Dryden's a second Epilogue to this play after a representation in 1681; but he was mistaken in ascribing the second to Dryden. He says that he found the Epilogue with many marginal corrections in the portion of Luttrell's collection to which he had access; but he does not say that he saw it printed as Dryden's. A copy of the broad-sheet of 1681 is in the British Museum, and the Epilogue is printed without author's name, and may be assumed to be by Lee himself.

In all our sex, the name examined well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman, 'tis of subtle interest made;
Curse on the punk that made it first a trade!
She first did wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool presume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold,
But glorious beauty is not to be sold;
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,
That nothing but adoring it should buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare;
They purchase but sophisticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way;
And women fight, like Swizzers,* for their pay.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE KIND KEEPER, OR LIMBERHAM."†

1678.

PROLOGUE.

TRUE wit has seen its best days long ago;
It ne'er looked up since we were dipped in show,
When sense in dogrel rhymes and clouds was lost,
And dulness flourished at the actors' cost.
Nor stopped it here; when tragedy was done,
Satire and humour the same fate have run,
And comedy is sunk to trick and pun.
Now our machining lumber will not sell,
And you no longer care for Heaven or Hell;
What stuff will please you next, the Lord can tell.
Let them, who the rebellion first began
To wit, restore the monarch if they can;
Our author dares not be the first bold man.

* In "The Hind and the Panther," part 3, line 549, Dryden uses the word *Swisses*.

† Dryden's comedy, "The Kind Keeper, or Limberham," was brought out at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens in 1678. The reason of its appearance there, and not at the King's Theatre, is supposed to be that, being directed against the keeping of mistresses, it would not have been acceptable in the theatre of which the King was patron, and which the Court chiefly frequented. It fared ill, however, with the more citizen audience of Dorset Gardens, and was so badly received, that after the third acting it was withdrawn. The play is exceedingly coarse: coarse, as it was published and is now read; but much more coarse, it is said, as it was represented. Limberham, the befooled keeper of the play, is said by some to have been intended to represent Lauderdale, an unpopular politician of dissolute character: and it has been thought that the personal friends of Lauderdale may have had more to do with the bad reception of the play than its general subject or the coarseness of its language. Malone suggests that Shaftesbury may have been aimed at in Limberham; but this is improbable; there is no evidence of Dryden's antagonism to Shaftesbury at this early period.

He, like the prudent citizen, takes care
To keep for better marts his staple ware;
His toys are good enough for Stourbridge fair.
Tricks were the fashion; if it now be spent,
'Tis time enough at Easter to invent;
No man will make up a new suit for Lent.
If now and then he takes a small pretence,
To forage for a little wit and sense,
Pray pardon him, he meant you no offence.
Next summer, Nostradamus tells, they say,
That all the critics shall be shipped away,
And not enow be left to damn a play.
To every sail beside, good Heaven, be kind;
But drive away that swarm with such a wind
That not one locust may be left behind!

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by LIMBERHAM.

I beg a boon, that, ere you all disband,
Some one would take my bargain off my hand;
To keep a punk is but a common evil;
To find her false, and marry,—that's the devil.
Well, I ne'er acted part in all my life,
But still I was fobbed off with some such wife.
I find the trick; these poets take no pity
Of one that is a member of the city.
We cheat you lawfully, and in our trades;
You cheat us basely with your common jades.
Now I am married, I must sit down by it;
But let me keep my dear-bought spouse in quiet.
Let none of you damned Woodalls of the pit
Put in for shares to mend our breed in wit;
We know your bastards from our flesh and blood,
Not one in ten of yours e'er comes to good.
In all the boys their fathers' virtues shine,
But all the female fry turn pugs, like mine.
When these grow up, Lord, with what rampant gadders*
Our counters will be thronged, and roads with padders!
This town two bargains has, not worth one farthing,
A Smithfield horse, and wife of Covent Garden.†

* *Gadders;* wanderers, vagabonds.

† Shakespeare makes Falstaff say, when told by his page that Bardolph had gone to Smithfield to buy him a horse: "I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived." (Second Part of Henry IV. act i. sc. 2.)

PROLOGUE TO "THE TRUE WIDOW." *

1678.

HEAVEN save ye, gallants, and this hopeful age!
Ye are welcome to the downfall of the stage.
The fools have laboured long in their vocation;
And vice, the manufacture of the nation,
O'erstocks the town so much, and thrives so well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
In vain our wares on theatres are shown,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cruse† ne'er fails; for whatsoe'er he spends,
There's still God's plenty for himself and friends.
Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord, what a poll would there be raised from fools!
Meantime poor wit prohibited must lie,
As if 'twere made some French commodity
Fools you will have, and raised at vast expense;
And yet, as soon as seen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry "That oaf was me!"
But now you strive about your pedigree.
Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a muss‡ of more than half the town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at least;
A sign the family is well increast.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're supplied so fast with English breed.
Well! flourish, countrymen; drink, swear, and roar;
Let every free-born subject keep his whore,
And wandering in the wilderness about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you see these pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb, or single share;
For where the punk is common, he's a sot
Who needs will father what the parish got.

* Shadwell's comedy of "The True Widow" was produced at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens, March 21, 1678. After the fierce quarrel of Dryden and Shadwell, Dryden gave this same Prologue to Mrs. Behn, in 1690, for her play "The Widow Ranter."

† *Cruse* was turned into *cause* in Broughton's edition of 1743, and this inexcusable mistake appears in every succeeding edition of Dryden.

‡ A *muss* is a scramble.

> "Of late, when I cried, 'Ho!'
> Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
> And cry, 'Your will?'"
>
> SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 13.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "ŒDIPUS."*

1678.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN Athens all the Grecian states did guide,
And Greece gave laws to all the world beside;
Then Sophocles with Socrates did sit,
Supreme in wisdom one, and one in wit:
And wit from wisdom differed not in those,
But as 'twas sung in verse or said in prose.
Then Œdipus on crowded theatres
Drew all admiring eyes and listening ears:
The pleased spectator shouted every line,
The noblest, manliest, and the best design!
And every critic of each learned age,
By this just model has reformed the stage.
Now, should it fail, (as Heaven avert our fear!)
Damn it in silence, lest the world should hear.
For were it known this poem did not please,
You might set up for perfect savages:
Your neighbours would not look on you as men,
But think the nation all turned Picts again.
Faith, as you manage matters, 'tis not fit
You should suspect yourselves of too much wit:
Drive not the jest too far, but spare this piece;
And for this once be not more wise than Greece.
See twice: do not pell-mell to damning fall,
Like true-born Britons, who ne'er think at all:
Pray be advised; and though at Mons you won,†
On pointed cannon do not always run.
With some respect to ancient wit proceed,
And take the first four Councils for your creed.
But, when you lay tradition wholly by,
And on the private spirit alone rely,
You turn fanatics in your poetry.
If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
You needs will have your penn'orths of the play,
And come resolved to damn, because you pay,
Record it, in memorial of the fact,
The first play buried since the Woollen Act.

* "Œdipus," a joint production of Dryden and Lee, was brought out at the Duke's Theatre, Dorset Gardens, in the latter part of the year 1678. The references in the Prologue to the battle of Mons, fought in August 1678, and to the Woollen Act which came into operation on the 1st of the same month, fix the date of its representation as after August. Dryden wrote the first and second acts of the play: the rest was chiefly written by Lee. Dryden briefly refers in the Epilogue to Sophocles, Seneca, and Corneille, who had treated the subject.

† The English auxiliary force, commanded by the Earl of Ossory, had aided effectively in the victory gained by the Prince of Orange over the French at Mons, in August 1678.

EPILOGUE.

What Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our poets found a work for more than one;
And therefore two lay tugging at the piece,
Both yoked to draw the ponderous mass from Greece;
A weight that bent even Seneca's strong Muse,
And which Corneille's shoulders did refuse:*
So hard it is the Athenian harp to string!
So much two Consuls yield to one just King.
Terror and pity this whole poem sway;
The mightiest machines that can move a play.
How heavy will those vulgar souls be found,
Whom two such engines cannot move from ground!
When Greece and Rome have smiled upon this birth,
You can but damn for one poor spot of earth;
And when your children find your judgment such,
They'll scorn their sires, and wish themselves born Dutch;
Each haughty poet will infer with ease,
How much his wit must underwrite to please.
As some strong churl would brandishing advance
The monumental sword that conquered France,
So you by judging this your judgment teach,
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the vote of full two thousand years
Has crowned this plot, and all the dead are theirs,
Think it a debt you pay, not alms you give,
And in your own defence let this play live.
Think them not vain, when Sophocles is shown,
To praise his worth, they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak States each other's power assure,
Weak poets by conjunction are secure.
Their treat is what your palates relish most,
Charm! song! and show! a murder and a ghost!
We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a Pope.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, OR TRUTH FOUND TOO LATE."†

1679.

PROLOGUE.

See, my loved Britons, see your Shakespeare rise,
An awful ghost confessed to human eyes!

* Mr. R. Bell has inserted the word *old* before *Corneille*, as he also did in the Epilogue to "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," line 6, where see note. Compare the word *reveille* in the "Secular Masque," lines 63, 67, where Scott printed *reveillé* quite incorrectly.

† Dryden's adaptation of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida,"—a decided deterioration,—was brought out at Dorset Gardens in April 1679. The Prologue was spoken by Betterton, crowned with bays as the ghost of Shakespeare.

Unnamed, methinks, distinguished I had been
From other shades by this eternal green,
About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
And with a touch their withered bays revive.
Untaught, unpractised, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first the stage.
And if I drained no Greek or Latin store,
'Twas that my own abundance gave me more.
On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, rich without supply.
In this my rough-drawn play you shall behold
Some master-strokes, so manly and so bold
That he who meant to alter found them such;
He shook, and thought it sacrilege to touch.
Now, where are the successors to my name?
What bring they to fill out a poet's fame?
Weak, short-lived issues of a feeble age;
Scarce living to be christened on the stage!
For humour farce, for love they rhyme dispense,
That tolls the knell for their departed sense.
Dulness might thrive in any trade but this:
'Twould recommend to some fat benefice.
Dulness, that in a playhouse meets disgrace,
Might meet with reverence in its proper place.
The fulsome clench that nauseates the town
Would from a judge or alderman go down,
Such virtue is there in a robe and gown!
And that insipid stuff which here you hate,
Might somewhere else be called a grave debate;
Dulness is decent in the Church and State.
But I forget that still 'tis understood,
Bad plays are best decried by showing good.
Sit silent then, that my pleased soul may see
A judging audience once, and worthy me.
My faithful scene from true records shall tell,
How Trojan valour did the Greek excel;
Your great forefathers shall their fame regain,
And Homer's angry ghost repine in vain.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by THERSITES.

These cruel critics put me into passion,
For in their lowering looks I read damnation:
You expect a satire, and I seldom fail;
When I'm first beaten, 'tis my part to rail.
You British fools of the old Trojan stock,
That stand so thick one cannot miss the flock,
Poets have cause to dread a keeping pit,
When women's cullies come to judge of wit.

As we strew ratsbane when we vermin fear,
'Twere worth the cost to scatter foolbane here;
And after all our judging fops were served,
Dull poets too should have a dose reserved;
Such reprobates as, past all sense of shaming,
Write on, and ne'er are satisfied with damning;
Next, those, to whom the stage does not belong,
Such whose vocation only is to song,
At most to prologue; whom for want of time
Poets take in for journey-work in rhyme.
But I want curses for those mighty shoals
Of scribbling Chlorises, and Phyllis fools:
Those oafs should be restrained, during their lives,
From pen and ink, as madmen are from knives.
I could rail on, but 'twere a task as vain
As preaching truth at Rome or wit in Spain:
Yet to huff out our play was worth my trying;
John Lilburn scaped his judges by defying.
If guilty, yet I'm sure of the Church's blessing,
By suffering for the Plot without confessing.

PROLOGUE TO "CÆSAR BORGIA, SON OF POPE ALEXANDER THE SIXTH."*

The unhappy man who once has trailed a pen
Lives not to please himself, but other men;
Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praise soe'er the poetry deserve,
Yet every fool can bid the poet starve.
That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Because he thinks himself or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city swarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms.
Were there no fear of Antichrist or France,
In the best† time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careless and qualmish with a yawning face:
You sleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Most of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
The bell that tolled alone, or Irish whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourselves and all the world beside.

* This tragedy by Lee was produced at the Duke's House, Dorset Gardens, in 1680. The text of this Prologue has been corrected from the quarto edition of the play, 1680. Besides the more important blunder of *blest* for *best* in line 13, all the modern editions have *your* for *our* in line 30, and *feast* for *feasts* in line 41.

† *Best* has been improperly changed into *blest* in all modern editions.

One theatre there is of vast resort,
Which whilome of Requests was called the Court;
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buzz from noon till night.
Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, armed with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment still is fed
By villains in our own dull island bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To show you better rogues upon the stage.
You know no poison but plain ratsbane here;
Death's more refined, and better bred elsewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy
By smelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, so known and practised there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair.
But, mark their feasts, you shall behold such pranks;
The Pope says grace, but 'tis the Devil gives thanks.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.*

1680.

THESPIS, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes, sung ballads in† a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis.
But Æschylus, says Horace in some page,
Was the first mountebank e'er‡ trod the stage;
Yet Athens never knew your learned sport
Of tossing poets in a tennis-court.
But 'tis the talent of our English nation
Still to be plotting some new reformation;
And few years hence, if anarchy go§ on,
Jack Presbyter will‖ here erect his throne,

* This Prologue preceded the representation at Oxford in 1680 of Lee's tragedy of "Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow," which originally appeared in 1676 in London. The Prologue has no reference to the play, but is adapted to Oxford. It is here printed from the Prologue as prefixed to the quarto editions of Lee's play, 1685 and 1693; and this varies considerably from what has been printed in all editions from the first volume of the "Miscellany Poems," 1684. It must be presumed that either Dryden altered the Prologue for Lee's publication, or that the publication in the "Miscellany Poems" was from an incorrect copy. It contains by the way one very careless misprint, *Escalus* for *Æschylus*. The variances are recorded in the notes.

† *From* instead of *in* in "Miscellany Poems," 1684.

‡ *That* instead of *e'er* in the same.

§ *Goes* instead of *go* in the same.

‖ *Shall* instead of *will* in the same.

Knock out a tub with preaching once a day.
And every prayer be longer than a play.
Then all you* heathen wits shall go to pot
For disbelieving of a Popish plot ;†
Nor should we want‡ the sentence to depart
Even in our first original, a cart.§
Occham, Dun Scotus, must though learned go down,‖
As chief supporters of the triple crown.
And Aristotle¶ for destruction ripe :
Some say he called the soul an organ-pipe,
Which, by some little help of derivation,
Shall thence be called** a pipe of inspiration.
Your wiser judgments further penetrate
Who late found out one tare amongst the wheat,
This is our comfort: none e'er cried us down
But who disturbed both Bishop and a Crown.††

PROLOGUE TO "THE LOYAL GENERAL."‡‡

1680.

If yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reasonable men should write,
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The rest may satisfy their curious itch
With city gazettes, or some factious speech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the shrovetide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apostate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit ;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or see what's worse, the Devil and the Pope.

* *Your* instead of *you* in "Miscellany Poems," 1684.

† After line 16, the following couplet is in the Prologue as printed in "Miscellany Poems," 1684, and in all editions :

"Your poets shall be used like infidels,
And worst the author of the Oxford bells."

‡ *Scape* instead of *want* in "Miscellany Poems," 1684.

§ After line 18, the Prologue, as printed in all editions from the "Miscellany Poems," 1684, has the following :

"No zealous brother there would want a stone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan.
Religion, learning, wit, would be suppressed,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beast."

‖ Instead of line 19, as above, it is in "Miscellany Poems," 1684 :

"Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down."

¶ *Aristotle's* instead of *Aristotle* in "Miscellany Poems," 1684.

** *Then be proved* instead of *thence be called* in the same.

†† The last four lines are not in the Prologue as printed in "Miscellany Poems," 1684.

‡‡ "The Loyal General" is a tragedy by Nahum Tate : it was produced in Dorset Gardens in 1680. This Prologue was reprinted in the third edition of the First Part of "Miscellany Poems."

The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
Methinks, resemble the distracted age;
Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings.
The style of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight:
Such censures our mistaking audience make,
That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppressed,
Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest;
Therefore thin nourishment of farce ye choose,
Decoctions of a barley-water muse.
A meal of tragedy would make ye sick,
Unless it were a very tender chick.
Some scenes in sippets would be worth our time;
Those would go down; some love that's poached in rhyme;
If these should fail ——
We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
Keep holiday, like watermen in frost;
Whilst you turn players on the world's great stage,
And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

PROLOGUE TO "THE SPANISH FRIAR, OR THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY."*

1681.

Now, luck for us, and a kind hearty pit,
For he who pleases never fails of wit.
Honour is yours,
And you, like kings at city treats, bestow it;
The writer kneels, and is bid rise a poet.
But you are fickle sovereigns, to our sorrow;
You dub to-day, and hang a man to-morrow:
You cry the same sense up, and down again,
Just like brass money once a year in Spain:

* Dryden's tragi-comedy "The Spanish Friar," one of his best plays, was produced at Dorset Gardens, in 1681; it was published in November 1682. Dryden called this "a Protestant play." It is a severe attack on the Roman Catholic priesthood. The "Religio Laici" was published by Dryden in the interval between the first representation and the publication of "The Spanish Friar." This play was prohibited by James II., and Dryden having then become a Roman Catholic, would not have wished that it should be acted. After the Revolution, it was the first play ordered to be represented by Queen Mary in her presence: but her Protestant zeal brought punishment on this occasion, for she was greatly disconcerted by passages in the play, bearing hard on her own position, with reference to her exiled father, the bearing of which struck the audience. The Epilogue to this play was written by an unnamed friend: and the greater part of this Epilogue is printed in the "State Poems" vol. iii. as "A Satire on Romish Confessors, by Mr. Dryden."

Take you in the mood, whate'er base metal come,
You coin as fast as groats at Birmingham ;*
Though 'tis no more like sense in ancient plays
Than Rome's religion like St. Peter's days.
In short, so swift your judgments turn and wind,
You cast our fleetest wits a mile behind.
'Twere well your judgments but in plays did range,
But even your follies and debauches change
With such a whirl, the poets of your age
Are tired, and cannot score them on the stage,
Unless each vice in short-hand they indite,
Even as notched prentices whole sermons write.†
The heavy Hollanders no vices know,
But what they used a hundred years ago ;
Like honest plants, where they were stuck, they grow.
They cheat, but still from cheating sires they come ;
They drink, but they were christened first in mum.
Their patrimonial sloth the Spaniards keep,
And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.
The French and we still change ; but here's the curse,
They change for better, and we change for worse ;
They take up our old trade of conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing :
Our fathers did for change to France repair,
And they for change will try our English air.
As children, when they throw one toy away,
Straight a more foolish gewgaw comes in play ;
So we, grown penitent on serious thinking,
Leave whoring, and devoutly fall to drinking.
Scouring the watch grows out of fashion wit ;
Now we set up for tilting in the pit,
Where 'tis agreed by bullies chicken-hearted,
To fright the ladies first, and then be parted.
A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire night murderers, and make death a trade.‡
When murder's out, what vice can we advance,
Unless the new-found poisoning trick of France ?
And, when their art of ratsbane we have got,
By way of thanks, we'll send them o'er our Plot.

* Birmingham was famous for false coinage.

† It was in old time a part of the apprentice's duty to write out the sermon after church for his master.

‡ Scott suggests that this is an allusion to the murder of Mr. Thynne : this, however, occurred a few months after the production of "The Spanish Friar." It is much more probably an allusion to the night attack on Dryden himself in Rose Alley, in December 1679, and similar night ambuscades.

EPILOGUE TO "TAMERLANE THE GREAT."*

1681.

LADIES, the beardless author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play.
A woman-wit has often graced the stage,
But he's the first boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narcissus peeping through the snow.
Thus Cowley blossomed soon, yet flourished long;
This is as forward, and may prove as strong.
Youth with the fair should always favour find,
Or we are damned dissemblers of our kind.
What's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should hag and grey-beard make such tender moan,
Faith, you'd e'en trust 'em to themselves alone,
And cry, "Let's go, here's nothing to be done."
Since love's our business, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who best can practise, best can write.
What though he be not come to his full power?
He's mending and improving every hour.
You sly she-jockies of the box and pit
Are pleased to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old battered jade;
Faint and unnerved he runs into a sweat,
And always fails you at the second heat.

A PROLOGUE.†

1681.

GALLANTS, a bashful poet bids me say
He's come to lose his maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce, for he's but green of age,
And ne'er till now debauched upon the stage.
He wants the suffering part of resolution,
And comes with blushes to his execution.
Ere you deflower his Muse, he hopes the pit
Will make some settlement upon his wit.

* The author of "Tamerlane the Great" was Charles Saunders, who wrote it while he was a Westminster King's Scholar, but who does not appear to have written anything else in fulfilment of the hopes raised by this early performance of merit. The play was brought out at the King's Theatre in 1681, and was acted before the King at Oxford during the sitting of the Parliament there in March of the same year.

† The occasion of this Prologue is not known. It was published with no other title than "A Prologue by Mr. Dryden," in the Third Part of the "Miscellany Poems," in 1693, together with the Prologue of 1681 to the University of Oxford, beginning

"The famed Italian Muse, whose rhymes advance."

It was a Prologue for a young author, and the treatment of the subject so much resembles that of the preceding Epilogue that it may be supposed to have been written about the same time.

Promise him well, before the play begin;
For he would fain be cozened into sin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But if you leave him after being frail,
He'll have at least a fair pretence to rail;
To call you base, and swear you used him ill,
And put you in the new Deserters' Bill.
Lord, what a troop of perjured men we see;
Enough to fill another Mercury!*
But this the ladies may with patience brook;
Theirs are not the first colours you forsook.
He would be loth the beauties to offend;
But if he should, he's not too old to mend.
He's a young plant, in his first year of bearing,
But his friend swears he will be worth the rearing.
His glow is still upon him, though 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half green is best,
There's sweet and sour, and one side good at least.
Mangos and berries, whose nourishment is little,
Though not for food, are yet preserved for pickle.
So this green writer may pretend at least
To whet your stomachs for a better feast.
He makes this difference in the sexes too;
He sells to men, he gives himself to you.
To both he would contribute some delight;
A mere poetical hermaphrodite,
Thus he's equipped, both to be wooed and woo,
With arms offensive, and defensive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES."†

1681.

PROLOGUE.

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to hear,)
I long to whisper something in your ear,
A secret, which does much my mind perplex:
There's treason in the play against our sex.

* A newspaper of the time, probably "The Protestant Mercury."

† This Prologue and Epilogue to Lee's play of "The Princess of Cleves" were published in Dryden's first volume of "Miscellany Poems," 1684. The play was produced at the theatre in Dorset Gardens in 1681, and probably at the end of the year, after the publication of "Absalom and Achitophel," which took place in November. Otherwise the line in the Prologue,

"Achitophel's not half so false to David,"

would hardly have found a place in it. The play was not published till 1689, and Dryden's Prologue and Epilogue were not published with it. Scott, following Broughton, has made the mistake of giving 1689 as the date of this Prologue and Epilogue.

A man that's false to love, that vows and cheats,
And kisses every living thing he meets;
A rogue in mode, I dare not speak too broad,
One that does something to the very bawd.
Out on him, traitor, for a filthy beast!
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest:
None of 'em stick at mark; they all deceive.
Some Jew has changed the text, I half believe;
Their* Adam cozened our poor grandame Eve.
To hide their faults they rap out oaths, and tear;
Now though we lie, we're too well-bred to swear.
So we compound for half the sin we owe,
But men are dipt for soul and body too;
And, when found out, excuse themselves, pox cant 'em!
With Latin stuff, *Perjuria ridet amantum.*
I'm not book-learned, to know that word in vogue,
But I suspect 'tis Latin for a rogue.
I'm sure, I never heard that scritch-owl hollowed
In my poor ears, but separation followed.
How can such perjured villains e'er be saved?
Achitophel's not half so false to David.
With vows and soft expressions to allure,
They stand, like foremen of a shop, demure:
No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,
And for the next new face ride out a padding.
Yet, by their favour, when they have been kissing,
We can perceive the ready money missing.
Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en wink;
Something we find, and something they will sink.
But, since they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts
To trump their diamonds, as they trump our hearts.

EPILOGUE.

A qualm of conscience brings me back agen,
To make amends to you bespattered men.
We women love like cats, that hide their joys
By growling, squalling, and a hideous noise.
I railed at wild young sparks; but without lying,
Never was man worse thought on for high-flying.
The prodigal of love gives each her part,
And squandering shows at least a noble heart.
I've heard of men, who, in some lewd lampoon,
Have hired a friend to make their valour known.
That accusation straight this question brings,
What is the man that does such naughty things?
The spaniel lover, like a sneaking fop,
Lies at our feet; he's scarce worth taking up.
'Tis true, such heroes in a play go far;
But chamber practice is not like the bar.

* *Their* erroneously printed *there* in modern editions.

When men such vile, such faint petitions make,
We fear to give, because they fear to take ;
Since modesty's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own sex confined.
When men usurp it from the female nation,
'Tis but a work of supererogation.
We showed a princess in the play, 'tis true,
Who gave her Cæsar more than all his due ;
Told her own faults ;* but I should much abhor
To choose a husband for my confessor.
You see what fate followed the saint-like fool,
For telling tales from out the nuptial school.
Our play a merry comedy had proved,
Had she confessed as much to him she loved.
True Presbyterian wives the means would try :
But damned confessing is flat Popery.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.†

1681.

THE famed Italian Muse, whose rhymes advance
Orlando and the Paladins of France,
Records that, when our wit and sense is flown,
'Tis lodged within the circle of the moon,
In earthen jars, which one, who thither soared,
Set to his nose, snuffed up, and was restored.
Whate'er the story be, the moral's true ;
The wit we lost in town we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with sober sense.
When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
Here may they find their long-losf loyalty.
Here busy senates, to the old cause inclined,
May snuff the votes their fellows left behind :
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
May come, and find their last provision here ;
Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
Who neither carried back nor brought one cross.
We looked what representatives would bring,
But they helped us,—just as they did the King.

* The Princess of Cleves, in the play, confesses to her husband her love for the Duke of Nemours.

† The occasion of this Prologue, addressed to the University of Oxford in 1681, is not known. The reference to the Oxford Parliament,

"We looked what representatives would bring,"

fixes 1681 as the year of its delivery : and Sir Walter Scott is probably right, though Mr. R. Bell thinks otherwise, in believing that it was delivered after the dissolution of the Parliament in March. It was probably delivered at Commemoration-time. It was published in Part 3 of the "Miscellany Poems," 1693.

Yet we despair not; for we now lay forth
The Sibyl's books to those who know their worth;
And though the first was sacrificed before,
These volumes doubly will the price restore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long prescription you are kind.
He, whose undaunted Muse with loyal rage
Has never spared the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
Is forced to turn his satire into praise.

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.*

1681.

Discord and plots, which have undone our age,
With the same ruin have o'erwhelmed the stage.
Our House has suffered in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our sisters all the kinder-hearted
To Edenborough gone, or coached or carted.
With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in English three-pence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's lean,
There with her single person fills the scene.
Another, with long use and age decayed,
Dived here old woman, and rose there a maid.
Our trusty door-keepers of former time
There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper lace to drugget suit,
And there's a hero made without dispute;
And that which was a capon's tail before
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his subjects, to express the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare;
Laced linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
The Scot who wore it would be chosen king.
But why should I these renegades describe,
When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe?
Teague† has been here, and to this learned pit
With Irish action slandered English wit;
You have beheld such barbarous Macs appear
As merited a second massacre;

* It is inferred that this Prologue was delivered at Oxford in 1681, from the references to the departure of actors and actresses for Scotland and the theatrical representations in Edinburgh: this would have been during the Duke of York's residence in Edinburgh, which was uninterrupted from the autumn of 1680 to March 1682.

† Printed *Teg* in the "Miscellany Poems," 1684.

Such as, like Cain, were branded with disgrace,
And had their country stamped upon their face.
When strollers durst presume to pick your purse,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
Oxford's a place where wit can never sterve.*

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.†

1681.

THOUGH actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most:
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are allied to wit.
We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore,
Like those who touch upon the golden shore;
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much and why our poems take;
Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;
Whether the applause be only sound or voice.
When our fop gallants, or our city folly,
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,
And for their ignorance contemn their praise.
Judge then, if we who act and they who write
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes grossly;‡ but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms, all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot;
Knows what should justly please, and what should not.
Nature her self lies open to your view,
You judge by her what draught of her is true,
Where outlines false, and colours seem too faint,
Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.
But by the sacred genius of this place,
By every Muse, by each domestic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations sued to be made free of Rome:
Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,

* Printed *sterve* in the "Miscellany Poems," 1684.

† The date and occasion of this Prologue are not known. It was printed in the "Miscellany Poems," 1684, immediately after the preceding Prologue, and it may be conjectured that it was also delivered at Oxford in 1687.

‡ "Grossly," in the gross, in the general.

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother-university.
Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

EPILOGUE TO "THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE, OR THE EARL OF ESSEX."*

1682.

We act by fits and starts, like drowning men,
But just peep up, and then dop† down again.
Let those who call us wicked change their sense,
For never men lived more on Providence.
Not lottery cavaliers‡ are half so poor,
Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore;
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three last ungiving parliaments;§
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have spared his dream of seven lean kine,
And changed his vision for the Muses nine.
The comet that, they say, portends a dearth
Was but a vapour drawn from play-house earth,‖
Pent there since our last fire, and, Lilly says,
Foreshows our change of state and thin third-days.¶
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor,
For then the printer's press would suffer more.
Their pamphleteers their venom daily spit;**
They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.

* This Epilogue, which has not been assigned by any previous editor to the play for which it was written, was composed by Dryden for Banks's play of "The Unhappy Favourite," produced at the King's Theatre in the early part of 1682. The King and Queen attended an early representation of this play: and on the occasion of their visit a new Prologue written by Dryden was produced, which has been printed as a Political Prologue at p. 136, where see the note. This Epilogue was published in the "Miscellany Poems" of 1684, with the title. "An Epilogue for the King's House:" and it was published with Banks's play in 1685. The text as printed in 1685 is here followed: it has several small variations from the text of the "Miscellany Poems," 1684.

† The word *dop* was changed by Broughton into *pop*, which has been generally followed. *Pop* appears in Scott's, R. Bell's, and Aldine editions. *Dop* is clearly the right word. To dop is to make a low bow or curtsey. "The Venetian dop this" (Ben Jonson, "Cynthia's Revels," iv. 2). The word "dopping," for bowing, occurs in one of Barrow's Sermons, 27 (quoted by Latham in his new edition of Johnson's Dictionary).

‡ "Lottery cavaliers" are poor loyal officers, to whom the right of keeping lotteries was granted by patent in Charles II.'s reign.

§ "The three last ungiving parliaments" were those of 1679 and 1680, and the parliament held at Oxford, March 1681, and immediately dissolved: these had all refused supplies.

‖ Compare in "Absalom and Achitophel," line 636:

"Comets rise
From earthy vapours, ere they shine in skies."

¶ The "third day" was the benefit-day for the author of a play.

** In the "Miscellany Poems," 1684, this line is printed,

"Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit."

Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid?* *To the Upper Gallery.*
Or, what is duller yet and more does spite us,
Democritus his wars with Heraclitus?†
These are the authors that have run us down,
And exercise you critics of the town.
Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes,
Ye abuse yourselves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the English nation,
Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion;
Such harmless thrusts as if, like fencers wise,
You had agreed your play before their prize.
Faith, you may hang your harps upon the willows;
'Tis just like children when they box with pillows.
Then put an end to civil wars for shame!
Let each knight-errant who has wronged a dame
Throw down his pen and give her, if he can,
The satisfaction of a gentleman.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE LOYAL BROTHER, OR THE PERSIAN PRINCE."‡

1682.

PROLOGUE.

Poets, like lawful monarchs, ruled the stage,
Till critics, like damned Whigs, debauched our age.
Mark how they jump! critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our State;
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot 'em!) hate.
The critic humbly seems advice to bring,
The fawning Whig petitions to the King;
But one's advice into a satire slides,
T' other's petition a remonstrance hides.

* "The Hatfield Maid" was a printed story of an apparition professed to be seen on four occasions in January 1682 by Elizabeth Freeman of Hatfield, which was circulated by the Monmouth party. The story was attested by Mr. Joseph Jordan, a Hertfordshire magistrate, and Dr. Lee, rector of Hatfield. The marginal invocation "To the Upper Gallery" is printed with the Epilogue in the edition of the play, quarto, 1685: in the "Miscellany Poems," 1684, it is "Looking above."

† "Democritus" and "Heraclitus Ridens" were the names of two newspapers: the former a Whig paper, the latter edited by Roger L'Estrange and supported by the Court.

‡ "The Loyal Brother," Southern's first play, and a very great success, appeared at the King's House in 1682, and Dryden wrote the Prologue and Epilogue. The story of Dryden's raising the price of the Prologue on this occasion has been told in the General Introduction, p. 388. This was a political play, directed against the Whigs: the Duke of York was "the loyal brother,' and the conspirator in the play was Shaftesbury. Southern was only twenty-three when he produced this play.

These will no taxes give, and those no pence;
Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends discards;
Just so the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal that drive foes away,
As watchful shepherds that fright beasts of prey.
Kings who disband such needless aids as these
Are safe, as long as e'er their subjects please;
And that would be till next Queen-Bess's night,*
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmond-berry† first in woful wise
Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who to provoke revenge rides round the fire,
And with a civil congee does retire:
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall;
There's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years;
Whose age in vain our mercy would implore,
For few take pity on an old-cast whore.
The Devil, who brought him to the shame, takes part;
Sits cheek by jowl in black to cheer his heart,
Like thief and parson in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is given, and with a loud huzzaw
The mitred moppet‡ from his chair they draw:
On the slain corps contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor Pope among them all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring,
And next for fashion cry, God save the King!
A needful cry in midst of such alarms,
When forty thousand men are up in arms.
But after he's once saved, to make amends,
In each succeeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but still the Devil ends.
What if some one inspired with zeal should call,
Come, let's go cry, "God save him at Whitehall?"
His best friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the safer for that prayer.
Five praying saints are by an act allowed,
But not the whole church-militant in crowd;
Yet, should Heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Presbyterians who would kings maintain,
Of forty thousand five would scarce remain.

* The 17th of November, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession. Dryden proceeds to describe the annual pope-burning procession of that night.

† Sir Edmund Berry or Edmond Bury Godfrey. He had, what was unusual at that time, two Christian names: Bury and Berry were two different modes of spelling the same name.

‡ The word *poppet* was substituted for *moppet* by Broughton, and has since remained in all editions. *Moppet* is here restored from the original broad sheet, of which there is a copy in the British Museum

EPILOGUE.*

A virgin poet was served up to-day,
Who till this hour ne'er cackled for a play.
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy,
But, like a girl, whom several would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the best of his own natural toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The King's House would instruct me by the name:
There's loyalty to one; I wish no more;
A commonwealth sounds like a common whore.
Let husband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory still.
If any factious spirit should rebel,
Our sex with ease can every rising quell.
Then, as you hope we should your failings hide,
An honest jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They save dull culprits who have murdered sense.
Though nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass,
The vehicle called Faction makes it pass;
Faction in play's the commonwealths-man's bribe,
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:†
Though void in payment laws and statutes make it,
The neighbourhood that knows the man will take it.
'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit;
Theirs is the pension-parliament‡ of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis safe, in its own element.
Here, where their madness can have no pretence,
Let them forget themselves an hour of sense.
In one poor isle why should two factions be?
Small difference in your vices I can see:
In drink and drabs both sides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land!
If places fell, the party could not stand.
Of this damned grievance every Whig complains;
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.
Meantime you see what trade our plots advance:
We send each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandise we need,
Send o'er true Protestants to mend our breed.§

* This coarse Epilogue was spoken by a lady, Mrs. (Miss) Sarah Cook.

† Leaden farthings issued by tradesmen and taken among those who knew them, on the credit of the issuers.

‡ The parliament which had been dissolved in 1678, after an existence of eighteen years from the Restoration, had got the name of the Pension Parliament.

§ The French Huguenots who took refuge in England from persecution.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE KING AND QUEEN,

AT THE OPENING OF THEIR THEATRE UPON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1682.*

PROLOGUE.

SINCE faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,
Their penny-scribes take care to inform the nation
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,†
And Carolina's with Associators:‡
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two New-Englands more.

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this Theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree;
But aiming, as they call it, to be free,
Those play-house Whigs set up for property.

Some say, they no obedience paid of late,
But would new fears and jealousies create,
Till topsy-turvy they had turned the State.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling;
For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will needlessly their freedom barter
For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tartar;
(There's a damned word that rhymes to this, called Charter.)§

But since the victory with us remains,
You shall be called to twelve in all our gains,
(If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.)

* An union was effected between the two rival companies of the King's and Duke's Houses,—Drury Lane and Dorset Gardens,—in the end of the year 1682; and Dryden was selected to write a Prologue and an Epilogue for the first representation by the two companies acted on November 16, 1682, at Drury Lane. The King and Queen attended this representation. Betterton spoke the Prologue, and Smith the Epilogue. The Duke's House had latterly been the more prosperous, and had the advantage in the treaty of union. Cibber, in his Apology, has misstated the date of this union, describing it as in 1684; and Scott has mistakenly put it at 1686. This Prologue and Epilogue were published by Tonson in 1683.

† The grant of Pennsylvania was made to William Penn in 1680, and the colony was founded in 1682.

‡ "Associators" refers to the project of an Association discovered among Shaftesbury's papers when he was apprehended and sent to the Tower in 1681, of which so much use was made against him and his party. Shaftesbury was one of the chief founders of Carolina colony.

§ A reference to the Charter of the City of London, which the Crown was now endeavouring to break, and succeeded in breaking in the next year.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight 'em :
And you, fair ladies and gallants, that slight 'em,
We'll treat with good new plays, if our new wits can write 'em.

We'll take no blundering verse, no fustian tumour,
No dribbling love from this or that presumer,
No dull fat fool shammed on the stage for humour :*

For, faith, some of them such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever played ;
But 'twas, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We've given you tragedies all sense defying,
And singing men in woful metre dying ;
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather ;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither ;
Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang together.†

EPILOGUE.

New ministers, when first they get in place,
Must have a care to please ; and that's our case :
Some laws for public welfare we design,
If you, the power supreme, will please to join.
There are a sort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to wit ;
These noisy sirs so loud their parts rehearse,
That oft the play is silenced by the farce.
Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldest son.
But stay ; methinks some vizard mask I see
Cast out her lure from the mid gallery :
About her all the fluttering sparks are ranged ;
The noise continues, though the scene is changed :
Now growling, sputtering, wauling, such a clutter !
'Tis just like puss defendant in a gutter ;
Fine love, no doubt ; but ere two days are o'er ye,
The surgeon will be told a woful story.
Let vizard mask her naked face expose,
On pain of being thought to want a nose :
Then for your lacqueys, and your train beside,
(By whate'er name or title dignified,)

* Supposed to refer to Dryden's adversary, Shadwell, whose fatness is so mercilessly satirized in "Mac Flecknoe" and the Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel."

† Scott, who misdates this Prologue as of 1686, blames the last line as "an inhuman jest" on the execution of Cornish, sheriff in 1680, and executed in October 1685 for the Rye House Plot : but this of course is a mistake following from the first mistake of the date. Mr. R. Bell, who corrects Scott, falls himself into an error, interpreting the line as a reference to the execution of College, in August 1681. It is clear that the line means no more than a general malediction of Whig sheriffs and Whig poets : Tory sheriffs had just been forced upon the City, and Dryden has already struck at Shadwell as dispensed with in the new arrangements for the united company.

They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs
Tom Dove,* and all the brotherhood of bears:
They're grown a nuisance, beyond all disasters;
We've none so great but their unpaying masters.
We beg you, sirs, to beg your men that they
Would please to give you leave to hear the play.
Next, in the play-house, spare your precious lives;
Think, like good Christians, on your bearns and wives;
Think on your souls; but by your lugging forth,
It seems you know how little they are worth.
If none of these will move the warlike mind,
Think on the helpless whore you leave behind.
We beg you, last, our scene-room to forbear
And leave our goods and chattels to our care.
Alas! our women are but washy toys,
And wholly taken up in stage employs:
Poor willing tits they are: but yet, I doubt,
This double duty soon will wear them out.
Then you are watched besides with jealous care:
What if my lady's page should find you there?
My lady knows to a tittle what there's in ye;
No passing your gilt shilling for a guinea.
Thus, gentlemen, we have summed up in short
Our grievances, from country, town, and court:
Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure;
But first vote money, then redress at leisure.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "THE DUKE OF GUISE."†

1682.

Our play's a parallel; the Holy League
Begot our Covenant; Guisards got the Whig;‡
Whate'er our hot-brained sheriffs did advance
Was, like our fashions, first produced in France;

* A bear so named, exhibited at the Bear-Garden, and a public favourite. Compare the Prologue to "The Secular Masque," line 3.

† This play, a joint composition of Dryden and Lee, was first represented December 4, 1682. It was the first new play brought out by the united company. The apparent application of the play to the political circumstances of England at that time, and more especially points of resemblance in the history of the Duke of Guise to that of Monmouth, led the Lord Chamberlain (the Earl of Arlington) to withhold his licence for some months. The King's partiality for Monmouth and fear of what might be the effect on the public of a play which might be understood as predicting for Monmouth an assassination like that of Guise were the causes of the Court's unwillingness to allow the play to be acted. The Court's scruples, however, gave way. The play was received with discordant feelings by the Whig and Tory portions of the audience; and at first the disapprobation decidedly predominated. The play was published in 1683; and, together with the Prologue and Epilogue which were recited, Dryden published another Epilogue which had been intended in the first instance to be spoken.

‡ See the "Epistle to the Whigs," prefixed to "The Medal," and the notes at p. 124

And when worn out, well scourged, and banished there,
Sent over, like their godly beggars, here.*
Could the same trick, twice played, our nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or served us up in scorn his broken meat,
And thought we were not worth a better cheat.
The fulsome Covenant, one would think in reason,
Had given us all our bellies full of treason;
And yet, the name but changed, our nasty nation
Chaws† its own excrement, the Association.
'Tis true, we have not learned their poisoning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play;
Besides, your drug's uncertain to prevail,
But your true Protestant can never fail
With that compendious instrument, a flail.‡
Go on, and bite, even though the hook lies bare;
Twice in one age expel the lawful heir,
Once more decide religion by the sword,
And purchase for us a new tyrant-lord.
Pray for your king, but yet your purses spare;
Make him not twopence richer by your prayer.
To show you love him much, chastise him more,
And make him very great and very poor.
Push him to wars, but still no pence advance;
Let him lose England, to recover France.
Cry freedom up with popular noisy votes,
And get enough to cut each other's throats.
Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne;
For fear of too much power, pray leave him none.
A noise was made of arbitrary sway;
But, in revenge, you Whigs have found a way
An arbitrary duty now to pay.
Let his own servants turn to save their stake,
Glean from his plenty, and his wants forsake;
But let some Judas near his person stay,
To swallow the last sop, and then betray.
Make London independent of the Crown,
A realm apart, the kingdom of the town.
Let ignoramus juries§ find no traitors,
And ignoramus poets scribble satires.
And, that your meaning none may fail to scan,
Do what in coffee-houses you began;
Pull down the master, and set up the man.

* A reference in very bad taste to the French Huguenot refugees.

† *Chaw* occurs in "The Medal," line 147, where the rhyme requires the spelling; see note.

‡ The flail was a sort of bludgeon in use with the rank and file of the Whig party, and known now as the Protestant flail. It was jointed so as to fold up and lie concealed in the pocket.

§ "Ignoramus juries" refers to the grand jury which ignored the bill of high treason against Lord Shaftesbury in the previous year.

EPILOGUE.

Much time and trouble this poor play has cost;
And faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.*
Yet no one man was meant, nor great nor small;†
Our poets, like frank gamesters, threw at all.
They took no single aim:
But, like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,
Huzzaed, and fired broadsides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes; but, when the cause is right,
In battle every man is bound to fight.
For what should hinder me to sell my skin,
Dear as I could, if once my hand were in?
Se defendendo never was a sin.
'Tis a fine world, my masters; right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They must do all they can,
But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind,
And fight, like boys, with one hand tied behind;
Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere wondrous wise
To cry,—"Box fair, and give him time to rise."
When Fortune favours, none but fools will dally;
Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipped you the inviting wink, stand, shall I, shall I?
A Trimmer‡ cried (that heard me tell this story),
"Fie, Mistress Cook! faith, you're too rank a Tory!
"Wish not Whigs hanged, but pity their hard cases;
"You women love to see men make wry faces."—
"Pray, Sir," said I, "don't think me such a Jew;
"I say no more, but give the devil his due."—
"Lenitives," says he, "best suit with our condition."—
"Jack Ketch," says I, "'s an excellent physician."—
"I love no blood."—"Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
"But hanging is a fine dry kind of death."—
"We Trimmers are for holding all things even."—
"Yes; just like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven."—
"Have we not had men's lives enow already?"—
"Yes, sure: but you're for holding all things steady.
"Now since the weight hangs all on one side, brother,
"You Trimmers should, to poise it, hang on the other."
Damned neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish nor flesh nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Nor birds, nor beasts; but just a kind of bat:
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

* This refers to the delay in licensing the play.

† Here Dryden denies the application of the character of the Duke of Guise to Monmouth, as he did at greater length in his pamphlet, the "Vindication of the Duke of Guise," published in 1684.

‡ The Trimmers were a small party of politicians who stood between the Whigs and Tories and were for a middle course. The chief of the Trimmers was George Savile, marquis of Halifax, who wrote "The Character of a Trimmer," and another distinguished member of the party was Sir William Coventry, Halifax's uncle, who described a Trimmer thus: "one who would sit upright and not overturn the boat by swaying too much on either side."

ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

*Intended to have been spoken to the Play before it was forbidden last summer.**

Two houses joined, two poets to a play?
You noisy Whigs will sure be pleased to-day;
It looks so like two shrieves† the city way.
But since our discords and divisions cease,
You, bilboa-gallants, learn to keep the peace;
Make here no tilts; let our poor stage alone;
Or if a decent murder must be done,
Pray take a civil turn to Marybone.‡
If not, I swear we'll pull up all our benches;
Not for your sakes, but for our orange-wenches:
For you thrust wide sometimes, and many a spark,
That misses one, can hit the other mark.
This makes our boxes full; for men of sense
Pay their four shillings in their own defence:
That safe behind the ladies they may stay,
Peep o'er the fan, and judge the bloody fray.
But other foes give beauty worse alarms;
The *posse-poetarum's* up in arms:
No woman's fame their libels has escaped;
Their ink runs venom, and their pens are clapped.
When sighs and prayers their ladies cannot move,
They rail, write treason, and turn Whigs to love.
Nay, and I fear they worse designs advance,
There's a damned love-trick new brought o'er from France.
We charm in vain, and dress, and keep a pother,
While those false rogues are ogling one another.
All sins besides admit some expiation;
But this against our sex is plain damnation.
They join for libels too, these women-haters;
And as they club for love, they club for satires:
The best on't is they hurt not: for they wear
Stings in their tails; their only venom's there.
'Tis true, some shot at first the ladies hit,
Which able marksmen made and men of wit:
But now the fools give fire, whose bounce is louder;
And yet, like mere train-bands, they shoot but powder.
Libels, like plots, sweep all in their first fury;
Then dwindle like an ignoramus jury:
Thus age begins with towzing and with tumbling,
But grunts, and groans, and ends at last in fumbling.

* This Epilogue appeared for the first time among Dryden's poems in R. Bell's edition, three vols, 1854. Mr. Bell printed it from a copy of the broadsheet, published at the time, furnished to him by Mr. P. Collier. There is a copy of the same broadsheet in the British Museum: and it is expressly stated after the heading as given above that the Epilogue was written by Mr. Dryden. If, as is probable, Dryden is correct in saying that this Epilogue was composed before the play was forbidden in the previous year, the opening lines would show that the question of the two companies was settled some time before they began operations together in November 1682.

† Printed *shrieves* in the original edition. See note on *sheriffs* in Epilogue to "The Tempest," 13.

‡ Marybone Garden.

EPILOGUE TO "CONSTANTINE THE GREAT."*

1684.

Our hero's happy in the play's conclusion;
The holy rogue at last has met confusion;
Though Arius all along appeared a saint,
The last act showed him a True Protestant.†
Eusebius—for you know I read Greek authors—
Reports, that, after all these plots and slaughters,
The court of Constantine was full of glory,
And every Trimmer turned addressing Tory.
They followed him in herds as they were mad:
When Clause was king, then all the world was glad.‡
Whigs kept the places they possessed before,
And most were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as saying, gentlemen,
Here's power and money to be rogues again.
Indeed, there were a sort of peaking tools,
Some call 'em modest, but I call 'em fools;
Men much more loyal, though not half so loud;
But these poor devils were cast behind the crowd;
For bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,
But good men starve for want of impudence.
Besides all these, there were a sort of wights,
(I think my author calls them Teckelites,)
Such hearty rogues against the king and laws,
They favoured even a foreign rebel's cause,
When their own damned design was quashed and awed;
At least they gave it their good word abroad.
As many a man, who for a quiet life
Breeds out his bastard, not to nose§ his wife,
Thus o'er their darling plot these Trimmers cry,
And, though they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it prentice to Count Teckely.‖

* "Constantine the Great," a tragedy by Lee, was produced in 1684. Arius, the heretic, is the villain of the piece.

† The Whigs called themselves True Protestants.

‡ This is an allusion to a passage in the speech of Orator Higgins to Clause, when elected King of the Beggars, in the "Beggars' Bush," act ii. scene 1.

> "Who is he here that did not wish thee chosen
> Now thou *art* chosen? Ask them: all will say so,
> Nay swear 't—'tis for the King—but let that pass."

§ *Nose* turned into *noise* in the "Miscellany Poems," third edition of Part I., 1702; and *noise* has appeared in all subsequent editions.

‖ Count Teckely, a Hungarian Protestant and insurrectionist leader against the Austrian Government, allied himself with the Turks, assumed the crown of Transylvania as a vassal of the Porte, and in 1683 joined with a large Hungarian force the Turkish army besieging Vienna. The Whigs sympathised with Teckely and his followers, who were waging war against a Roman Catholic Government which persecuted them. The name of Teckelites was thus given to the Whigs. The word occurs as if it were universally understood in an Address presented by the citizens of Carlisle to James II. December 1687 (History of Addresses, p. 161).

They believe not the last plot; may I be curst,
If I believe they e'er believed the first!
No wonder their own plot no plot they think,
The man that makes it never smells the stink.
And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why these damned Trimmers loved the Turks so well.
The original Trimmer, though a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart adored a pretty woman;
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-eyed rogues for every true believer;
And,—which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,—
One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths lasted.
To turn for this may surely be forgiven:
Who'd not be circumcised for such a heaven?

PROLOGUE TO "DISAPPOINTMENT, OR THE MOTHER IN FASHION."*

1684.

How comes it, gentlemen, that, now-a-days,
When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you still with want of sense?
All prologues treat you at your own expense.
Sharp citizens a wiser way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you so.
They in good manners seldom make a slip,
But treat a common whore with ladyship:
But here each saucy wit at random writes,
And uses ladies as he uses knights.
Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
Vows that from him no nymph deserves a satire;
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme
Against the sweet partaker of his crime;
Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker
To call men fools, 'tis railing at their Maker.
Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf;
He's young enough to be a fop himself:
And, if his praise can bring you all a-bed,
He swears such hopeful youth no nation ever bred.

* "Disappointment, or the Mother in Fashion," was a play written by Southern, brought out in 1684. The Epilogue to the same play has been printed by Scott as Dryden's, misled doubtless by its being assigned to Dryden in the third edition of the First Part of the "Miscellany Poems," published in 1702, after Dryden's death. In the collected edition of Southern's plays the Epilogue is said to be by the Hon. John Stafford. The assignment of the poem by Jacob Tonson to Dryden after his death is of no authority. In Mr. R. Bell's and the Aldine editions the Epilogue is also printed as Dryden's.

Your nurses, we presume, in such a case,
Your father chose, because he liked the face,
And often they supplied your mother's place.
The dry nurse was your mother's ancient maid,
Who knew some former slip she ne'er betrayed.
Betwixt them both, for milk and sugar-candy,
Your sucking bottles were well stored with brandy.
Your father, to initiate your discourse,
Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse,
But was prevented by each careful nurse.
For, leaving dad and mam, as names too common,
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
I pass your schools; for there when first you came,
You would be sure to learn the Latin name.
In colleges, you scorned the art of thinking,
But learned all moods and figures of good drinking:
Thence come to town, you practise play, to know
The virtues of the high dice and the low.
Each thinks himself a sharper most profound:
He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound.
With these perfections, and what else he gleans,
The spark sets up for love behind our scenes,
Hot in pursuit of princesses and queens.
There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires some lonely room, love's fruits to gather,
And garret-high rebels against his father:
But he once dead——
Brings her in triumph, with her portion, down,
A toilet,* dressing-box, and half a crown.
Some marry first, and then they fall to scouring,
Which is refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good-nature;
All they can rap and rend† for the dear creature.
But while abroad so liberal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.‡
Last, some there are, who take their first degrees
Of lewdness in our middle galleries;
The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grabble one another's punk:
They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout,
Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out:
Thus, while for paltry punk they roar and stickle,
They make it bawdier than a conventicle.§

* *Toilet* printed *twillet* in early editions.

† "Rap and rend," seize or plunder; literally, snatch and pull, or snatch and tear.

"All they could rap and rend and pilfer."—HUDIBRAS, Part II. canto ii. line 789.

This phrase came to be used as one word; and it is given in Coles's Dictionary (1696) as *rap an ren*, and is there explained "snatch and catch (or else rend)."

‡ These two lines are used by Dryden again in his last Epilogue written for the representation for his benefit a few weeks before his death.

§ For the pronunciation of *conventicle*, with the accent on the penultimate syllable, see note on "The Medal," line 284.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "ALBION AND ALBANIUS."*

1685.

PROLOGUE.

FULL twenty years and more our labouring stage
Has lost on this incorrigible age :
Our poets, the John Ketches of the nation,
Have seemed to lash ye even to excoriation:
But still no sign remains ; which plainly notes
You bore like heroes or you bribed like Oates.
What can we do, when mimicking a fop,
Like beating nut-trees, makes a larger crop?
Faith, we'll e'en spare our pains, and to content you,
We'll fairly leave you what your Maker meant you.
Satire was once your physic, wit your food ;
One nourished not, and t' other drew no blood.
We now prescribe, like doctors in despair,
The diet your weak appetites can bear.
Since hearty beef and mutton will not do,
Here's julep dance, ptisan of song and show :
Give you strong sense, the liqour is too heady ;
You're come to farce, that's asses' milk, already.
Some hopeful youths there are of callow wit,
Who one day may be men, if Heaven think fit ;
Sound may serve such, ere they to sense are grown,
Like leading strings, till they can walk alone.
But yet, to keep our friends in countenance, know,
The wise Italians first invented show ;
Thence into France the noble pageant past ;
'Tis England's credit to be cozened last.
Freedom and zeal have choused you o'er and o'er ;
Pray give us leave to bubble you once more;
You never were so cheaply fooled before :
We bring you change, to humour your disease ;
Change for the worse has ever used to please :
Then 'tis the mode of France, without whose rules
None must presume to set up here for fools.
In France, the oldest man is always young,
Sees operas daily, learns the tunes so long,
Till foot, hand, head, keep time with every song;

* The opera of "Albion and Albanius" was written before the death of Charles II. and privately represented several times in his presence : but it was not brought before the public till after Charles's death. It was first acted publicly, June 3, 1685. It is a political piece, and was intended to celebrate the victory of Charles II. over the Whigs. "Albion" is Charles, and "Albanius" his brother James. The opera was brought out after James's accession to the throne with great splendour, and at very great expense : on the sixth night of the representation, June 13, news came to London of the landing of Monmouth, which stopped the career of the play, and caused great loss to the theatre. The music of the opera was by Grabut, a Frenchman, the master of the King's band, whom Charles preferred to Purcell.

Each sings his part, echoing from pit and box,
With his hoarse voice, half harmony, half pox.
Le plus grand roi du monde is always ringing;
They show themselves good subjects by their singing:
On that condition, set up every throat;
You Whigs may sing, for you have changed your note.
Cits and citesses, raise a joyful strain,
'Tis a good omen to begin a reign;
Voices may help your charter to restoring,
And get by singing what you lost by roaring.

EPILOGUE.

After our Æsop's fable shown to-day,
I come to give the moral of the play.
Feigned Zeal, you saw, set out the speedier pace;
But, the last heat, Plain Dealing won the race:
Plain Dealing for a jewel has been known;
But ne'er till now the jewel of a crown.
When Heaven made man, to show the work divine,
Truth was his image, stamped upon the coin;
And when a king is to a god refined,
On all he says and does he stamps his mind.
This proves a soul without allay, and pure;
Kings, like their gold, should every touch endure.
To dare in fields is valour; but how few
Dare be so throughly* valiant to be true?
The name of Great let other kings affect:
He's great indeed, the prince that is direct.†
His subjects know him now, and trust him more
Than all their kings and all their laws before.
What safety could their public acts afford?
Those he can break, but cannot break his word.
So great a trust to him alone was due;
Well have they trusted whom so well they knew.
The saint who walked on waves securely trod,
While he believed the beckoning of his God;
But when his faith no longer bore him out,
Began to sink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our native character maintain;
'Tis of our growth to be sincerely plain.
To excel in truth we loyally may strive,
Set privilege against prerogative:
He plights his faith, and we believe him just:
His honour is to promise, ours to trust.
Thus Britain's basis on a word is laid,
As by a word the world it self was made.

* *Throughly*, a common form of the adverb; incorrectly changed to *thoroughly* by Mr. R. Bell.

† Dryden compliments James II. somewhat similarly near the end of his reign in "Britannia Rediviva," 333.

"The name of Great your martial mind will suit,
But Justice is your darling attribute."

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "DON SEBASTIAN."*

1690.

PROLOGUE.

THE judge removed, though he's no more my lord,
May plead at bar, or at the council-board:
So may cast poets write; there's no pretension
To argue loss of wit from loss of pension.
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place
I see not one that wears a damning face.
The British nation is too brave to show
Ignoble vengeance on a vanquished foe.
At least be civil to the wretch imploring;
And lay your paws upon him without roaring.
Suppose our poet was your foe before,
Yet now the business of the field is o'er;
'Tis time to let your civil wars alone,
When troops are into winter-quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;
And you well know a play's of no religion.
Take good advice, and please yourselves this day
No matter from what hands you have the play.
Among good fellows every health will pass,
That serves to carry round another glass:
When with full bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Though at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him still most Christian in his wine.
Thus far the poet; but his brains grow addle,
And all the rest is purely from this noddle.
You have seen young ladies at the senate-door
Prefer petitions, and your grace implore;
However grave the legislators were,
Their cause went ne'er the worse for being fair.
Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps, I bring;
But I could bribe you with as good a thing.
I heard him make advances of good nature,
That he for once would sheath his cutting satire
Sign but his peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The sacred names of fops and beaux profane.

* Dryden had not produced a play for four years, when his tragedy of "Don Sebastian" was brought out in 1690: and it was his first appearance on the stage after the Revolution, which had deprived him of Court favour, and of his offices of Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal. He refers in the opening of the Prologue to his altered position, and endeavours to propitiate the audience by an appeal to their magnanimity. The play was not very successful in representation, but it is one of the best of Dryden's plays. It was published also in 1690, with a dedication to the Earl of Leicester, the elder brother of Algernon Sidney, who himself as Lord Lisle had in early life acted with Cromwell, and was now, without being prominent in politics, a supporter of William and Mary's throne.

Strike up the bargain quickly; for, I swear,
As times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard on him with statutes neither;
Be kind, and do not set your teeth together
To stretch the laws, as cobblers do their leather.
Horses by Papists are not to be ridden,
But sure the Muses' horse was ne'er forbidden;
For in no rate-book it was ever found
That Pegasus was valued at five pound: *
Fine him to daily drudging and inditing:
And let him pay his taxes out in writing.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken betwixt ANTONIO *and* MORAYMA.†

Mor. I quaked at heart, for fear the royal fashion
Should have seduced us two to separation:
To be drawn in, against our own desire,
Poor I to be a nun, poor you a friar.
Ant. I trembled, when the old man's hand was in,
He would have proved we were too near of kin,
Discovering old intrigues of love, like the other,
Betwixt my father and thy sinful mother;
To make us sister Turk and Christian brother.
Mor. Excuse me there; that league should have been rather
Betwixt your mother and my Mufti father;
'Tis for my own and my relations' credit,
Your friends should bear the bastard, mine should get it.
Ant. Suppose us two, Almeyda and Sebastian,
With incest proved upon us———
Mor. Without question,
Their conscience was too queazy of digestion.
Ant. Thou wouldst have kept the counsel of thy brother,
And sinned till we repented of each other.
Mor. Beast as you are, on nature's laws to trample!
'Twere better that we followed their example.
And since all marriage in repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are friends.
To save a maid's remorses and confusions,
Even leave me now, before we try conclusions.
Ant. To copy their example, first make certain
Of one good hour, like theirs, before our parting;‡
Make a debauch o'ernight of love and madness;
And marry, when we wake, in sober sadness.

* A satirical allusion to a clause in the Act for disarming the Catholics, passed at the beginning of the reign of William and Mary, which prohibited a Papist, or reputed Papist, refusing to take the oath of allegiance, from keeping a horse above the value of 5*l*.

† The Epilogue was spoken by Mr. and Mrs. Mountfort.

‡ It may be inferred from this rhyme that *certain* was pronounced *sartain*. See note at p. 218 on the rhymes to *serve*, *deserve*, and *desert*. See rhymes of *mercies* and *farces* (Epilogue to "Cleomenes," line 24), and *garment* and *preferment* (Epilogue to "The Husband his own Cuckold," line 21).

Mor. I'll follow no new sects of your inventing.
One night might cost me nine long months repenting:
First wed, and, if you find that life a fetter,
Die when you please; the sooner, Sir, the better.
My wealth would get me love ere I could ask it:
Oh! there's a strange temptation in the casket.
All these young sharpers would my grace importune,
And make me thundering vows of life and fortune.

PROLOGUE TO "THE PROPHETESS."*

1690.

WHAT Nostradame with all his art can guess
The fate of our approaching Prophetess?
A play, which, like a prospective† set right,
Presents our vast expenses close to sight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
Our distant gains, and those uncertain too;
A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight,
But you grow sated ere the second sight.
False men, even so you serve your mistresses;
They rise three stories in their towering dress;
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave 'em off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack-boots and Bilbo blade
Your silver goes, that should support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes! leave our stage to mourn,
Till rich from vanquished rebels you return;
And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter and his usquebaugh.

* Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Prophetess" was brought out as an opera at Dorset Gardens in 1690. King William was in Ireland, and Queen Mary Regent. The political allusions of this Prologue gave great offence: and it was prohibited after the first night.

† *Prospective* turned into *perspective* by Broughton, who is followed by all editors. A prospective is a magnifying glass or telescope.

"Did any e'er use prospective to see
No further than the glass?"
CLEAVELAND'S *Poems*, p. 59, ed. 1660.

Go, conquerors of your male and female foes;
Men without hearts, and women without hose.
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.*
Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows,
And furnish all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice shall rise for your delights;
We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whose only sake
Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious presence grace our play,
And with a sigh their empty seats survey;
Then think, on that bare bench my servant sat!
I see him ogle still, and hear him chat;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, called dumbfounding.†
Their loss with patience we will try to bear,
And would do more, to see you often here;
That our dead stage, revived by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may rise.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "AMPHITRYON, OR THE TWO SOSIAS."‡

1690.

PROLOGUE.

The labouring bee, when his sharp sting is gone,
Forgets his golden work, and turns a drone:
Such is a satire, when you take away
That rage in which his noble vigour lay.
What gain you, by not suffering him to tease ye?
He neither can offend you now, nor please ye.
The honey-bag and venom lay so near,
That both together you resolved to tear;
And lost your pleasure, to secure your fear.

* It was the custom to have black boys with collars, silver or copper. Scott quotes an advertisement of the Gazette of March 18, 1685: "A black boy, about fifteen years of age, named John White, ran away from Colonel Kirke, the 15th instant: he has a silver collar about his neck, upon which is the Colonel's arms and cipher." Dryden wickedly suggests that the English officers should bring boys from the bogs of Ireland to serve as pages with copper collars.

† "Selling bargains" was a game of question and answer, the force of which lay in coarse answers to innocent questions. See "Mac Flecknoe," line 181 and note. "Dumbfounding" was a game of another sort: the players "dumbfounded" each other with sudden blows on the back stealthily given.

‡ Dryden had now set to work again diligently for the stage; and "Don Sebastian" was quickly followed by the comedy of "Amphitryon, or the Two Sosias" which was very successful. The subject had been treated by Plautus and by Molière.

How can he show his manhood, if you bind him
To box, like boys, with one hand tied behind him?
This is plain levelling of wit; in which
The poor has all the advantage, not the rich.
The blockhead stands excused, for wanting sense;
And wits turn blockheads in their own defence.
Yet, though the stage's traffic is undone,
Still Julian's* interloping trade goes on:
Though satire on the theatre you smother,
Yet, in lampoons, you libel one another.
The first produces, still, a second jig;
You whip them out, like school-boys, till they gig;
And with the same success, we† readers guess,
For every one still dwindles to a less;
And much good malice is so meanly drest,
That we would laugh, but cannot find the jest.
If no advice your rhyming rage can stay,
Let not the ladies suffer in the fray:
Their tender sex is privileged from war;
'Tis not like knights, to draw upon the fair.
What fame expect you from so mean a prize?
We wear no murdering weapons, but our eyes.
Our sex, you know, was after yours designed:
The last perfection of the Maker's mind;
Heaven drew out all the gold for us, and left your dross behind.
Beauty for valour's best reward he chose;
Peace, after war; and after toil, repose.
Hence, ye profane, excluded from our sights;
And, charmed by day with honour's vain delights,
Go, make your best of solitary nights.
Recant betimes, 'tis prudence to submit;
Our sex is still your over-match in wit:
We never fail with new successful arts
To make fine fools of you, and all your parts.

EPILOGUE.

I'm thinking (and it almost makes me mad)
How sweet a time those heathen ladies had.
Idolatry was even their gods' own trade:
They worshipped the fine creatures they had made.
Cupid was chief of all the deities,
And love was all the fashion in the skies.
When the sweet nymph held up her lily hand,
Jove was her humble servant at command;

* Julian was a low fellow, a hawker of lampoons and coarse ballads. A poem addressed to him under the title "A Familiar Epistle to Mr. Julian, Secretary to the Muses," appears in the "Miscellany Poems" (vol. vi. edition of 1716), being ascribed to Dryden, there cannot be a doubt incorrectly. See p 298.

† The sense has been spoilt here by most editors, including Scott and R. Bell, changing *we* into *our*.

The treasury of heaven was ne'er so bare
But still there was a pension for the fair.
In all his reign, adultery was no sin;
For Jove the good example did begin.
Mark, too, when he usurped the husband's name,
How civilly he saved the lady's fame.
The secret joys of love he wisely hid;
But you, sirs, boast of more than e'er you did.
You tease your cuckolds, to their face torment 'em:
But Jove gave his new honours to content 'em,
And, in the kind remembrance of the fair,
On each exalted son bestowed a star.
For these good deeds, as by the date appears,
His godship flourished full two thousand years.
At last, when he and all his priests grew old,
The ladies grew in their devotion cold;
And that false worship would no longer hold.
Severity of life did next begin;
And always does, when we no more can sin.
That doctrine, too, so hard in practice lies,
That the next age may see another rise.
Then, pagan gods may once again succeed:
And Jove or Mars be ready, at our need,
To get young godlings, and so mend our breed.

PROLOGUE TO "MISTAKES, OR THE FALSE REPORT."*

1690.

Enter MR. BRIGHT.

Gentlemen, we must beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day. Our new play is like to come on without a frontispiece; as bald as one of you young beaux without your periwig. I left our young poet snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

Enter MR. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience: here's honest Mr. Williams just come in, half mellow, from the Rose Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or something like one. O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures; for my part, I wish him a good deliverance. [*Exeunt* MR. BRIGHT *and* MR. BOWEN.

Enter MR. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, sirs, save ye! I am in a hopeful way.
I should speak something, in rhyme, now for the play:
But the deuce take me, if I know what to say!
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the last drop of claret in my belly.

* This was a tragi-comedy of which Joseph Harris, the comedian, was the ostensible author; it is a piece of no merit.

So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting:
And, if my verses' feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days, and that's as long as Cork.
But, for this play—(which, till I have done, we show not.)
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.
This I dare swear, no malice here is writ;
'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets,
His squibs are only levelled at your pockets;
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himself.
By this time, I'm something recovered of my flustered madness:
And now, a word or two in sober sadness.
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—just half-a-crown.
You'll say, I play the pimp, on my friend's score;
But since 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er,
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this? you cry: an actor write?—we know it;
But Shakespeare was an actor, and a poet.
Has not great Jonson's learning often failed,
But Shakespeare's greater genius still prevailed?
Have not some writing actors in this age
Deserved and found success upon the stage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tired,
Not one of us but means to be inspired.
Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt* is all our business here;
So much for that—and the devil take small beer.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "KING ARTHUR, OR THE BRITISH WORTHY."†

1691.

PROLOGUE.

SURE there's a dearth of wit in this dull town,
When silly plays so savourly‡ go down;
As, when clipped money passes, 'tis a sign
A nation is not over-stocked with coin.

* See "The Hind and the Panther," part 3, line 759, and note.

† "King Arthur, or the British Worthy," called by Dryden "a dramatic opera," was produced at the Theatre Royal in 1691. The music was by Purcell, and the opera was a great success. Dryden had often meditated an epic poem on King Arthur, but the necessity, as he has himself said, of working for subsistence, and probably even more his nature, which made him work impulsively and under excitement, prevented the fulfilment of his design. This opera had been originally composed, like "Albion and Albanius," at the end of Charles II.'s reign: it was much changed before it was produced in the reign of William and Mary.

‡ *Savourly*, printed *savourily* by Scott. Mr. R. Bell has turned it into *favourably*.

Happy is he, who in his own defence
Can write just level to your humble sense;
Who higher than your pitch can never go;
And doubtless he must creep who writes below.
So have I seen, in hall of knight or lord,
A weak arm throw on a long shovel-board;
He barely lays his piece, bar rubs and knocks,
Secured by weakness not to reach the box.
A feeble poet will his business do,
Who, straining all he can, comes up to you:
For, if you like yourselves, you like him too.
An ape his own dear image will embrace;
An ugly beau adores a hatchet face:
So, some of you, on pure instinct of nature,
Are led by kind to admire your fellow-creature.
In fear of which, our house has sent this day,
To insure our new-built vessel, called a play;
No sooner named, than one cries out,—These stagers
Come in good time, to make more work for wagers.
The town divides, if it will take or no;
The courtiers bet, the cits, the merchants too;
A sign they have but little else to do.
Bets at the first were fool-traps; where the wise,
Like spiders, lay in ambush for the flies;
But now they're grown a common trade for all,
And actions by the news-book rise and fall;
Wits, cheats, and fops are free of wager-hall.
One policy as far as Lyons carries;
Another, nearer home, sets up for Paris.
Our bets, at last, would even to Rome extend,
But that the Pope has proved our trusty friend.
Indeed, it were a bargain worth our money,
Could we insure another Ottobuni.
Among the rest there are a sharping set
That pray for us, and yet against us bet.
Sure Heaven itself is at a loss to know
If these would have their prayers be heard, or no;
For, in great stakes, we piously suppose,
Men pray but very faintly they may lose.
Leave off these wagers; for, in conscience speaking,
The city needs not your new tricks for breaking:
And if you, gallants, lose, to all appearing,
You'll want an equipage for volunteering;
While thus, no spark of honour left within ye,
When you should draw the sword, you draw the guinea.

EPILOGUE.*

I've had to-day a dozen *billet-doux*
From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow-street beaux:

* This Epilogue was spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, an actress of great beauty and unblemished character.

Some from Whitehall, but from the Temple more:
A Covent-Garden porter brought me four.
I have not yet read all; but, without feigning,
We maids can make shrewd guesses at your meaning.
What if, to show your styles, I read them here?
Methinks I hear one cry, "O Lord, forbear!
No, Madam, no; by Heaven, that's too severe."
Well then, be safe——
But swear henceforward to renounce all writing,
And take this solemn oath of my inditing,—
As you love ease, and hate campaigns and fighting.
Yet, faith, 'tis just to make some few examples:
What if I showed you one or two for samples?
Here one desires my ladyship to meet [*Pulls out one.*
At the kind couch above in Bridges-street.
Oh sharping knave! that would have—you know what,
For a poor sneaking treat of chocolate.
Now, in the name of luck, I'll break this open, [*Pulls out another.*
Because I dreamt last night I had a token;
The superscription is exceeding pretty,
"To the desire of all the town and city."
Now, gallants, you must know, this precious fop
Is foreman of a haberdasher's shop:
One who devoutly cheats, demure in carriage,
And courts me to the holy bands of marriage;
But, with a civil innuendo too,
My overplus of love shall be for you.
"Madam, I swear your looks are so divine, [*Reads.*
"When I set up, your face shall be my sign;
"Though times are hard—to show how I adore you,
"Here's my whole heart, and half a guinea for you.
"But, have a care of beaux; they're false, my honey;
"And, which is worse, have not one rag of money."
See how maliciously the rogue would wrong ye!
But I know better things of some among ye.
My wisest way will be to keep the stage,
And trust to the good nature of the age:
And he that likes the music and the play
Shall be my favourite gallant to-day.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "CLEOMENES, OR THE SPARTAN HERO."*

1692.

PROLOGUE.

I THINK, or hope at least, the coast is clear;
That none but men of wit and sense are here;

* The tragedy of "Cleomenes" was first represented in May 1692. There had been some delay in bringing it out; Queen Mary, who was acting as Regent during William's absence in Ireland,

That our Bear-garden friends are all away,
Who bounce with hands and feet, and cry, Play, play!
Who, to save coach-hire, trudge along the street,
Then print our matted seats with dirty feet;
Who, while we speak, make love to orange-wenches,
And between acts stand strutting on the benches;
Where got a cock-horse, making vile grimaces,
They to the boxes show their booby faces.
A Merry-Andrew such a mob will serve,
And treat them with such wit as they deserve.
Let them go people Ireland, where there's need
Of such new planters, to repair the breed;
Or to Virginia or Jamaica steer,
But have a care of some French privateer;
For, if they should become the prize of battle,
They'll take 'em, black and white, for Irish cattle.
Arise, true judges, in your own defence,
Control those foplings, and declare for sense:
For, should the fools prevail, they stop not there,
But make their next descent upon the fair.
Then rise, ye fair; for it concerns you most,
That fools no longer should your favours boast:
'Tis time you should renounce them, for we find
They plead a senseless claim to womankind:
Such squires are only fit for country towns,
To stink of ale and dust a stand with clowns;
Who, to be chosen for the land's protectors,
Tope and get drunk before their wise electors.
Let not farce-lovers your weak choice upbraid,
But turn them over to the chamber-maid.
Or, if they come to see our tragic-scenes,
Instruct them what a Spartan hero means:
Teach them how manly passions ought to move,
For such as cannot think can never love;
And, since they needs will judge the poet's art,
Point them with fescues* to each shining part.
Our author hopes in you; but still in pain,
He fears your charms will be employed in vain.
You can make fools of wits, we find each hour;
But to make wits of fools is past your power.

having objected to its being licensed. Cleomenes, king of Sparta, defeated by the Achæans, took refuge in Egypt; and the resemblance of his story to the exile of James II. in France made Queen Mary fear the effect of the representation of this play. The Queen, however, was persuaded, chiefly by Rochester (to whom, in consequence, Dryden dedicated the play when it was published), to withdraw her objections. Dryden was suffering so severely from gout, when anxious to finish the play, that he was obliged to call in the aid of Southern. It is stated by Southern in the dedication of his own play of "The Wife's Excuse," that Dryden "bequeathed to his care the half of the last act." "The Wife's Excuse" had been unsuccessful; and Southern pleaded against the public Dryden's good opinion of him. "If modesty be sometimes a weakness, what I say can hardly be a crime: in a fair English trial, both parties are allowed to be heard; and without this vanity of mentioning Mr. Dryden, I had lost the best evidence of my cause."

* A fescue is a wire with which a person teaching reading points to the letters.

EPILOGUE.*

This day, the Poet, bloodily inclined,
Has made me die, full sore against my mind!
Some of you naughty men, I fear, will cry,
"Poor rogue! would I might teach thee how to die!"
Thanks for your love; but I sincerely say,
I never mean to die your wicked way.
Well, since it is decreed all flesh must go,
(And I am flesh,—at least, for aught you know,)
I first declare, I die with pious mind,
In perfect charity with all mankind.
Next, for my will!——I have in my dispose
Some certain moveables would please you beaux;
As, first, my youth; for, as I have been told,
Some of you, modish sparks, are devilish old.
My chastity I need not leave among ye;
For to suspect old fops were much to wrong ye.
You swear you're sinners; but for all your haste,
Your misses shake their heads, and find you chaste.
I give my courage to those bold commanders,
That stay with us, and dare not go for Flanders.
I leave my truth (to make his plot more clear)
To Mr. Fuller, when he next shall swear.†
I give my judgment, craving all your mercies,
To those that leave good plays, for damned dull farces.
My small devotion let the gallants share,
That come to ogle us at evening prayer.
I give my person——let me well consider,—
Faith even to him that is the fairest bidder;
To some rich hunks, if any be so bold
To say those dreadful words, *To have and hold.*
But stay——to give, and be bequeathing still,
When I'm so poor, is just like Wickham's will:
Like that notorious cheat, vast sums I give,
Only that you may keep me while I live.
Buy a good bargain, gallants, while you may;
I'll cost you but your half a crown a day.

* Mrs. Bracegirdle delivered this Epilogue.

† William Fuller, an informer, who pretended a discovery in 1691 of a plot by the Jacobites against the Government. The House of Commons declared him "a notorious impostor, a cheat, and a false accuser, having scandalized their Majesties and their government, abused this House, and falsely accused several persons of quality;" and he was prosecuted by the Attorney-General, and put into the pillory. He was again sentenced to the pillory in 1702 for publishing a forgery concerning the birth of the Prince of Wales, son of James II.

‡ Compare this rhyme with that of *certain* and *parting* (Epilogue to "Don Sebastian," line 25), and *garment* and *preferment* (Epilogue to "The Husband his own Cuckold," line 22).

EPILOGUE TO "HENRY II., KING OF ENGLAND, WITH THE DEATH OF ROSAMOND."*

1692.

THUS you the sad catastrophe have seen,
Occasioned by a mistress and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they say;
But English manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre.*
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With such a mistress, or with such a wife?
If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture or the curtain love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan, your wife,
Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest whoring Harry in the play?
I guess your minds; the mistress would be taking,†
And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
After a year, poor spouse is left in the lurch,
And you, like Haines,‡ return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of church comes cross your mind,
Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
The play-house is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face;
Nay, some of you,—I dare not say how many,—
Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
Even this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a shift my portion to provide,
With some small perquisites I have beside.
Though for your love, perhaps, I should not care,
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drenched to-day for loving well,
And fear the poison that would make me swell.

* The tragedy of "Henry the Second" was written by John Bancroft, a surgeon, for Mountfort the comedian; and it was published as Mountfort's. It was produced in 1692, and published in 1693, Mountfort having died in the interval. The Epilogue was spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

† *Taking* is changed into *taken* by editors, including Scott and R. Bell.

‡ Joe Haines, who had become a Roman Catholic in James II.'s reign, recanted after the Revolution, and returned to the Church of England. Being an actor, he made a public recantation of the Roman Catholic faith on the stage, in a white sheet, with a torch in his hand, thus making public penance for a sin.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO "LOVE TRIUMPHANT, OR NATURE WILL PREVAIL."*

1694.

PROLOGUE.

As, when some Treasurer lays down the stick,
Warrants are signed for ready money thick
And many desperate debentures paid,
Which never had been, had his lordship stayed:
So now, this poet, who forsakes the stage,
Intends to gratify the present age.
One warrant shall be signed for every man;
All shall be wits that will, and beaux that can:
Provided still, this warrant be not shown,
And you be wits but to yourselves alone;
Provided too, you rail at one another,
For there's no one wit, will allow a brother;
Provided also, that you spare this story,
Damn all the plays that e'er shall come before ye.
If one by chance prove good in half a score,
Let that one pay for all, and damn it more.
For if a good one scape among the crew,
And you continue judging as you do,
Every bad play will hope for damning too.
You might damn this, if it were worth your pains;
Here's nothing you will like; no fustian scenes,
And nothing too of—you know what he means.
No *double entendres*, which you sparks allow,
To make the ladies look—they know not how;
Simply as 'twere, and knowing both together,
Seeming to fan their faces in cold weather.
But here's a story, which no books relate,
Coined from our own old poet's addle-pate.
The fable has a moral too, if sought;
But let that go; for, upon second thought,
He fears but few come hither to be taught.
Yet if you will be profited, you may;
And he would bribe you too to like his play.
He dies, at least to us, and to the stage,
And what he has he leaves this noble age.
He leaves you, first, all plays of his inditing,
The whole estate which he has got by writing.

* "Love Triumphant," a tragi-comedy, Dryden's last play, was brought out in the beginning of 1694. It was a great failure. A letter, preserved by Malone, written by one who was evidently a bitter enemy of Dryden's—"huffing Dryden" he calls him—says that the play "was damned by the universal cry of the town." Dryden returned on this occasion to rhyme, which he had long discarded for tragedy, in some of the tragic parts. In the Prologue Dryden formally announces his intention of giving up writing for the stage; and the Epilogue opens with the conceit that "the poet's dead."

The beaux may think this nothing but vain praise;
They'll find it something, the testator says;
For half their love is made from scraps of plays.
To his worst foes, he leaves his honesty,
That they may thrive upon't as much as he.
He leaves his manners to the roaring boys,
Who come in drunk and fill the house with noise.
He leaves to the dire critics of his wit
His silence and contempt of all they writ.
To Shakespeare's critic he bequeaths the curse
To find his faults, and yet himself make worse;
A precious reader in poetic schools,
Who by his own examples damns his rules.
Last, for the fair, he wishes you may be
From your dull critics, the lampooners, free.
Though he pretends no legacy to leave you,
An old man may at least good wishes give you.
Your beauty names the play; and may it prove
To each an omen of Triumphant Love!

EPILOGUE.

Now, in good manners, nothing shall be said
Against this play, because the poet's dead.
The Prologue told us of a moral here:
Would I could find it! but the devil knows where.
If in my part it lies, I fear he means
To warn us of the sparks behind our scenes.
For, if you'll take it on Dalinda's word,
'Tis a hard chapter to refuse a lord.
The poet might pretend this moral too,
That when a wit and fool together woo,
The damsel (not to break an ancient rule)
Should leave the wit, and take the wealthy fool.
This he might mean; but there's a truth behind,
And, since it touches none of all our kind
But masks and misses, faith, I'll speak my mind.
What if he taught our sex more cautious carriage,
And not to be too coming before marriage;
For fear of my misfortune in the play,
A kid brought home upon the wedding-day?
I fear there are few Sanchos in the pit
So good as to forgive and to forget,
That will, like him, restore us into favour,
And take us after on our good behaviour.
Few, when they find the money-bag is rent,
Will take it for good payment on content;
But in the telling there the difference is,
Sometimes they find it more than they could wish.
Therefore be warned, you misses and you masks,
Look to your hits, nor give the first that asks.

Tears, sighs, and oaths, no truth of passion prove;
True settlement alone declares true love.
For him that weds a puss, who kept her first,
I say but little, but I doubt the worst.
The wife, that was a cat, may mind her house,
And prove an honest and a careful spouse;
But, faith, I would not trust her with a mouse.

EPILOGUE TO "THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD."*

1696.

LIKE some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
Unused to crowds, the parson quakes for fear,
And wonders how the devil he durst come there;
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, some learning, and some little grace.

* "The Husband his own Cuckold" was a comedy written by Dryden's second son, John; it was brought out at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1696, the Prologue being written by Congreve and the Epilogue by Dryden. John Dryden, the son, was at this time about eight-and-twenty, and had resided at Rome for some four years together with his elder brother Charles, and was a Gentleman-usher to the Pope. Charles Dryden, the eldest son, was Chamberlain of the Pope's household. The play was published soon after with a Preface by Dryden and a Dedication to Sir Robert Howard, the author's maternal uncle, and with the happy motto:

"Et pater Æneas et avunculus excitet Hector."

Dryden states in the Preface that Sir Robert Howard had revised and rearranged the play. Dryden in the Preface gives another commencement for the Epilogue, which he had written, fearing that the first twenty-two lines of the Epilogue, as it is printed in the text, and as it was spoken, might displease as too severe on the clergy. He thus explains the matter in introducing the other set of lines: "Neither is my epilogue the worst which I have written; though it seems at the first sight to expose our young clergy with too much freedom. It was on that consideration that I had once begun it otherwise, and delivered the copy of it to be spoken, in case the first part of it had given offence. This I will give you, partly in my own justification, and partly, too, because I think it not unworthy of your sight: only remembering you, that the last line connects the sense to the ensuing part of it.—Farewell, reader: if you are a father, you will forgive me; if not, you will when you are a father."

Time was, when none could preach without degrees,
And seven years' toil at Universities;
But when the canting saints came once in play,
The Spirit did their business in a day:
A zealous cobbler with the gift of tongue,
If he could pray six hours, might preach as long.
Thus, in the primitive times of poetry,
The stage to none but men of sense was free;
But thanks to your judicious taste, my masters,
It lies in common now to poetasters.
You set them up, and till you dare condemn,
The satire lies on you, and not on them.
When mountebanks their drugs at market cry,
Is it their fault to sell, or yours to buy?
'Tis true, they write with ease, and well they may;
Fly-blows are gotten every summer's day;
The poet does but buzz, and there's a play.
Wit's not his business, &c.

Nor is the puny poet void of care;
For authors, such as our new authors are,
Have not much learning, nor much wit to spare;
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's scarce one,
But has as little as the very parson:
Both say they preach and write for your instruction;
But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.
The difference is, that though you like the play,
The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
But with the parson 'tis another case,
He without holiness may rise to grace;
The poet has one disadvantage more,
That if his play be dull, he's damned all o'er,
Not only a damned blockhead, but damned poor.
But dulness well becomes the sable garment;
I warrant that ne'er spoiled a priest's preferment;*
Wit's not his business, and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 'tis not so much yours as you suppose,
For you like nothing now but nauseous beaux.
You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
At what his beauship says, but what he wears;
So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears.
The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,
The wit lies in the dress and monstrous muff.
The truth on't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our absent author hope
He should equip the stage with such a fop.
Fools change in England, and new fools arise;
For, though the immortal species never dies,†
Yet every year new maggots make new flies.
But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find
One fool for million that he left behind.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE‡

ON THE OCCASION OF A REPRESENTATION FOR DRYDEN'S BENEFIT, MARCH 25, 1700.

PROLOGUE.

How wretched is the fate of those who write!
Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear they bite;

* See note on similar rhyming, Epilogue to "Cleomenes," line 24.

† "At genus immortale manet."—VIRG. *Georg.* iv. 208.

‡ This Prologue and Epilogue were composed by Dryden for a representation for his own benefit, which took place very shortly before his death. Beaumont and Fletcher's "Pilgrim" was acted on this occasion, with alterations by Vanbrugh: and Dryden contributed a song-dialogue to the play, and also wrote his "Secular Masque." The "Secular Masque" and the Song added to the "Pilgrim" have been printed in this volume, pp. 380–5. All the pieces written by Dryden for this occasion were published immediately after his death. (See note † at p. 380.) This represen-

Where, like Tom Dove,* they stand the common foe,
Lugged by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet, worse, their brother poets damn the play,
And roar the loudest, though they never pay.
The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low character,—That's I.
He who writes letters to himself would swear,
The world forgot him if he was not there.
What should a poet do? 'Tis hard for one
To pleasure all the fools that would be shown;
And yet not two in ten will pass the town.
Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop than fops can find.
Quack Maurus,† though he never took degrees
In either of our Universities,
Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
Because he played the fool, and writ three books.
But if he would be worth a poet's pen,
He must be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fustian stuff he wrote
Was dead-born dogrel, or is quite forgot;
His man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew robe,
Is just the proverb, and "as poor as Job."
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.‡
There though he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
But here he founders in, and sinks downright.
Had he prepared us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had first been turned to ridicule;

tation was on March 25, 1700: Dryden died May 1, and the pieces were published in June. Colley Cibber spoke both the Prologue and Epilogue. The Prologue is almost exclusively an attack on Sir Richard Blackmore, whom Dryden had already severely chastised in the Epistle to his Cousin p. 326). The Epilogue is a reply to Jeremy Collier, to whose attack on the stage and on himself Dryden had made some reply in his Address to Motteux (p. 322). No impartial person can admit the justice of Dryden's attempt to exculpate himself by throwing all the blame of the licentiousness of his plays on the Court. The following Epitaph on Dryden soon appeared; it is printed in the "State Poems," vol. iii. p. 379:—

"John Dryden enemies had three,
Sir Dick, old Nick, and Jeremy:
The doughty knight was forced to yield,
The other two have kept the field;
But had his life been something holier,
He'd foiled the Devil and the Collier."

* "Tom Dove" was a well-known bear exhibited at the Bear-Garden. He is also alluded to in the Epilogue on the occasion of the Union of the two Companies, line 24.

† Dryden turns the name of his foe, Blackmore, into Maurus, as he has done before in the "Epistle to John Driden," line 83. Blackmore had taken the degree of M.A. at Oxford, but not a medical degree; his medical degree was from the University of Padua. When this Prologue was written he had just published "A Paraphrase on the Book of Job, as likewise on the Songs of Moses, Deborah, David, on four select Psalms, some Chapters of Isaiah, and the Third Chapter of Habakkuk." He had previously published two long heroic poems, "Prince Arthur" and "King Arthur." Pope followed Dryden in treating Sir Richard Blackmore's poetry with contempt; but his poem "Creation" was highly praised by Addison in the "Spectator;" and Locke, who was a better judge of philosophy than of poetry, gives great praise to Blackmore's philosophy.

‡ Referring to Blackmore's poems on King Arthur and paraphrase of Job.

But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.
  But when, if, after all, this godly gear
Is not so senseless as it would appear,
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train;
His cant, like Merry-Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the sects to draw 'em in again.
At leisure hours in Epic Song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between stool and stool.
  Well, let him go,—'tis yet too early day
To get himself a place in farce or play;
We know not by what name we should arraign him,
For no one category can contain him.
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one ass's back.
At last, grown wanton, he presumed to write,
Traduced two kings, their kindness to requite;
One made the Doctor, and one dubbed the Knight.*

EPILOGUE.

Perhaps the parson† stretched a point too far,
When with our theatres he waged a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Received the first infection from the stage;
But sure, a banished court, with lewdness fraught,
The seeds of open vice returning brought.
Thus lodged, (as vice by great example thrives,)
It first debauched the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The poets, who must live by courts or starve,‡
Were proud, so good a government to serve;
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
Tainted the stage for some small snip of gain;
For they, like harlots, under bawds professed,
Took all the ungodly pains, and got the least.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail;
The court its head, the poets but the tail.
The sin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
The scandal of the sin was wholly new.

* This statement is not correct. Blackmore was appointed physician to William III., and was knighted also by him. Pope makes it a reproach to King William that he knighted Blackmore:

"The hero William and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles."

† Jeremy Collier, in his work on the "Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage."

‡ See note on *starve*, "Threnodia Augustalis," line 501, p. 218; sometimes printed *sterve* in Dryden's early editions, but here printed *starve* in the original edition of 1700.

Misses there were, but modestly concealed;
Whitehall the naked Venus first revealed,
Who standing as at Cyprus in her shrine,
The strumpet was adored with rites divine.
Ere this, if saints had any secret motion,
'Twas chamber practice all, and close devotion.
I pass the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compared with one foul act of fornication.
Now, they would silence us, and shut the door
That let in all the barefaced vice before.
As for reforming us, which some pretend,
That work in England is without an end;
Well may we change, but we shall never mend.
Yet, if you can but bear the present stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you say, if we should first begin
To stop the trade of love behind the scene,
Where actresses make bold with married men?
For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.*
In short, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save, here and there, a woman or a man;
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be some remains,
While you have still your Oates, and we our Haines.†

* This couplet also occurs in the Prologue to Southern's play of "Disappointment," line 55.

† Haines, here referred to, is probably Joe Haines, the facetious poet, who had uttered a witticism on the subject of Collier's attack on the stage. "The clergy and the actors are both moral-menders by profession," said Haines, "and you know how two of a trade can never agree." This is related by Colley Cibber in his "Apology." Oates, it is to be presumed, is Titus Oates; though it is not easy to see the connexion of his name with the subject of this Epilogue; and Scott suggests that Haines may be Bryan Haines, who had been a Tory witness against Shaftesbury and College. But this Epilogue has nothing to do with politics; and the perjuries of Oates and Haines were twenty years gone by.

TRANSLATIONS FROM CHAUCER AND BOCCACIO.

"Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis
(Haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine divum)
Adsumus."

VIRG. *Æn.* v. 56.

Dryden's imitations or, as he himself calls them, translations of Chaucer and Boccacio, were made in 1698 *and* 1699, *and published in March* 1700, *in a folio volume bearing the title "Fables, Ancient and Modern, translated into Verse from Homer, Ovid, Boccacio and Chaucer: with Original Poems."*

*The plan of this edition excludes Dryden's translations from Homer and Ovid. The original poems published in this volume were the Epistle to his cousin John Driden, the Ode, "Alexander's Feast," and the Epitaph on Mrs. Mary Frampton. The general Preface to the volume and the Dedication to the Duke of Ormond are printed here; and the motto from Virgil, which was intended also for Homer and Ovid, is retained for Chaucer and Boccacio only. It is known that the price paid to Dryden by Jacob Tonson in all for this folio volume was £*300: *two hundred and fifty guineas were paid at the time of the contract, March* 1699, *and the remainder, due on the printing of a second edition, was paid in June* 1713, *for the benefit of Dryden's widow, then out of her mind, to Lady Sylvius, her niece. The poet stipulated in his contract with Tonson that the volume should contain ten thousand verses, and* 7,500 *were delivered at the time of the contract: he afterwards gave* 5,000 *more, twice as many as remained due from him, but the payment was not enlarged. Considering Dryden's reputation at this time, and the extent of the work, the payment was anything but liberal. The sale, however, was not rapid; a thousand copies were printed, and a second edition was not required before* 1713. *Additional profit accrued to Dryden from presents from his cousin in return for the Epistle, and from the Duke and Duchess of Ormond in return for the dedication of the volume to the former and the beautiful Address to the latter prefixed to "Palamon and Arcite." It has been said that his cousin sent him £*500, *and that he received £*300 *also from the Duke and Duchess of Ormond; but Malone thinks £*100 *in each case more probable. A story mentioned by Johnson, founded on a conversation of Pope as related by Spence, that Tonson had agreed to pay Dryden sixpence a line for the contents of this folio volume, appears to be without foundation.*

Dryden's Tales from Chaucer and Boccacio have been perhaps the most popular of his writings; and there have been innumerable editions. Dryden's power of versification is seen in perfection in these compositions of his latest years. Several small but serious corruptions of the text are in all editions since the first: some of the worst having been introduced into the second edition of 1713.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND.*

My Lord,—Some estates are held in England by paying a fine at the change of every lord. I have enjoyed the patronage of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this present day. I have dedicated the Lives of Plutarch to the first Duke, and have celebrated the memory of your heroic father. Though I am very short of the age of Nestor, yet I have lived to a third generation of your house; and by your Grace's favour am admitted still to hold from you by the same tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast that I have deserved the value of so illustrious a line; but my fortune is the greater, that for three descents they have been pleased to distinguish my poems from those of other men, and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to say, that as your grandfather and father were cherished and adorned with honours by two successive monarchs, so I have been esteemed and patronised by the grandfather, the father, and the son, descended from one of the most ancient, most conspicuous, and most deserving families in Europe.

'Tis true, that by delaying the payment of my last fine, when it was due by your Grace's accession to the titles and patrimonies of your house, I may seem in rigour of law to have made a forfeiture of my claim; yet my heart has always been devoted to your service; and since you have been graciously pleased, by your permission of this address, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet too late to lay these volumes at your feet.

The world is sensible that you worthily succeed not only to the honours of your ancestors, but also to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, easiness of access, and desire of doing good, even to the prejudice of your fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the newest link of it; which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it may descend to late posterity; and your flourishing youth, and that of your excellent Duchess, are happy omens of my wish.

'Tis observed by Livy and by others, that some of the noblest Roman families retained a resemblance of their ancestry, not only in their shapes and features, but also in their manners, their qualities, and the distinguishing characters of their minds: some lines were noted for a stern, rigid virtue, savage, haughty, parsimonious, and unpopular: others were more sweet and affable, made of a more

* This dedication of the volume of "Fables, Ancient and Modern," of which the translations from Chaucer and Boccacio are the largest part, is to James, the second Duke of Ormond, son of the Earl of Ossory, who died in 1680, before his father the first Duke. The first Duke is finely eulogized by Dryden in "Absalom and Achitophel" under the name of Barzillai: and the same passage contains a glowing tribute to the memory of Ossory. (See pp. 113—115, and notes.) The first Duke of Ormond died in 1688. His grandson, the second Duke, married twice; his first wife was the Lady Anne Hyde, daughter of Laurence, Earl of Rochester, and grand-daughter of the Chancellor Clarendon, who died early, and before he was Duke: his second wife was the Lady Mary Somerset, a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, to whom Dryden dedicated "Palamon and Arcite." This Duke of Ormond on the accession of George I was impeached, and fled from England: he died in Spain in 1746.

pliant paste, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable offices, and diffusive of the goods which they enjoyed. The last of these is the proper and indelible character of your Grace's family. God Almighty has endued you with a softness, a beneficence, an attractive behaviour winning on the hearts of others; and so sensible of their misery, that the wounds of fortune seem not inflicted on them, but on your self. You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their wishes, and always exceed their expectations; as if what was yours was not your own, and not given you to possess, but to bestow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I must cast in shades, lest I offend your modesty, which is so far from being ostentatious of the good you do, that it blushes even to have it known; and therefore I must leave you to the satisfaction and testimony of your own conscience, which, though it be a silent panegyric, is yet the best.

You are so easy of access that Poplicola* was not more, whose doors were opened on the outside to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted, where nothing that was reasonable was denied, where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where (I can scarce forbear saying) that want itself was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The history of Peru assures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, esteemed that the highest which called them lovers of the poor: a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and Augustus of the Roman emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deserved by few of them; and not running in a blood like the perpetual gentleness and inherent goodness of the Ormond family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest and most ductile of all metals. Iron, which is the hardest, gathers rust, corrodes itself, and is therefore subject to corruption: it was never intended for coins and medals, or to bear the faces and inscriptions of the great. Indeed 'tis fit for armour, to bear off insults, and preserve the wearer in the day of battle; but the danger once repelled, it is laid aside by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil conversation: a necessary guard in war, but too harsh and cumbersome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more human life.

For this reason, my Lord, though you have courage in a heroical degree, yet I ascribe it to you but as your second attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compassion claim precedence, as they are first in the divine nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity; affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word, which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good-nature, are of daily use; they are the bread of mankind and staff of life: neither sighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curses of the vanquished follow acts of compassion and of charity: but a sincere† pleasure and serenity of mind, in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot suffer the misfortunes of another without redress, lest they should bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happiness which he enjoys.

Yet since the perverse tempers of mankind, since oppression on one side and ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable occasions of war; that courage, that magnanimity, and resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended: and here it grieves me that I am scanted in the pleasure of

* Publius Valerius, Roman Consul, who was colleague of Lucius Junius Brutus, after the expulsion of Collatinus, and received the name of Poplicola for his popularity.

† *Sincere*, used here in the sense of pure, unalloyed, as elsewhere by Dryden. See note on this word in "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 209.

dwelling on many of your actions: but αἰδέομαι Τρῶας * is an expression which Tully often uses, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the censure of the Romans.

I have sometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the subject is so fruitful that the harvest overcomes the reaper, I am shortened by my chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach: since it is not permitted me to commend you according to the extent of my wishes, and much less is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits.

Yet in this frugality of your praises, there are some things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your character. You have so formed your own education, as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country, or, more properly speaking, both your countries, because you were born, I may almost say, in purple at the castle of Dublin, when your grandfather was lord-lieutenant, and have since been bred in the court of England.

If this address had been in verse, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercury, *Numen commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo.*† The better to satisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the service of Britain or Ireland shall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practised in the camp; and thus both Lucullus and Cæsar (to omit a crowd of shining Romans) formed themselves to war by the study of history, and by the examples of the greatest captains both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name those two commanders in particular, because they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders; and that Lucullus in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be sent into the field against the most formidable enemy of Rome. Tully, indeed, was called the learned consul in derision; but then, he was not born a soldier: his head was turned another way: when he read the Tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away on a general who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and of resolution; in him it will direct his martial spirit, and teach him the way to the best victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, though achieved by the hand, are managed by the head. Science distinguishes a man of honour from one of those athletic brutes whom undeservedly we call heroes. Cursed be the poet, who first honoured with that name a mere Ajax, a man-killing idiot. The Ulysses of Ovid upbraids his ignorance, that he understood not the shield for which he pleaded: there was engraven on it plans of cities, and maps of countries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as stupidly as his fellow-beast the lion. But on the other side, your Grace has given your self the education of his rival; you have studied every spot of ground in Flanders, which for these ten years past has been the scene of battles and of sieges. No wonder if you performed your part with such applause on a theatre which you understood so well.

* "Αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρωάδας ἑλκεσιπέπλους,"
HOM. *Il.* vi. 442, xxii. 105.
This line is quoted by Cicero in his letters to Atticus (ii. 5) and elsewhere.

† In Claudian's "Rape of Proserpine" Mercury is thus addressed as belonging both to the gods of Heaven and the gods of Hades:

"Atlantis Tegeæe nepos, commune profundis
Et superis numen, qui fas per limen utrumque
Solus habes, geminoque facis commercia mundo."
CLAUDIAN, xxxiii. 89.

If I designed this for a poetical encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a subject; but confining my self to the severity of truth, and to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many instances of your military skill, but also those of your assiduous diligence in the war, and of your personal bravery, attended with an ardent thirst of honour, a long train of generosity, profuseness of doing good, a soul unsatisfied with all it has done, and an unextinguished desire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own historians; I am, as Virgil says, *spatiis exclusus iniquis.**

Yet not to be wholly silent of all your charities, I must stay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the consideration of your self. When, in the battle of Landen,† your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had transported you so far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you; when you were not only dangerously, but in all appearance mortally wounded; when in that desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried to Namur, at that time in possession of the French; then it was, my Lord, that you took a considerable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and as a memorable instance of your heroic charity, put it into the hands of Count Guiscard, who was governor of the place, to be distributed among your fellow-prisoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatness of your soul, accordingly consigned it to the use for which it was intended by the donor; by which means the lives of so many miserable men were saved, and a comfortable provision made for their subsistence, who had otherwise perished, had not you been the companion of their misfortune; or rather sent by Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out famine from invading those, whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures that your Grace was made their fellow-sufferer! And how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans, spoke like a Christian: *Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*‡ All men, even those of a different interest and contrary principles, must praise this action, as the most eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when men were made *de meliore luto;*§ when examples of charity were frequent, and when there were in being,

"Teucri, pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis."‖

No envy can detract from this: it will shine in history; and, like swans, grow whiter the longer it endures; and the name of ORMOND will be more celebrated in his captivity than in his greatest triumphs.

But all actions of your Grace are of a piece, as waters keep the tenour of their fountains: your compassion is general, and has the same effect as well on enemies as friends. It is so much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one continued act of placing benefits on many, as the sun is always carrying his light to some part or other of the world. And were it not that your reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more than

* Georg. iv. 147.

† The battle of Landen was fought on July 29, 1693. The Duke of Ormond was severely wounded, and very narrowly escaped death.

‡ Virgil, Æn. i. 634.

§ "Meliore luto."—JUVENAL, *Sat.* xiv. 34. The *de* added by Dryden. He uses the phrase in translation in his Address to the Earl of Roscomon, line 74, where see note.

‖ Virgil, Æn. vi. 649.

is consisting with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that being born for a blessing to mankind, your supposed death in that engagement was so generally lamented through the nation? The concernment for it was as universal as the loss; and though the gratitude might be counterfeit in some, yet the tears of all were real: where every man deplored his private part in that calamity, and even those who had not tasted of your favours, yet built so much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoaned the loss of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into fresh remembrance; as if the same decree had passed on two short successive generations of the virtuous; and I repeated to my self the same verses, which I had formerly applied to him:

> "Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
> Esse sinunt." *

But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the blessings and applause of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged for your long prosperity, and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealously desired than by

Your Grace's most humble, most obliged,
And most obedient servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE.

'Tis with a poet as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short of the expense he first intended: he alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me. I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived.

From translating the first of Homer's Iliads (which I intended as an essay to the whole work) I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war. Here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not balk them. When I had compassed them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book (which is the masterpiece of the whole Metamorphoses) that I enjoined my self the pleasing task of rendering it into English. And now I found by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author, in his former books. There occurred to me the Hunting of the Boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the

* Virgil, Æn. vi. 370. *Ostendent* and *sinent* in Virgil.

good-natured story of Baucis and Philemon, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this, I may say without vanity, is not the talent of every poet. He who has arrived the nearest to it is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name, which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenser and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans, as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me, that Spenser was his original; and many besides my self have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloign, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax. But to return. Having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind that our old English poet, Chaucer, in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them; and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honour of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of the Canterbury Tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means, both the poets being set in the same light, and dressed in the same English habit, story to be compared with story, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him. Or if I seem partial to my countryman and predecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few; and besides many of the learned, Ovid has almost all the beaux, and the whole fair sex, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have assumed somewhat more to my self than they allow me, because I have adventured to sum up the evidence; but the readers are the jury, and their privilege remains entire to decide according to the merits of the cause, or, if they please, to bring it to another hearing before some other court. In the meantime, to follow the thrid of my discourse (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbs, have always some connexion), so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse; particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme, or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at least assume the title of, heroic poets: he and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise received no little help from his master Petrarch. But the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace him self, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue; though many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer*) first adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provençal, which was then the most

* Thomas Rymer, the editor of the "Fœdera," had published two works on the English stage, in one of which, "A Short View of Tragedy of the Last Age," published in 1692, he had given offence to Dryden by disparaging remarks on the modern drama, which Dryden had taken to himself. Dryden replied contemptuously in his Dedication to Lord Radcliffe of the third volume of the "Miscellany Poems," published in 1693: and Rymer is also sneeringly referred to in the Address to Congreve of the same year, line 48, where see note. It would seem from the respectful mode of referring to Rymer in the text, that all angry feeling had in 1699 disappeared.

polished of all the modern languages; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critic, who deserves no little commendation from us his countrymen. For these reasons of time and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own, which whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject; to run them into verse or to give them the other harmony of prose. I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness; they who think too well of their own performances are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect, and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better?

With this account of my present undertaking I conclude the first part of this discourse: in the second part, as at a second sitting, though I alter not the draught, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead colouring of the whole. In general I will only say, that I have written nothing which savours of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to my self of any such intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expression or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses through my inadvertency; if the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be staved or forfeited, like counterbanded* goods; at least, let their authors be answerable for them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavoured to choose such fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral, which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious; and they leap foremost into sight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain anything which shocks religion, or good manners, they are at best, what Horace says of good numbers without good sense, *Versus inopes rerum, nugaque canora.*† Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing my other right of self-defence, where I have been wrongfully

* Dryden's English form *counterbanded* is here printed; in the Wartons' edition it is *contrabanded*: Mr. R. Bell prints *contraband*.

† Ars Poetica, 322.

accused, and my sense wire-drawn into blasphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading against the stage;* in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thrid of my discourse with the first of my translations, which was the first Iliad of Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer life, and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole Ilias; provided still that I meet with those encouragements from the public, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some cheerfulness. And this I dare assure the world before-hand, that I have found by trial Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil, though I say not the translation will be less laborious. For the Grecian is more according to my genius than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words: Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties both of numbers and of expressions, which his language and the age in which he lived allowed him. Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined; so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry; for nothing can be more evident, than that the Roman poem is but the second part of the Ilias; a continuation of the same story, and the persons already formed; the manners of Æneas are those of Hector superadded to those which Homer gave him. The adventures of Ulysses in the Odysseis are imitated in the first six books of Virgil's Æneis; and though the accidents are not the same (which would have argued him of a servile, copying, and total barrenness of invention), yet the seas were the same in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty Iliads contracted: a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict anything which I have formerly said in his just praise; for his episodes are almost wholly of his own invention; and the form which he has given to the telling makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design; and if invention be the first virtue of an epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place. Mr. Hobbs, in the preface to his own bald translation of the Ilias (studying poetry as he did mathematics, when it was too late), Mr. Hobbs, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first beauty of an Epic poem consists in diction, that is, in the choice of words and harmony of numbers; now, the words are the colouring of the work, which in the order of nature is last to be considered. The design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the first beauties that arise, and strike the sight: but if the draught be false or lame, the figures ill-disposed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear, and by his

* Jeremy Collier's "Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage."

diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic: that which makes them excel in their several ways is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design as in the execution of it. The very heroes show their authors: Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*,* &c.; Æneas patient, considerate, careful of his people and merciful to his enemies; ever submissive to the will of Heaven, *quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur*.† I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have said I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. 'Tis the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades, the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the second book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper; and therefore I have translated his first book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil; but it was not a pleasure without pains: the continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age; and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats; the Iliad of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to say of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer, considering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue: from Chaucer the purity of the English tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike: both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at least in their writings, it may be also in their lives. Their studies were the same, philosophy and philology. Both of them were knowing in astronomy, of which Ovid's books of the Roman feasts, and Chaucer's treatise of the Astrolabe, are sufficient witnesses. But Chaucer was likewise an astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearness: neither were great inventors; for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and most of Chaucer's stories were taken from his Italian contemporaries or their predecessors. Boccace his "Decameron" was first published; and from thence our Englishman has borrowed many of his "Canterbury Tales;" yet that of "Palamon and Arcite" was written, in all probability, by some Italian wit in a former age, as I shall prove hereafter: the tale of Grizild was the invention of Petrarch, by him sent to Boccace, from whom it came to Chaucer. "Troilus and Cressida" was also written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him; but there is so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most kings, who love to be in debt, are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: besides, the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learnt from the practice of honest Montaigne, and return at my

* Horace, Ars Poetica, 121. † Virgil, Æn. vi. 709.

pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as "The Wife of Bath's Tale," "The Cock and the Fox," which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the manners, under which name I comprehend the passions, and, in a larger sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits. For an example, I see Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the "Canterbury Tales," their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark; yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light: which though I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be considered in the comparison of the two poets; and I have saved my self one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian, Chaucer in the dawning of our language; therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid, or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up as a post not to be defended in our poet, because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered, and they are to be measured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described, on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad for preferring the Englishman to the Roman: yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the things they admire are only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, describe his passion like Narcissus? Would he think of *inopem me copia fecit*,* and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one another, and signifying all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death? This is just John Littlewit in "Bartholomew Fair,"† who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavour to raise pity; but instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido: he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjust in the pursuit of it: yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from possession, by being so near, and a thousand such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They who think otherwise would, by the same reason, prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets, they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be shunned, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity,

* Ovid, Metam. iii. 466.

† A play of Ben Jonson.

and followed nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the design or the disposition of it; because the design was not their own, and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all subjects; as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off, a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation because he could never forego any conceit which came in his way, but swept like a drag-net, great and small.* There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer: and for ten impressions which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth: for as my last Lord Rochester† said, though somewhat profanely, "Not being of God, he could not stand."

Chaucer followed nature everywhere; but was never so bold to go beyond her: and there is a great difference of being *Poeta* and *nimis Poeta*, if we believe Catullus,‡ as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*:§ they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse which we call heroic, was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age.‖ It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise.

* Cowley.

† Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, the poet and profligate, who died in 1680.

‡ Dryden's memory has here deceived him, the passage he refers to being in Martial, and not in Catullus:

"Nimis poeta es;
Hoc valde vitium periculosum est."
MARTIAL, iii. 44.

§ This is a misquotation, Dryden trusting again too much to his memory: he doubtless refers to a passage of Tacitus in his "Dialogue on Orators" (c. 21), where he describes an oration of Calvus as "verbis ornata et sententiis auribusque judicum accommodata."

‖ Thomas Speght's edition of Chaucer, published in 1597 and 1602, is here referred to. Dryden is here wrong in his criticism, and, in judging Chaucer's metres, has not considered changes of pronunciation.

We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace: even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared.* I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipped in the rebellion of the Commons; and being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Mecænas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whose praises helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to posterity. As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt his patron; somewhat of which appears in the tale of "Piers Plowman;" yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age: their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his "Canterbury Tales:" neither has his contemporary Boccace spared them. Yet both those poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders: for the scandal which is given by particular priests reflects not on the sacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Canon, and his Friar took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satirical poet is the check of the laymen on bad priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarsely used: for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured: if he be wrongfully accused, he has his action of slander; and it is at the poet's peril if he transgress the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England anything dishonoured, when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his *Scandalum Magnatum* to punish the offender. They who use this kind of argument seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the poet's lash; and are less concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themselves, they are all in

* Dryden had paid a similar compliment to Waller and Denham in one of his earliest dedications, that of "The Rival Ladies," to Lord Orrery in 1664: "But the excellence and dignity of rhyme were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it; he first made writing easily an art, first showed us to conclude the sense, most commonly in distichs, which in the verse of those before him runs on for so many lines together, that the reader is out of breath to overtake it. This sweetness of Mr. Waller's lyric poesy was afterwards followed in the epic by Sir John Denham in his 'Cooper's Hill,' a poem which, for the majesty of the style, is and ever will be the exact standard of good writing."

some sort parties: for, since they say the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not: but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance betwixt a King of England and an Archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murder of the prelate, and in the whipping of his Majesty from post to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has saved me the labour of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old:* and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say, that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him. *Prior læsit* is justification sufficient in the Civil Law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defence, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp recrimination, somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure, reserving to my self the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the good parson; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the meanwhile, I take up Chaucer where I left him. He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his "Canterbury Tales" the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta† could not have described their natures better than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales and of their telling are so suited to their different educations, humours and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing lady Prioress and the broad-speaking gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great-grandames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Canons, and lady Abbesses, and Nuns: for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though everything is altered. May I have leave to do myself the justice (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian or a moral man), may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such tales of

* Dr. Drake's answer to Collier's attack on the stage is here referred to.
† A famous Italian physiognomist.

Chaucer as savour nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the Prologue to her Tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners: I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able by this public acknowledgment. If anything of this nature or of profaneness be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo.* Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his characters, before the "Canterbury Tales," thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels:

"But first, I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrete it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall tellen a tale after a man
He mote rehearse as nye as ever he can
Everich word of it been in his charge,
All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words now:
He may not spare, altho he were his brother
He mote as well say o word as another.
Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
And well I wote no villany is it,
Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been cousin to the dede."

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very undecent to be heard, I know not what answer they could have made; for that reason, such tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that his sense is scarce to be understood. And you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English: as, for example, these two lines in the description of the carpenter's young wife:

"Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt."

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended that I have turned these tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester* say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who having read him over at my lord's request, declared he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author; but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the public. Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator: and being shocked, perhaps, with his old style,

* The Earl of Leicester, Algernon Sydney's elder brother, had died in 1697, at the age of eighty. Dryden dedicated to him his play of "Don Sebastian" in 1690, his first play after the Revolution.

never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond; and must first be polished ere he shines. I deny not, likewise, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece, but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits besides Chaucer, whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater), I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed farther in some places; and added somewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true lustre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because (if I may be permitted to say it of my self) I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet in another age may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errors of the press. Let this example suffice at present: in the story of "Palamon and Arcite," where the Temple of Diana is described, you find these verses in all the editions of our author:

> "There saw I Danè, turned into a tree,
> I mean not the goddess Diane,
> But Venus.daughter, which that hight Danè:"

which, after a little consideration, I knew was to be reformed into this sense,—that Daphne, the daughter of Peneus, was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid; lest some future Milbourn should arise, and say I varied from my author because I understood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion. They suppose there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is a little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My lord dissuaded me from this attempt (for I was thinking of it some years before his death), and his authority prevailed so far with me as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him. Yet my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then, as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure:

> "Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
> Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
> Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."*

When an ancient word for its sound and significancy deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed. Customs are changed; and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument.

* Hor. Ars Poetica, 70–2.

that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty, by the innovation of words: in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood; which is the present case. I grant that something must be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible, and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with less profit and no pleasure. 'Tis not for the use of some old Saxon friends that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places I give to others which had them not originally. But in this I may be partial to my self. Let the reader judge: and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer than my self. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him anywhere for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge that I could have done nothing without him: *Facile est inventis addere* is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiselle de Scudery,* who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired, like her, by the same god of poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal (for how she should come to understand old English I know not). But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, 'tis extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered; who, living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies. Both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother-tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled; so that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling: though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy, when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word; and,

* Mademoiselle de Scudery died about eighteen months after Dryden's publication of the "Fables," at the age of ninety-four. Scott states that she never seriously thought of translating Chaucer.

therefore, I will set two of their discourses, on the same subject, in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first; and, amongst the rest, pitched on "The Wife of Bath's Tale;" not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her Prologue, because it is too licentious. There Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her. The crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his aversion, endeavours to win his affection by reason; and speaks a good word for herself, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his fables; and by this time had so far forgotten "The Wife of Bath's Tale," that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood and titles, in the story of "Sigismonda;" which I had certainly avoided for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, 'tis in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of "Palamon and Arcite," which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Æneis. The story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various, and the disposition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action, which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth and Chaucer's own; but I was undeceived by Boccace; for, casually looking on the end of his seventh *Giornata*, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself,) and Fiametta (who represents his mistress, the natural daughter of Robert, king of Naples,) of whom these words are spoken,—*Dioneo e lo Fiametta gran pezza cantarono insieme d' Arcita, e di Palamone:* by which it appears that this story was written before the time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties by passing through his noble hands. Besides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provençals, called "The Flower and the Leaf," with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself: not that I think it worth my time to enter the lists with one Milbourn and one Blackmore, but barely to take notice that such men there are who have written scurrilously against me, without any provocation.* Milbourn, who is in orders, pretends amongst the rest this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood. If I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own translations of Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. If (as they say he has declared in print)

* For other notices of Dryden's revilers, Milbourn and Blackmore, see the Epistle to John Driden, p. 326, and the Prologue to the Pilgrim, p. 483.

he prefers the version of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the same compliment; for it is agreed on all hands that he writes even below Ogilby. That you will say, is not easily to be done: but what cannot Milbourn bring about? I am satisfied, however, that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me; but, upon my honest word, I have not bribed him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. 'Tis true, I should be glad if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on anything of mine; for I find by experience he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains with my poetry; but nobody will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the church (as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts), I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turned myself out of my benefice by writing libels on my parishioners. But his account of my manners and my principles are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry: and so I have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard or Knight Physician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of "Absalom and Achitophel," which he thinks is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead: and therefore peace be to the manes of his Arthurs.* I will only say, that it was not for this noble knight that I drew the plan of an epic poem on King Arthur, in my preface to the translation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus.† Yet from that preface he plainly took his hint: for he began immediately upon the story; though he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor, but, instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality; and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses; and interpreted my words into blasphemy and bawdry, of which they were not guilty; besides that he is too much given to horse-play in his raillery; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say, The zeal of God's house has eaten him up; but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility. It might also be doubted whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays; a divine might have employed his pains to better

* Blackmore's two epic poems, "Prince Arthur" and "King Arthur."

† See Virgil's Æneas, vv. 394, seq. In the Trojan games in Sicily Dares refused to fight Entellus with the "cestus" of Eryx. *Cestus*, here called whirlbats by Dryden, is translated *gauntlets* in his Translation of Virgil. Virgil describes the make of these *cestus*:

"Tantorum ingentia septem
Terga boum plumbo insuta ferroque regebant."

Translated by Dryden:

"The gloves of death, with seven distinguished folds
Of tough bull-hides: the space within is spread
With iron or with loads of heavy lead."

purpose than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes; whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed, that he read them not without some pleasure. They who have written commentaries on these poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, or Martial, have explained some vices, which without their interpretation had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us.

There is more bawdry in one play of Fletcher's, called "The Custom of the Country," than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reformed now than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have some of them answered for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy that we should shun him. He has lost ground at the latter end of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the Prince of Condé at the battle of Senneffe: from immoral plays to no plays, *ab abusu ad usum non valet consequentia*. But being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourn are only distinguished from the crowd by being remembered to their infamy.

"Demetri, teque Tigelli
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras." *

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND,

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM OF

PALAMON AND ARCITE FROM CHAUCER.

MADAM,
The bard who first adorned our native tongue
Tuned to his British lyre this ancient song;
Which Homer might without a blush reherse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse: †
He matched their beauties, where they most excel;
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold
What power the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
Inspired by two fair eyes that sparkled like your own.
If Chaucer by the best idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,

* Hor. Sat. i. 10.

† Dryden here says of Chaucer in reference to Virgil what Juvenal said of Virgil in reference to Homer:

"Conditor Iliadis cantabitur, atque Maronis
Altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam."
JUVENAL, *Sat.* xi. 178.

The fairest nymph before his eyes he set;
And then the fairest was Plantagenet,
Who three contending princes made her prize,
And ruled the rival nations with her eyes;
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest order gave the name.*
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests, and extend your own:
As when the stars, in their etherial race,
At length have rolled around the liquid space,
At certain periods they resume their place,
From the same point of heaven their course advance,
And move in measures of their former dance;
Thus, after length of ages, she returns,
Restored in you, and the same place adorns:
Or you perform her office in the sphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new Platonic year.
O true Plantagenet, O race divine,
(For beauty still is fatal† to the line,)
Had Chaucer lived that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you lived to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight;
And conquering Theseus from his side had sent
Your generous lord, to guide the Theban government.
Time shall accomplish that; and I shall see
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the Fates your path prepared,
And sure presage your future sway declared:
When westward, like the sun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before
To smooth the seas; a soft Etesian gale‡
But just inspired, and gently swelled the sail;
Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand
Heaved up the lightened keel, and sunk the sand,§
And steered the sacred vessel safe to land.

* Scott thinks this Plantagenet lady was Blanche, first wife of John, duke of Gaunt. Mr. Craik, in his "History of English Literature" (vol. ii. p. 162), suggests that it is more likely to be Joan, daughter of Edmund of Woodstock, earl of Kent, second son of Edward I., famous as the Fair Maid of Kent, and married for the third and last time to Edward the Black Prince, by whom she was the mother of Richard II. She was firstly the wife of Thomas Holland, son of the Lord Holland, and secondly of William Montague, earl of Salisbury. Thus it may be explained how she made three contending princes her prize: and she is believed to be the Countess of Salisbury who gave the Order of the Garter its name. The daughter of the Duke of Beaufort lineally descended from Edward II. through John of Gaunt would be described as "of equal kindred to the throne" with the daughter of Edward I., and as "born of her blood."

† Fatal, in the sense of *fated, destined.*

‡ "Etesian gale," an annual wind here described as a soft one.

§ Portunus, the protector of harbours in Roman mythology. See "Astræa Redux," 121, and note. This is an imitation of Virgil:

> "Et pater ipse manu magna Portunus euntem
> Impulit."—*Æn.* v. 241.

The land, if not restrained, had met your way,*
Projected out a neck, and jutted to the sea.
Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, adored
In you the pledge of her expected lord,
Due to her isle; a venerable name;
His father and his grandsire known to fame;
Awed by that house, accustomed to command,
The sturdy kerns† in due subjection stand,
Nor hear the reins‡ in any foreign hand.
At your approach, they crowded to the port;
And scarcely landed, you create a court:
As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run,
For Venus is the promise of the Sun.§
The waste of civil wars, their towns destroyed,
Pales unhonoured, Ceres unemployed,‖
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
Wiped all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought,
So mighty recompense your beauty brought.
As when the dove returning bore the mark
Of earth restored to the long-labouring ark,
The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
Oped every window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message blessed:¶
So, when you came, with loud repeated cries,
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advanced his rainbow in the skies,
To sign inviolable peace restored;
The saints with solemn shouts proclaimed the new accord.
When at your second coming you appear,
(For I foretell that millenary year)
The sharpened share shall vex the soil no more,
But earth unbidden shall produce her store;
The land shall laugh, the circling ocean smile,
And Heaven's indulgence bless the holy isle.

* This idea is carried further in "Astræa Redux," where the land, unrestrained, meets Charles on his way back to England to be king:

"It is no longer motion cheats your view;
As you meet it, the land approacheth you."

† Kerns, Irish peasants. "The Irish kern" (Ann. Mirab. 157):

"Like a shag-haired crafty kern."
SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.* Part II. act iii. sc. 1.

‡ "To hear the reins" is a classical expression, which has been lost in all the modern editions after Derrick, who changed *hear* into *bear*.

"Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas."
VIRGIL, *Georg.* i. 514.

"The horse's ear," said Horace, "is in his bridled mouth."

"Equi frenato est auris in ore."
HOR. 1 Epod. xv. 13.

§ The Duchess of Ormond had gone to Ireland in 1697, followed shortly after by the Duke.

‖ Pales the goddess of sheep-pastures, and Ceres of corn.

¶ The simile of the dove was similarly used by Dryden in complimenting the Queen of England on her coming to the theatre in 1682. See the Prologue, p. 136.

Heaven from all ages has reserved for you
That happy clime, which venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have power to chase all poison, but their own.
Now in this interval, which Fate has cast
Betwixt your future glories and your past,
This pause of power, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn;
While England celebrates your safe return,
By which you seem the seasons to command,
And bring our summers back to their forsaken land.
The vanquished isle our leisure must attend,
Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send;
Nor can we spare you long, though often we may lend.
The dove was twice employed abroad, before
The world was dried, and she returned no more.
Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,
New from her sickness, to that northern air;*
Rest here awhile your lustre to restore,
That they may see you, as you shone before;
For yet, the eclipse not wholly past, you wade
Through some remains and dimness of a shade.
A subject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor suffer him with strength impaired to fight;
Till force returns, his ardour we restrain,
And curb his warlike wish to cross the main.
Now past the danger, let the learned begin
The inquiry, where disease could enter in;
How those malignant atoms forced their way,
What in the faultless frame they found to make their prey,
Where every element was weighed so well,
That Heaven alone, who mixed the mass, could tell
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, imprisoned in so sweet a cage,
A soul might well be pleased to pass an age.
And yet the fine materials made it weak;
Porcelain by being pure is apt to break.
Even to your breast the sickness durst aspire,
And forced from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely set the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord, like young Vespasian,† mourned,
When the fierce flames the sanctuary burned;
And I prepared to pay in verses rude
A most detested act of gratitude:
Even this had been your Elegy, which now
Is offered for your health, the table of my vow.‡

* The Duchess had lately recovered from a fever.

† "Young Vespasian," the Emperor Titus, son of the Emperor Vespasian, who when young, serving under his father, directed the siege of Jerusalem and took it by storm, and is said to have wept at the destruction of the Temple.

‡ "The table of my vow;" *votiva tabella* (Horace, 2 Sat. i. 33), *tabula votiva* (Horace, 1 Od. v. 31). This *tabula* or *tabella* was a picture of a shipwreck placed by one who had escaped from it in the Temple of Neptune or some other sea-god. "Nonne animadvertis ex tot tabulis pictis

Your angel sure our Morley's mind inspired,*
To find the remedy your ill required;
As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolemy:†
Or Heaven, which had such over-cost bestowed
As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
So liked the frame, he would not work anew,
To save the charges of another you;
Or by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good appear,
Well worth a miracle to keep you here,
And for that end preserved the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated, in his better mind,
An heir from you who‡ may redeem the failing kind.
Blessed be the power which has at once restored
The hopes of lost succession to your lord;
Joy to the first and last of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and, what I longed to see,
To you the Graces, and the Muse to me.
O daughter of the Rose, whose cheeks unite
The differing titles of the Red and White;
Who heaven's alternate beauty well display,
The blush of morning and the milky way;
Whose face is Paradise, but fenced from sin;
For God in either eye has placed a cherubin.§
All is your lord's alone; even absent, he
Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
For him you waste in tears your widowed hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flowers;
Such works of old imperial dames were taught,
Such for Ascanius fair Elisa‖ wrought.
The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a son,
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

quam multi votis vim tempestatis effugerint?" (Cicero, Ep. ad Atticum, xii. 43.) *Table* was used in Dryden's time for *tablet*.

* Dr. Morley was her physician.

† Ptolemy Soter (the First) having been wounded with a poisoned arrow, Alexander the Great is said to have had a remedy for his friend's wound suggested to him in a dream. Ptolemy had before been instrumental in saving Alexander's life.

‡ *Which* is incorrectly printed instead of *who* in all modern editions after Derrick.

§ The French word *chérubin* used by Dryden for *cherub;* it occurs also in Shakespeare.

‖ Dido.

PALAMON AND ARCITE, OR THE KNIGHT'S TALE;

FROM CHAUCER.*

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

In days of old there lived, of mighty fame,
A valiant Prince, and Theseus was his name;
A chief, who more in feats of arms excelled,
The rising nor the setting sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior Queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquered, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theseus ride,
With Love to friend, and Fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way;
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy Queen and hero Knight;
The town besieged, and how much blood it cost
The female army, and the Athenian host;
The spousals of Hippolyta the Queen;
What tilts and turneys at the feast were seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies' fear:
But these and other things I must forbear.
The field is spacious I design to sow
With oxen far unfit to draw the plough:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their turn,
As was at first enjoined us by mine host,
That he, whose tale is best and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.

* Dryden printed Chaucer's Tales with his own versions, and Scott has printed them also in his edition. Dryden's versions are very free, with frequent considerable amplification and introduction of new ideas; and the difference of metre changes the character of the poetry. The story of Palamon and Arcite had been told, before Chaucer, by Boccacio in his "Theseide," and Chaucer probably took it from Boccacio. Chaucer put it into the mouth of the Knight, among the Pilgrims who, on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, told each other tales for amusement: hence the second name of "The Knight's Tale." Dryden has divided this tale into three books.

And therefore where I left, I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The Prince I mentioned, full of high renown,
In this array drew near the Athenian town;
When, in his pomp and utmost of his pride
Marching, he chanced to cast his eye aside,
And saw a quire of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:
At his approach they raised a rueful cry,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on high,
Creeping and crying, till they seized at last
His courser's bridle and his feet embraced.
"Tell me," said Theseus, "what and whence you are,
"And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
"Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
"To meet my triumph in ill-omened weeds?
"Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
"With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
"Or are you injured, and demand relief?
"Name your request, and I will ease your grief."
The most in years of all the mourning train
Began; but swounded* first away for pain;
Then scarce recovered spoke: "Nor envy we
"Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
"'Tis thine, O King, the afflicted to redress,
"And fame has filled the world with thy success:
"We wretched women sue for that alone,
"Which of thy goodness is refused to none;
"Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
"If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief;
"For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
"But held the rank of sovereign queen before;
"Till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears
"That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
"She cast us headlong from our high estate,
"And here in hope of thy return we wait,
"And long have waited in the temple nigh,
"Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.
"But reverence thou the power whose name it bears,
"Relieve the oppressed, and wipe the widows' tears.
"I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
"The wife of Capaneus, and once a Queen;
"At Thebes he fell; cursed be the fatal day!
"And all the rest thou seest in this array
"To make their moan their lords in battle lost,
"Before that town besieged by our confederate host.

* In the first folio edition the word is *sounded*, which must be a misprint for *swounded*. In the second edition, 1713, it was printed *swooned*, and this has been followed by all subsequent editors. *Swound* occurs in line 537 of this Book; but though there required to rhyme with *drowned* and *sound*, most of the modern editions have *swoon*: and so again in Book III. line 982.

"But Creon, old and impious, who commands
"The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
"Denies the rites of funeral fires to those
"Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
"Unburned, unburied, on a heap they lie;
"Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
"No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
"But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed."
At this she shrieked aloud; the mournful train
Echoed her grief, and grovelling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind.
The Prince was touched, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sighed; and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising one by one the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he revenged their wrongs;
That Greece should see performed what he declared,
And cruel Creon find his just reward.
He said no more, but shunning all delay
Rode on, nor entered Athens on his way;
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And waved his royal banner in the wind,
Where in an argent field the God of War
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car;
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead seemed to glow with fire;
Even the ground glittered where the standard flew,
And the green grass was dyed to sanguine hue.
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquered Minotaur:
The soldiers shout around with generous rage,
And in that victory their own presage.
He praised their ardour, inly pleased to see
His host, the flower of Grecian chivalry.
All day he marched, and all the ensuing night,
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquered, and how Creon fell;
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sacked and burned the town;
How to the ladies he restored again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain;
And with what ancient rites they were interred;
All these to fitter time shall be deferred:
I spare the widows' tears, their woful cries,
And howling at their husbands' obsequies;

How Theseus at these funerals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismissed.
Thus when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquered Thebes, he pitched upon the plain
His mighty camp, and when the day returned,
The country wasted and the hamlets burned,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load oppressed
Of slaughtered foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument.
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seemed,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deemed;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats were the same:
Close by each other laid they pressed the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierced with many a grisly wound;
Nor well alive nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear;
The wandering breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heaved the heart.
These two were sisters' sons; and Arcite one,
Much famed in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both conveyed to Theseus' tent:
Whom, known of Creon's line and cured with care,
He to his city sent as prisoners of the war;
Hopeless of ransom, and condemned to lie
In durance, doomed a lingering death to die.
This done, he marched away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turned with laurels crowned,
Where happy long he lived, much loved, and more renowned.
But in a tower, and never to be loosed,
The woful captive kinsmen are enclosed.
Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once ('twas on the morn of cheerful May)
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
(For with the rosy colour strove her hue,)
Waked, as her custom was, before the day,
To do the observance due to sprightly May;*

* "To do the observance due to sprightly May." Compare Book II. line 44. "To do observance to flowery May" occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Two Noble Kinsmen," act 2, scene 5. The lines in Chaucer are:

"Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all redy dight;
For May wol have no slogardie a-night:
The season priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte,
And sayth, 'Arise, and do thin observance.'
This maketh Emelie have remembraunce
To don honour to May, and for to rise."

For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep;
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguished loves.
In this remembrance Emily ere day
Arose, and dressed herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair,
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wantoned in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chased the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden-walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.
  At every turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose; and every rose she drew,
She shook the stalk, and brushed away the dew;
Then party-coloured flowers of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and carolled out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear;
Even wondering Philomel forgot to sing,
And learned from her to welcome in the spring.
The tower, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall;
The garden was enclosed within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.
  It happened Palamon, the prisoner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And with his jailor's leave desired to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath.
This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Cheered with the promise of a glorious day;
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crowned
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sighed, and turned his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger jail he had in view;
Then looked below, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight;
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In spring's new livery clad of white and green,
Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks between.
This viewed, but not enjoyed, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wished he never had been born.
At last (for so his destiny required),

With walking giddy, and with thinking tired,
He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars,* that gave a scanty light;
But even that glimmering served him to descry
The inevitable charms of Emily.
Scarce had he seen, but, seized with sudden smart,
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpowering light he stood,
Then started back amazed, and cried aloud.
Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embraced;
And asked him why he looked so deadly wan,
And whence, and how, his change of cheer† began?
Or who had done the offence? "But if," said he,
"Your grief alone is hard captivity,
"For love of Heaven with patience undergo
"A cureless ill, since Fate will have it so:
"So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
"And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
"Or other baleful aspect, ruled our birth,
"When all the friendly stars were under earth;
"Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done;
"And better bear like men than vainly seek to shun."
"Nor of my bonds," said Palamon again,
"Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
"But when my mortal anguish caused my cry,
"The moment I was hurt through either eye;
"Pierced with a random shaft, I faint away,
"And perish with insensible decay:
"A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
"Whom, like Actæon, unaware I found.
"Look how she walks along yon shady space;
"Not Juno moves with more majestic grace,
"And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
"If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess
"That face was formed in heaven), nor art thou less,
"Disguised in habit, undisguised in shape,
"O help us captives from our chains to scape!
"But if our doom be past in bonds to lie
"For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
"Then be thy wrath appeased with our disgrace,
"And show compassion to the Theban race,
"Oppressed by tyrant power!"—While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fixed his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found
And deep within his heart infixed the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he or more:

* "Thick of bars." Compare "of conquests thick" in Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell, 14, where see note. Chaucer's words here are, "Through a window thickke of many a barre."
† *Cheer*, countenance. So in Book II. line 83, and in "The Hind and the Panther" part 3, line 437.

Then from his inmost soul he sighed, and said,
" The beauty I behold has struck me dead :
" Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance ;
" Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance.
" Oh, I must ask ; nor ask alone, but move
" Her mind to mercy, or must die for love."
Thus Arcite : and thus Palamon replies
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes,)
" Speakst thou in earnest, or in jesting vein ? "
" Jesting," said Arcite, " suits but ill with pain."
" It suits far worse," (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows,) " with men who honour weigh,
" Their faith to break, their friendship to betray ;
" But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
" My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
" Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
" That one should be the common good of both ;
" One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
" His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love ?
" To this before the Gods we gave our hands,
" And nothing but our death can break the bands.
" This binds thee, then, to farther my design,
" As I am bound by vow to farther thine :
" Nor canst, nor darest thou, traitor, on the plain
" Appeach* my honour, or thy own maintain,
" Since thou art of my council, and the friend
" Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend.
" And wouldst thou court my lady's love, which I
" Much rather than release, would choose to die ?
" But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain,
" Thy bad pretence ; I told thee first my pain :
" For first my love began ere thine was born ;
" Thou as my council, and my brother sworn,
" Art bound to assist my eldership of right,
" Or justly to be deemed a perjured knight."
Thus Palamon : but Arcite with disdain
In haughty language thus replied again :
" Forsworn thyself : the traitor's odious name
" I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
" If love be passion, and that passion nurst
" With strong desires, I loved the lady first.
" Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflamed
" To worship, and a power celestial named ?
" Thine was devotion to the blest above,
" I saw the woman, and desired her love ;
" First owned my passion, and to thee commend
" The important secret, as my chosen friend.
" Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
" A moment elder than my rival fire ;

* *Appeach* occurs in Dryden's "Conquest of Granada," part 2, act 3, scene 2: "We appeach the queen."

"Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
"And knowst thou not, no law is made for love?
"Law is to things which to free choice relate;
"Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
"Laws are not positive; love's power we see
"Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.
"Each day we break the bond of human laws
"For love, and vindicate the common cause.
"Laws for defence of civil rights are placed,
"Love throws the fences down, and makes a general waste.
"Maids, widows, wives without distinction fall;
"The sweeping deluge, love, comes on and covers all.
"If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
"I keep the greater, while I break the less;
"And both are mad alike, since neither can possess.
"Both hopeless to be ransomed, never more
"To see the sun, but as he passes o'er.
"Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,*
"Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone;
"The fruitless fight continued all the day,
"A cur came by and snatched the prize away.
"As courtiers therefore justle for a grant,
"And when they break their friendship, plead their want,
"So thou, if Fortune will thy suit advance,
"Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:
"For I must love, and am resolved to try
"My fate, or failing in the adventure die."
Great was their strife, which hourly was renewed,
Till each with mortal hate his rival viewed:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
But when they met, they made a surly stand,
And glared like angry lions as they passed,
And wished that every look might be their last.
It chanced at length, Pirithous came to attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend:
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripened into man,
Companions of the war; and loved so well,
That when one died, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.
But to pursue my tale: to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since,
And honoured by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,

* The grammatical construction here is not perfect, and some editors have thought that Dryden interrupted Arcite's speech and spoke in his own person the story of the hounds. But this obviously is a mistake. The word "like" belongs to the whole of the simile. There is a similar construction in "Astræa Redux," line 148. There is no doubt in Chaucer: "We strive as did the houndes for the bone."

Restored to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite :
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of the offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.
Unpleased and pensive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,*
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
" What have I gained," he said, " in prison pent,
" If I but change my bonds for banishment?
" And banished from her sight, I suffer more
" In freedom than I felt in bonds before;
" Forced from her presence and condemned to live,
" Unwelcome freedom and unthanked reprieve :
" Heaven is not but where Emily abides,
" And where she's absent, all is hell besides.
" Next to my day of birth, was that accurst
" Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first :
" Had I not known that prince, I still had been
" In bondage, and had still Emilia seen :
" For though I never can her grace deserve,
" 'Tis recompense enough to see and serve.
" O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
" How much more happy fates thy love attend !
" Thine is the adventure, thine the victory,
" Well has thy fortune turned the dice for thee :
" Thou on that angel's face mayest feed thy eyes,
" In prison, no ; but blissful paradise !
" Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
" And lovest at least in love's extremest line.
" I mourn in absence, love's eternal night;
" And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
" And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
" Fortune (a various power) may cease to frown,
" And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
" But I, the most forlorn of human kind,
" Nor help can hope nor remedy can find ;
" But doomed to drag my loathsome life in care,
" For my reward, must end it in despair.
" Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
" That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
" Nor art, nor Nature's hand can ease my grief ;
" Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief :
" Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell
" With youth and life, and life itself, farewell !

* For this interrogative turn, compare Book II. line 426, and also "The Hind and the Panther," part 3, line 566: "Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone?"

"But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
"Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?
"God gives us what he knows our wants require,
"And better things than those which we desire:
"Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
"But, watched by robbers, for their wealth are slain;
"Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
"When guilty of their vows,* to fall at home;
"Murdered by those they trusted with their life,
"A favoured servant or a bosom wife.
"Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
"Because we know not for what things to pray.
"Like drunken sots about the streets we roam:
"Well knows the sot he has a certain home,
"Yet knows not how to find the uncertain place,
"And blunders on, and staggers every pace.
"Thus all seek happiness; but few can find,
"For far the greater part of men are blind.
"This is my case, who thought our utmost good
"Was in one word of freedom understood:
"The fatal blessing came: from prison free,
"I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily."
Thus Arcite: but if Arcite thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath; he makes outrageous moan;
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground;
The hollow tower with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bathed his fettered feet,
And dropped all o'er with agony of sweat.
"Alas!" he cried, "I, wretch, in prison pine,
"Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
"Thou livest at large, thou drawest thy native air,
"Pleased with thy freedom, proud of my despair:
"Thou mayest, since thou hast youth and courage joined,
"A sweet behaviour and a solid mind,
"Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
"To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
"And after (by some treaty made) possess
"Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
"So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
"Must languish in despair, in prison die.
"Thus all the advantage of the strife is thine,
"Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows mine."
The rage of jealousy then fired his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.

* A Latinism: "voti reus." (Virg. Æn. v. 237.)

Then thus he said: "Eternal Deities,
"Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
"And write whatever time shall bring to pass
"With pens of adamant on plates of brass;
"What is the race of human kind your care
"Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
"He with the rest is liable to pain,
"And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain.
"Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
"All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure;
"Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail,
"When the good suffer and the bad prevail?
"What worse to wretched virtue could befal,
"If Fate or giddy Fortune governed all?
"Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate:
"Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create;
"We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
"And your commands, not our desires, fulfil:
"Then, when the creature is unjustly slain,
"Yet, after death at least, he feels no pain;
"But man in life surcharged with woe before,
"Not freed when dead, is doomed to suffer more.
"A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;
"An ambushed thief forelays a traveller;
"The man lies murdered, while the thief and snake,
"One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.
"This let divines decide; but well I know,
"Just or unjust, I have my share of woe:
"Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
"And Juno's wrath that persecutes my race;
"Or Mars and Venus in a quartil* move
"My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love."
Let Palamon oppressed in bondage mourn,
While to his exiled rival we return.
By this the sun, declining from his height,
The day had shortened to prolong the night:
The lengthened night gave length of misery,
Both to the captive lover and the free:
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns;
The banished never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty.
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains;
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains;
One free, and all his motions uncontrolled,
Beholds whate'er he would but what he would behold.
Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banished knight befel.
When Arcite was to Thebes returned again,
The loss of her he loved renewed his pain;

* Dryden has introduced Mars and the quartil; they are not in Chaucer.

What could be worse than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
He raved with all the madness of despair,
He roared, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For wanting nourishment, he wanted tears;
His eyeballs in their hollow sockets sink,
Bereft of sleep; he loathes his meat and drink;
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murdered man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves;
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone;
Nor, mixed in mirth, in youthful pleasure shares,
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
His spirits are so low, his voice is drowned,
He hears as from afar, or in a swound,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
Uncombed his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love and gay desire;
But full of museful mopings, which presage
The loss of reason and conclude in rage.
  This when he had endured a year and more,
Now wholly changed from what he was before,
It happened once, that, slumbering as he lay,
He dreamt (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appeared,
And with soft words his drooping spirits cheered;
His hat adorned with wings disclosed the god,
And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod;
Such as he seemed, when, at his sire's command,
On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.*
"Arise," he said, "to conquering Athens go;
"There Fate appoints an end of all thy woe."
The fright awakened Arcite with a start,
Against his bosom bounced his heaving heart;
But soon he said, with scarce recovered breath,
"And thither will I go to meet my death,
"Sure to be slain; but death is my desire,
"Since in Emilia's sight I shall expire."
By chance he spied a mirror while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his altered look;
Wondering, he saw his features and his hue
So much were changed, that scarce himself he knew.
A sudden thought then starting in his mind,
"Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
"The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
"But never penetrate through this disguise.

* Argus of the hundred eyes, who was lulled to sleep by Mercury, by command of Jupiter, Juno having set Argus to watch Io.

" Thanks to the change which grief and sickness give,
" In low estate I may securely live,
" And see, unknown, my mistress day by day."
He said, and clothed himself in coarse array,
A labouring hind in show ; then forth he went,
And to the Athenian towers his journey bent :
One squire attended in the same disguise,
Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
Arrived at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestioned in that thick resort :
Proffering for hire his service at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So fair befel him, that for little gain
He served at first Emilia's chamberlain ;
And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye ;
And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
Refused no toil that could to slaves belong ;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And used his noble hands the wood to hew.
He passed a year at least attending thus
On Emily, and called Philostratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much esteemed, so well beloved as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was blown :
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace ;
That exercised within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite praised,
And by great Theseus to high favour raised ;
Among his menial servants first enrolled,
And largely entertained with sums of gold :
Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income and his annual rent.
This well employed, he purchased friends and fame,
But cautiously concealed from whence it came.
Thus for three years he lived with large increase
In arms of honour, and esteem in peace ;
To Theseus' person he was ever near,
And Theseus for his virtues held him dear.

PALAMON AND ARCITE, OR THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.

While Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immured, the captive knight
Had dragged his chains, and scarcely seen the light:
Lost liberty and love at once he bore;
His prison pained him much, his passion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.
But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins received the sun,
Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny,
Which forms in causes first whate'er shall be,
Assisted by a friend one moonless night,*
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant beverage he prepared before
Of wine and honey mixed, with added store
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallowed unaware the sleepy draught,
And snored secure till morn, his senses bound
In slumber, and in long oblivion drowned.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising sun.
A thick-spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthened strides he took his way,
(For far he could not fly, and feared the day.)
Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next design
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theseus, till he lost his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the lingering day beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our style;†
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
Till treacherous fortune caught him in the snare.
The morning-lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;

* Chaucer says the third night of May, "the thridde night," and "sone after the midnight." It was therefore the morning of the fourth day of May; and the fourth day was Friday, the day of Venus. See below, line 84.

† *Style* is here used in the sense of the Latin *stylus* or *stilus*, a pen or pencil of iron or brass with which tablets of wax were written on. There is a corresponding use of the verb in "Absalom and Achitophel," part 2, line 1051 (Tate's portion).

And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all the horizon laughed to see the joyous sight;
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the dropping* leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, resolved to pay
Observance to the month of merry May,†
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seemed, and prancing o'er the plains,
Turned only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I named before, and, lighting there,
A woodbind garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turned his face against the rising day,
And raised his voice to welcome in the May:
"For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
"If not the first, the fairest of the year:
"For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
"And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
"When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
"The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
"So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
"Nor goats with venomed teeth thy tendrils bite,
"As thou shalt guide my wandering feet to find
"The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."
His vows addressed, within the grove he strayed,
Till Fate or Fortune near the place conveyed
His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who flying death had there concealed his flight,
In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mortal sight;
And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But feared him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been said of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes and woods have ears,‡
For this the wise are ever on their guard,
For unforeseen, they say, is unprepared.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon,
Who, listening, heard him, while he searched the grove,
And loudly sung his roundelay of love:
But on the sudden stopped, and silent stood,
(As lovers often muse, and change their mood;)
Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell,
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well:
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,§
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.

* *Dropping*, incorrectly changed to *drooping* in all modern editions.
† Chaucer has, "And for to don his observance to May." See Book I. line 175, and note.
‡ There is an old monkish line:

"Campus habet lumen, et habet nemus auris acumen."

§ *Cheer*, countenance, aspect. See Book I. line 240, and note.

Thus Arcite, having sung, with altered hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desperate sigh, accusing Heaven and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate:
"Cursed be the day when first I did appear;
"Let it be blotted from the calendar,
"Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the year.
"Still will the jealous Queen pursue our race?
"Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
"Yet ceases not her hate; for all who come
"From Cadmus are involved in Cadmus' doom.
"I suffer for my blood: unjust decree,
"That punishes another's crime on me.
"In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
"The man who caused my country's overthrow.
"This is not all; for Juno, to my shame,
"Has forced me to forsake my former name;
"Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
"That side of heaven is all my enemy:
"Mars ruined Thebes; his mother ruined me.
"Of all the royal race remains but one
"Besides myself, the unhappy Palamon,
"Whom Theseus holds in bonds and will not free;
"Without a crime, except his kin to me.
"Yet these and all the rest I could endure;
"But love's a malady without a cure:
"Fierce Love has pierced me with his fiery dart,
"He fries* within, and hisses at my heart.
"Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue;
"I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
"Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
"Who burned the temple where she was adored:†
"And let it burn, I never will complain,
"Pleased with my sufferings, if you knew my pain."
At this a sickly qualm his heart assailed,
His ears ring inward, and his senses failed.
No word missed Palamon of all he spoke;
But soon to deadly pale he changed his look:
He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart;
Nor longer stayed, but starting from his place,
Discovered stood, and showed his hostile face:

* Dryden's word *fries* was changed in the second edition (1713) into *fires*, which has reappeared in almost all later editions. Scott has the right word. Dryden frequently uses the word *fry* in the same way:

"Like water given to those whom fevers fry."
Maiden Queen, act 3, scene 1.

"The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
They fried with heat, and I with fierce desire."
Translation of Virgil's Eclogues, ii. 13.

† These two lines are taken from a song of Thomas Carew, called "The Cruel Mistress," printed in the "Miscellany Poems," v. 136, ed. 1716.

"False traitor, Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
"Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
"Now art thou found forsworn for Emily,
"And darest attempt her love, for whom I die.
"So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
"Against thy vow, returning to beguile
"Under a borrowed name: as false to me,
"So false thou art to him who set thee free.
"But rest assured, that either thou shalt die,
"Or else renounce thy claim in Emily;
"For though unarmed I am, and, freed by chance,
"Am here without my sword or pointed lance,
"Hope not, base man, unquestioned hence to go,
"For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe."
Arcite, who heard his tale and knew the man,
His sword unsheathed, and fiercely thus began:
"Now, by the gods who govern heaven above,
"Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
"That word had been thy last; or in this grove
"This hand should force thee to renounce thy love;
"The surety which I gave thee I defy:
"Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
"And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.*
"Know, I will serve the fair in thy despite;
"But since thou art my kinsman and a knight,
"Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
"Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:
"And Heaven so help my right, as I alone
"Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both unknown,
"With arms of proof both for myself and thee;
"Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
"And, that at better ease thou mayest abide,
"Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
"And needful sustenance, that thou mayest be
"A conquest better won, and worthy me."
His promise Palamon accepts; but prayed,
To keep it better than the first he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn;
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
Oh Love! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign!
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
This was in Arcite proved and Palamon:
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite returned, and, as in honour tied,
His foe with bedding and with food supplied;
Then, ere the day, two suits of armour sought,
Which borne before him on his steed he brought:
Both were of shining steel, and wrought so pure
As might the strokes of two such arms endure.

* "Jupiter ex alto perjuria ridet amantum."—TIBULLUS, iii. 6, 49.

Now, at the time, and in the appointed place,
The challenger and challenged, face to face,
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred changed their hue.
So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,*
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees:
And thinks, Here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A generous chillness seizes every part,
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the heart.
Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn;
None greets, for none the greeting will return;
But in dumb surliness each armed with care
His foe professed, as brother of the war;
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, armed with sword and lance:
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And wounded wound, till both were bathed in blood
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the spot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger fared,
And like a lion Palamon appeared:
Or, as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles and with frothy jaws,
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they wound
With grunts and groans the forest rings around.
So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
Till Fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.
The power that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what Heaven foresees,
Called Providence, or Chance, or Fatal sway,
Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her way.
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power
One moment can retard the appointed hour;
And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,
Which happened not in centuries of years:
For sure, whate'er we mortals hate or love
Or hope or fear depends on powers above:
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foresight necessitate the will.
In Theseus this appears, whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy;
This gentle knight, inspired by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.

* *Hopes*, expects: compare *unhoped* in "Astræa Redux," 140.

Beside him rode Hippolyta the queen,
And Emily attired in lively green,
With horns and hounds and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And, as he followed Mars before, so now
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
The way that Theseus took was to the wood,
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
The laund* on which they fought, the appointed place
In which the uncoupled hounds began the chase.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
That shaded by the fern in harbour lay;
And thence dislodged, was wont to leave the wood
For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
Approached, and looking underneath the sun,
He saw proud Arcite and fierce Palamon,
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow;
Like lightning flamed their fauchions to and fro,
And shot a dreadful gleam; so strong they strook,
There seemed less force required to fell an oak.
He gazed with wonder on their equal might,
Looked eager on, but knew not either knight.
Resolved to learn, he spurred his fiery steed
With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So soon he was betwixt them on the place;
And with his sword unsheathed, on pain of life
Commands both combatants to cease their strife;
Then with imperious tone pursues his threat:
"What are you? why in arms together met?
"How dares your pride presume against my laws,
"As in a listed field to fight your cause,
"Unasked the royal grant; no marshal by,
"As knightly rites require, nor judge to try?"
Then Palamon, with scarce recovered breath,
Thus hasty spoke: "We both deserve the death,
"And both would die; for look the world around,
"A pair so wretched is not to be found.
"Our life's a load; encumbered with the charge,
"We long to set the imprisoned soul at large.
"Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
"The rightful doom of death to him and me;
"Let neither find thy grace, for grace is cruelty.

* This old word *laund* is turned into *lawn* by all modern editors, including Scott. *Laund* is Chaucer's word, preserved by Dryden. A laund was a park in a forest; Coles in his English Dictionary, 1696, gives the meaning, "plain untilled ground in a park."

"Then went they downe into a launde
These noble archers thre,
Each of them slew a hart of greeve,
The best that they cold se."

(Ballad of "Adam Bell" in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.*)

" Me first, O kill me first, and cure my woe ;
" Then sheath the sword of justice on my foe ;
" Or kill him first, for when his name is heard,
" He foremost will receive his due reward.
" Arcite of Thebes is he, thy mortal foe,
" On whom thy grace did liberty bestow ;
" But first contracted, that, if ever found
" By day or night upon the Athenian ground,
" His head should pay the forfeit ; see returned
" The perjured knight, his oath and honour scorned :
" For this is he, who, with a borrowed name
" And proferred* service, to thy palace came,
" Now called Philostratus ; retained by thee,
" A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
" Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
" My part remains, from Thebes my birth I own,
" And call myself the unhappy Palamon.
" Think me not like that man ; since no disgrace
" Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
" Know me for what I am : I broke thy chain,
" Nor promised I thy prisoner to remain :
" The love of liberty with life is given,
" And life it self the inferior gift of Heaven.
" Thus without crime I fled ; but farther know,
" I, with this Arcite, am thy mortal foe :
" Then give me death, since I thy life pursue ;
" For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
" More wouldst thou know ? I love bright Emily,
" And for her sake and in her sight will die :
" But kill my rival too, for he no less
" Deserves ; and I thy righteous doom will bless,
" Assured that what I lose he never shall possess."
To this replied the stern Athenian Prince,
And sourly smiled : " In owning your offence
" You judge your self, and I but keep record
" In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
" Take your desert, the death you have decreed ;
" I seal your doom, and ratify the deed :
" By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die."
He said ; dumb sorrow seized the standers-by.
The Queen, above the rest, by nature good,
(The pattern formed of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept : when she began,
Through the bright quire the infectious virtue ran.
All dropt their tears, even the contended maid ;
And thus among themselves they softly said :
" What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight !
" Two youths of royal blood, renowned in fight,

* Dryden's spelling with one *f* retained here, as also in "The Hind and the Panther," part 3, line 766. This occasional spelling is probably imitated from the French.

" The mastership of Heaven in face and mind,
" And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind :
" See their wide streaming wounds ; they neither came
" From* pride of empire nor desire of fame :
" Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause ;
" But love for love alone, that crowns the lover's cause."
This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,
Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place,
From the fierce King implored the offenders' grace.
He paused a while, stood silent in his mood ;
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood:)
But soon his tender mind the impression felt.
(As softest metals are not slow to melt
And pity soonest runs in gentle† minds :)
Then reasons with himself ; and first he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made or magnified the offence.
Offence? Of what? To whom? Who judged the cause?
The prisoner freed himself by Nature's laws ;
Born free, he sought his right ; the man he freed
Was perjured, but his love excused the deed :
Thus pondering, he looked under with his eyes,
And saw the women's tears, and heard their cries,
Which moved compassion more ; he shook his head,
And softly sighing to himself he said :
" Curse on the unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw
" To no remorse, who rules by lion's law ;
" And deaf to prayers, by no submission bowed,
" Rends all alike, the penitent and proud ! "
At this with look serene he raised his head ;
Reason resumed her place, and passion fled :
Then thus aloud he spoke :—" The power of Love,
" In earth, and seas, and air, and heaven above,
" Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod,
" By daily miracles declared a god ;
" He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind ;
" And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
" Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
" Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
" What hindered either in their native soil
" At ease to reap the harvest of their toil ?
" But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
" And brought them, in their own despite again,
" To suffer death deserved ; for well they know
" 'Tis in my power, and I their deadly foe.

* *From* changed to *for* in modern editions.
† *Gentle*, Dryden's word, changed in most modern editions to *softest*. Scott has *gentle*. Chaucer's word is *gentle* also :

" For pitee renneth sone in gentil hertes."

" The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
" Is hardly granted to the gods above.*
" See how the madmen bleed ! behold the gains
" With which their master, Love, rewards their pains !
" For seven long years, on duty every day,
" Lo ! their obedience, and their monarch's pay !
" Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on ;
" And ask the fools, they think it wisely done ;
" Nor ease nor wealth nor life it self regard,
" For 'tis their maxim, love is love's reward.
" This is not all ; the fair, for whom they strove,
" Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
" Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
" Her beauty was the occasion of the war.
" But sure a general doom on man is past,
" And all are fools and lovers, first or last :
" This both by others and my self I know,
" For I have served their sovereign long ago ;
" Oft have been caught within the winding train
" Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
" And learned how far the god can human hearts constrain.
" To this remembrance, and the prayers of those
" Who for the offending warriors interpose,
" I give their forfeit lives, on this accord,
" To do me homage as their sovereign lord ;
" And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
" Assist my person and assert my right."
This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtained ;
Then thus the King his secret thought explained :
" If wealth or honour or a royal race,
" Or each or all, may win a lady's grace,
" Then either of you knights may well deserve
" A princess born ; and such is she you serve :
" For Emily is sister to the crown,
" And but too well to both her beauty known :
" But should you combat till you both were dead,
" Two lovers cannot share a single bed.
" As, therefore, both are equal in degree,
" The lot of both be left to destiny.
" Now hear the award, and happy may it prove
" To her, and him who best deserves her love.
" Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
" Search the wide world, and where you please repair ;
" But on the day when this returning sun
" To the same point through every sign has run,
" Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring
" In royal lists, to fight before the king ;

* " Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur."
PUBL. SYR.

But *adeo* for *deo* is another reading in this line of Publius Syrus.

" And then the knight, whom Fate or happy Chance
" Shall with his friends to victory advance,
" And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
" From out the bars to force his opposite,
" Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
" The prize of valour and of love shall gain ;
" The vanquished party shall their claim release,
" And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
" The charge be mine to adorn the chosen ground,
" The theatre of war, for champions so renowned ;
" And take the patron's place of either knight,
" With eyes impartial to behold the fight ;
" And Heaven of me so judge as I shall judge aright.
" If both are satisfied with this accord,
" Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword."
Who now but Palamon exults with joy ?
And ravished Arcite seems to touch the sky.
The whole assembled troop was pleased as well,
Extolled* the award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious King. The knights, with leave
Departing from the place, his last commands receive ;
On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inspiration took :
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.
It might be deemed, on our historian's part,
Or too much negligence or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expense.
He first enclosed for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around ;
The form was circular ; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within, an amphitheatre appeared,
Raised in degrees, to sixty paces reared :
That when a man was placed in one degree,
Height was allowed for him above to see.
Eastward was built a gate of marble white ;
The like adorned the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabric was
Rome never saw, nor of so vast a space :
For, rich with spoils of many a conquered land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command,
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame ;
The master-painters and the carvers came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eastern gate was raised above
A temple, sacred to the Queen of Love ;

* *Extolled* was changed in Derrick's edition, probably by a misprint, to *extol*, and the obvious mistake has been copied by all succeeding editors.

An altar stood below ; on either hand
A priest with roses crowned, who held a myrtle wand.
The dome of Mars was on the gate opposed,
And on the north a turret was enclosed
Within the wall of alabaster white
And crimson coral, for the Queen of Night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.
Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery ;
Where every figure to the life expressed
The godhead's power to whom it was addressed.
In Venus' temple on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamoured men ;
Prayers that even spoke, and pity seemed to call,
And issuing sighs that smoked along the wall ;
Complaints and hot desires, the lover's hell,
And scalding tears that wore a channel where they fell ;
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries ;
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring Joy,
And Sorceries, to raise the infernal powers,
And Sigils framed in planetary hours ;
Expense, and After-thought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley hue, and dark Despair ;
Suspicions and fantastical Surmise,
And Jealousy suffused, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she viewed, in tawny dressed,
Down-looked, and with a cuckow on her fist.
Opposed to her, on the other side advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels and music, poetry and play,
And balls by night, and turnaments by day.
All these were painted on the wall, and more ;
With acts and monuments of times before ;
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come :
For there the Idalian mount, and Citheron,
The court of Venus, was in colours drawn ;
Before the palace gate, in careless dress
And loose array, sat portress Idleness ;
There by the fount Narcissus pined alone ;
There Samson* was ; with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love undone.
Medea's charms were there ; Circean feasts,
With bowls that turned enamoured youths to beasts.
Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess to the power of love submit ;

* Samson is introduced by Dryden, but Chaucer names Solomon.

The spreading snare for all mankind is laid,
And lovers all betray, and are betrayed.
The Goddess self some noble hand had wrought;
Smiling she seemed, and full of pleasing thought;
From ocean as she first began to rise,
And smoothed the ruffled seas, and cleared the skies,
She trod the brine, all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill concealed the rest:
A lute she held; and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red and myrtles green;
Her turtles fanned the buxom air above;
And by his mother stood an infant Love,
With wings unfledged; his eyes were banded o'er,
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the sides were spread;
This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace;
For that cold region was the loved abode
And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare,
Where neither beast nor human kind repair
The fowl that scent afar the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deformed and old,
Headless the most, and hideous to behold;
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That stripped them bare, and one sole way they bent.
Heaven froze above severe, the clouds congeal,
And through the crystal vault appeared the standing hail.
Such was the face without: a mountain stood
Threatening from high, and overlooked the wood:
Beneath the lowering brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent;*
The frame of burnished steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seemed to thaw the freezing air.
A straight long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and horror over head;
Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
As threatened from the hinge to heave the door;
In through that door a northern light there shone;
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none.
The gate was adamant; eternal frame,
Which, hewed by Mars himself, from Indian quarries came,

* Chaucer has:

"And downward from an hill, under a bent,
Ther stood the temple of Mars armipotent."

The labour of a God; and all along
Tough iron plates were clenched to make it strong.
A tun about was every pillar there;
A polished mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
And treason labouring in the traitor's thought,
Aud midwife Time the ripened plot to murder brought.
There the red Anger dared the pallid Fear;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer,
Soft, smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown;
The assassinating wife, the household fiend;
And far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On the other side there stood Destruction bare,
Unpunished Rapine, and a waste of war;
Contest with sharpened knives in cloisters drawn,
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base;
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the place.
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congealed was clottered in his hair;
With eyes half closed and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim as when he breathed his sullen soul away.
In midst of all the dome, Misfortune sate,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness laughing in his ireful mood;
And armed Complaint on theft; and cries of blood.
There was the murdered corps, in covert laid,
And violent death in thousand shapes displayed:
The city to the soldier's rage resigned;
Successless wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burnt in fight, or forced on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid;
And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.
All ills of Mars his nature, flame and steel;
The gasping charioteer beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruined house that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls:
The whole division that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death that deal in steel for gains
Were there: the butcher, armourer, and smith,
Who forges sharpened fauchions, or the scythe.
The scarlet conquest on a tower was placed,
With shouts and soldiers' acclamations graced:
A pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head,
Sustained but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars his ides, the Capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
The last Triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Antony, who lost the world for love.

These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted ere the men were born,
All copied from the heavens, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheathed in arms, and gruffly looked the god;
Two geomantic figures were displayed
Above his head, a warrior and a maid,*
One when direct, and one when retrograde.
Tired with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn;
The silver Cynthia,† with her nymphs around,
Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horns resound:
Calisto there stood manifest of shame,‡
And, turned a bear, the northern star became:§
Her son was next, and, by peculiar grace,
In the cold circle held the second place;
The stag Actæon in the stream had spied
The naked huntress, and for seeing died;
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chase, and their mistaken master slew.‖
Peneian Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree.¶
The adjoining fane the assembled Greeks expressed,
And hunting of the Calydonian beast.
Œnides' valour, and his envied prize;**
The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murderess mother, and consuming son;

* "Rubeus et Puella" is Dryden's note, commonly misprinted from the first edition *Rubens* for *Rubeus*. Chaucer has:

> "And over his hed ther shinen two figures
> Of sterres that ben cleped in scriptures,
> That on Puella, that other Rubeus.
> This god of armes was arraid thus."

† Cynthia, another name of Diana.

‡ Compare "manifest of crimes" in "Absalom and Achitophel," line 204, where see note.

§ Calisto, one of Diana's attendants, was seduced by Jupiter, who assumed the form of Diana: her pregnancy was discovered as she was bathing with the goddess her mistress. Juno changed Calisto into a bear, and Jupiter made her a constellation, together with her son Arcas, the fruit of his amour, under the name of the Bear.

‖ Actæon, a famous huntsman, who saw Diana and her attendants bathing, and was for that changed into a stag and then devoured by his own hounds.

¶ Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus. Apollo fell in love with her, and to save her from his pursuit the gods changed her into a laurel.

** Œnides, Meleager, son of Œneus, who killed the Calydonian boar, and gave the skin and head to Atalanta, who first wounded the animal in the hunt. Two uncles of Meleager, brothers of his mother Althæa, jealous of the gift to Atalanta, endeavoured to rob her of it; and Meleager in her defence slew them. This so angered Althæa that she threw into the fire a fire-brand of which Atropos had told her, when Meleager was born, that he would live as long as it remained unconsumed. The fire-brand was now consumed and Meleager died. The word *Calydonian* has been misspelt *Caledonian* by all editors, following a misprint in the original folio edition. Dryden was very careless about correcting the press, and this is only one of many instances of incorrect spelling of words from Latin and Greek.

The Volscian queen extended on the plain,*
The treason punished, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well designed,
And savage beasts destroyed, of every kind.
The graceful goddess was arrayed in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watched with upward eyes the motions of their Queen.
Her legs were buskined, and the left before,
In act to shoot; a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a wexing moon, that soon would wane,
And, drinking borrowed light, be filled again;
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And called Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatched the pencil from his hand,
Ashamed and angry that his art could feign,
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of every god,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestowed.
So princes now their poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.†
The theatre thus raised, the lists enclosed,
And all with vast magnificence disposed,
We leave the monarch pleased, and haste to bring
The knights to combat, and their arms to sing.

PALAMON AND ARCITE, OR THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK III.

THE day approached when Fortune should decide
The important enterprise, and give the bride;
For now the rivals round the world had sought,
And each his number, well appointed, brought.
The nations far and near contend in choice,
And send the flower of war by public voice;
That after or before were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seemed alone:‡
Beside the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood loved, and deeds of chivalry,

* The Volscian queen, Camilla, who died by a wound received from Aruns, who was in turn slain by a dart of Diana.

† These two lines are an importation by Dryden.

‡ "Magnique ipse agminis instar."—VIRG. *Æn.* vii. 707.

Thronged to the lists, and envied to behold
The names of others, not their own, enrolled.
Nor seems it strange; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endued with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
(An isle for love and arms of old renowned)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite sent his name;
And had the land selected of the best,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the rest.
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approved in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnished all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat armour, imitating scale,
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail;
Some wore a breastplate and a light juppon,*
Their horses clothed with rich caparison;
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use
Of folded hides, and others shields of Pruce.†
One hung a pole-axe at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to stun the foe;
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeux‡ armed, and double plates of steel;
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroidered by his love.
With Palamon above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face
The balls of his broad eyes rolled in his head,
And glared betwixt a yellow and a red;
He looked a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair;
Big-boned and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shouldered, and his arms were round and long.
Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yoked to draw his car of burnished gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlooked the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven-black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet,
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set.
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair,
And tall as stags, ran loose, and coursed around his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear;
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.

* *Juppon*, a short close coat; a French word, *jupon*, now obsolete in English.
† Prussia.
‡ *Jambeux*, armour for the legs.

Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.
To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goodly to behold,
The trappings of his horse embossed * with barbarous gold.
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorned with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set;
His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire;
His amber-coloured locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and shone against the sun.
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue;
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin.
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes;
Eyes that confessed him born for kingly sway,
So fierce, they flashed intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appeared,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound;
A laurel wreathed his temples, fresh, and green,
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mixed between.
Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaimed, and lily white.
His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All armed for battle; save their heads were bare.
Words and devices blazed on every shield,
And pleasing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,
All for the increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquered Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisked before their honest god.†
In this array the war of either side
Through Athens passed with military pride.
At prime, they entered on the Sunday morn;
Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flowers the posts‡ adorn.

* In some editions, including the Wartons' and R. Bell's, *embossed* is turned into *adorned*.

† This simile of Bacchus is introduced by Dryden. For "honest god" compare in "Alexander's Feast" the line, "He shows his honest face," of the same god. The epithet is probably taken from Virgil, who speaks of the "caput honestum" of Bacchus (Georg. ii. 392).

‡ *Pots* is the word of the folio edition, changed into *posts* in subsequent editions; and *pots* was probably a misprint.

The town was all a jubilee of feasts;
So Theseus willed in honour of his guests;
Him self with open arms the kings embraced,
Then all the rest in their degrees were graced.
No harbinger was needful for the night,
For every house was proud to lodge a knight.
I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
The gifts bestowed, nor how the champions sate;
Who first, who last, or how the knights addressed
Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast;
Whose voice, whose graceful dance did most surprise,
Soft amorous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muse another way,
To sing their vigils for the ensuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night:
And Phosphor, on the confines of the light,
Promised the sun; ere day began to spring,
The tuneful lark already stretched her wing,
And flickering on her nest, made short essays to sing.
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took to the royal lists his early way,
To Venus at her fane, in her own house, to pray.
There, falling on his knees before her shrine,
He thus implored with prayers her power divine:
"Creator Venus, genial power of love,*
"The bliss of men below, and gods above!
"Beneath the sliding sun thou runst thy race,
"Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place.
"For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
"Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year.
"Thee, Goddess, thee the storms of winter fly;
"Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
"And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.

* A passage of Lucretius is imitated in this address to Venus, especially in lines 135-7.

"Te, Dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli
Adventumque tuum; tibi suaves dædala tellus
Submittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum."

Lucretius i. 6.

Spenser also has imitated the same passage of Lucretius, and Dryden probably had Spenser's lines in mind.

"Great Venus! Queene of Beautie and of Grace,
The joy of gods and men that under skie
Dost fairest shine, and most adorne thy place:
That with thy smiling looke dost pacifie
The raging seas, and makest the storms to flie:
Thee, goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do feare;
And when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and all the world shows joyous cheere."

Faery Queene, iv. 10, 44

" For thee the lion loathes the taste of blood,
" And roaring hunts his female through the wood ;
" For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,
" And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.
" 'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair ;
" All nature is thy province, life thy care ;
" Thou madest the world, and dost the world repair.
" Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
" Increase of Jove,* companion of the Sun,
" If e'er Adonis touched thy tender heart,
" Have pity, Goddess, for thou knowest the smart !
" Alas ! I have not words to tell my grief ;
" To vent my sorrow would be some relief ;
" Light sufferings give us leisure to complain ;
" We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.†
" O Goddess, tell thy self what I would say !
" Thou knowest it, and I feel too much to pray.
" So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
" In love to be thy champion and thy knight,
" A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
" A foe professed to barren chastity :
" Nor ask I fame or honour of the field,
" Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield :
" In my divine Emilia make me blest,
" Let Fate or partial Chance dispose the rest :
" Find thou the manner, and the means prepare ;
" Possession, more than conquest, is my care.
" Mars is the warrior's god ; in him it lies
" On whom he favours to confer the prize ;
" With smiling aspect you serenely move
" In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
" The Fates but only spin the coarser clue,
" The finest of the wool is left for you :
" Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
" And let the Sisters cut below your line :
" The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
" Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
" But if you this ambitious prayer deny,
" (A wish, I grant, beyond mortality,)
" Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
" And, I once dead, let him possess her charms."
Thus ended he ; then, with observance due,
The sacred incense on her altar threw :
The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires ;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires ;
At once the gracious Goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine :

* The same phrase, applied to Minerva, occurs in "Britannia Rediviva," line 208, where see note. It is a translation of "Jovis incrementum" (Virg. Ecl. iv. 49).

† "Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent."
SENECA, *Hippol.* 607.

Pleased Palamon the tardy omen took;
For since the flames pursued the trailing smoke,
He knew his boon was granted, but the day
To distance driven, and joy adjourned with long delay.
Now morn with rosy light had streaked the sky,
Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily;
Addressed her early steps to Cynthia's* fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and odorous gums, and covered fire.
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they crown
Nor wanted aught besides in honour of the Moon.
Now, while the temple smoked with hallowed steam,
They wash the virgin in a living stream;
The secret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful to reveal:
But such they were as pagan use required,
Performed by women when the men retired,
Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious rites
Might turn to scandal or obscene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best.
Her shining hair, uncombed, was loosely spread,
A crown of mastless oak adorned her head:
When to the shrine approached, the spotless maid
Had kindling fires on either altar laid;
(The rites were such as were observed of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told.)
Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
Thus lowly she preferred her chaste request.
"O Goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
" To whom both heaven and earth and seas are seen;
" Queen of the nether skies, where half the year
" Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy sphere;
" Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,
" So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
" (Which Niobe's devoted issue felt,†
" When hissing through the skies the feathered deaths were dealt,)
" As I desire to live a virgin life,
" Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
" Thy votress from my tender years I am,
" And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.
" Like death, thou knowest, I loathe the nuptial state,
" And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,
" A lowly servant, but a lofty mate;
" Where love is duty on the female side,
" On theirs mere sensual gust, and sought with surly pride.
" Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen

* Another name of Diana.

† The daughters of Niobe were destroyed by Diana. Dryden has here substituted Niobe's daughters for Actæon, another of Diana's victims, who is named by Chaucer.

" In heaven, earth, hell, and everywhere a queen,
" Grant this my first desire ; let discord cease,
" And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace :
" Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
" The flame, and turn it on some other love ;
" Or if my frowning stars have so decreed,
" That one must be rejected, one succeed,
" Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
" Is fixed my image, and who loves me best.
" But oh ! even that avert ! I choose it not,
" But take it as the least unhappy lot.
" A maid I am, and of thy virgin train ;
" Oh, let me still that spotless name retain !
" Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
" And only make the beasts of chace my prey !"
The flames ascend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameless maid addressed her prayer.
When lo ! the burning fire that shone so bright
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguished light,
And left one altar dark, a little space,
Which turned self-kindled, and renewed the blaze ;
That other victor-flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left the extinguished wood ;
For ever lost, the irrevocable light
Forsook the blackening coals, and sunk to night :
At either end it whistled as it flew,
And as the brands were green, so dropped the dew,
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.
The maid from that ill omen turned her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the skies ;
Nor knew what signified the boding sign,
But found the powers displeased, and feared the wrath divine.
Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.
The Power, behold ! the Power in glory shone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known ;
The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.
Then gracious thus began : " Dismiss thy fear,
" And Heaven's unchanged decrees attentive hear :
" More powerful gods have torn thee from my side,
" Unwilling to resign, and doomed a bride ;
" The two contending knights are weighed above ;
" One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love :
" But which the man is in the Thunderer's breast ;
" This he pronounced, ' 'Tis he who loves thee best.'
" The fire that, once extinct, revived again
" Foreshows the love allotted to remain.
" Farewell !" she said, and vanished from the place ;
The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.
Aghast at this, the royal virgin stood,
Disclaimed, and now no more a sister of the wood :

But to the parting Goddess thus she prayed :
" Propitious still, be present to my aid,
" Nor quite abandon your once favoured maid."
Then sighing she returned ; but smiled betwixt,
With hopes, and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt.
The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shared the heptarchy of power,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
To adorn with pagan rites the power armipotent :
Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,
And raised his manly voice, and thus began to pray :
" Strong God of Arms, whose iron sceptre sways
" The freezing North, and Hyperborean seas,
" And Scythian colds, and Thracia's wintry coast,
" Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honoured most :
" There most, but everywhere thy power is known,
" The fortune of the fight is all thy own :
" Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
" From out thy chariot, withers even the strong ;
" And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
" And force is added to the fainting crew.
" Acknowledged as thou art, accept my prayer !
" If aught I have achieved deserve thy care,
" If to my utmost power with sword and shield
" I dared the death, unknowing how to yield,
" And falling in my rank, still kept the field ;
" Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustained,
" That Emily by conquest may be gained.
" Have pity on my pains ; nor those unknown
" To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
" Venus, the public care of all above,
" Thy stubborn heart has softened into love :
" Now, by her blandishments and powerful charms,
" When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
" Even by thy shame, if shame it may be called,
" When Vulcan had thee in his net enthralled ;
" O envied ignominy, sweet disgrace,
" When every god that saw thee wished thy place !
" By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
" And make me conquer in my patron's right :
" For I am young, a novice in the trade,
" The fool of love, unpractised to persuade,
" And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
" But, caught my self, lie struggling in the snare ;
" And she I love or laughs at all my pain
" Or knows her worth too well, and pays me with disdain.
" For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
" To stand excluded from Emilia's charms :
" Nor can my strength avail, unless by thee
" Endued with force I gain the victory ;
" Then for the fire which warmed thy generous heart,
" Pity thy subject's pains and equal smart.

" So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
" The palm and honour of the conquest thine :
" Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
" Immortal be the business of my life ;
" And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
" High on the burnished roof, my banner shall be hung,
" Ranked with my champion's bucklers ; and below,
" With arms reversed, the atchievements of my foe ;
" And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
" While day to night and night to day succeeds,
" Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
" Of incense and the grateful steam of blood ;
" Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine,
" And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
" The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
" Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
" Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
" Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserved for thee.
" So may my arms with victory be blest,
" I ask no more ; let Fate dispose the rest."
The champion ceased ; there followed in the close
A hollow groan ; a murmuring wind arose ;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung :
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rushed in, and Arcite stood aghast :
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fanned by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet smelling as accepted sacrifice :
This omen pleased, and as the flames aspire,
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire :
Nor wanted hymns to Mars or heathen charms :
At length the nodding statue clashed his arms,
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk and half pronounced the word of Victory.
For this, with soul devout, he thanked the God,
And, of success secure, returned to his abode.
These vows, thus granted, raised a strife above
Betwixt the God of War and Queen of Love.
She, granting first, had right of time to plead ;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus, but he feared his wife,
And seemed unwilling to decide the strife ;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the difference to compose :
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise ; by long experience taught,
To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought :
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun.

By fortune he was now to Venus trined,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was joined :
Of him disposing in his own abode,
He soothed the Goddess, while he gulled the God :
" Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife ;
" Thy Palamon shall have his promised wife :
" And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
" With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
" Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place
" Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
" Man feels me, when I press the etherial plains ;
" My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
" Mine is the shipwreck in a watery sign ;
" And in an earthy the dark dungeon mine.
" Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
" And bitter blasting winds, and poisoned air,
" Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.
" The throttling quinsey 'tis my star appoints,
" And rheumatisms I send* to rack the joints :
" When churls rebel against their native prince,
" I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence ;
" And housing in the lion's hateful sign,
" Bought senates and deserting troops are mine.
" Mine is the privy poisoning ; I command
" Unkindly seasons and ungrateful land.
" By me king's palaces are pushed to ground,
" And miners crushed beneath their mines are found.
" 'Twas I slew Samson, when the pillared hall
" Fell down, and crushed the many with the fall.
" My looking is the sire of pestilence,
" That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
" Now weep no more, but trust thy grandsire's art,
" Mars shall be pleased, and thou perform thy part.
" 'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
" The family of Heaven for men should war."
The expedient pleased, where neither lost his right ;
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos'† care.
Now turn we to the effect, and sing the war.
In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May :
Which every soul inspired with such delight,
'Twas justing‡ all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smiled, and gladded was the heart of man ;
And Venus had the world as when it first began.
At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.

* A singular mistake, *ascend* for *I send*, occurs here. in all the modern editions, including the Wartons', Scott's, and R. Bell's.

† *Chronos*, Time, the Greek name of Saturn.

‡ *Justing*, the old form of *jousting*, has been changed into *jesting*, which occurs in all the modern editions, including Scott's.

Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given, the streets with clamours ring:
At once the crowd arose; confused and high,
Even from the heaven was heard a shouting cry,
For Mars was early up, and roused the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their stars.*
The neighing of the generous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepared:
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armour, furbished for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street;
Battering the pavement with their coursers' feet:
The greedy sight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:
And polished steel that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One laced the helm, another held the lance;
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser pawed the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foamed, and champed the golden bit.
The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosened spears and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
The trumpets, next the gate, in order placed,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast:
The palace yard is filled with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
The throng is in the midst; the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few.
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk;
Factious, and favouring this or t'other side,
As their strong fancies and weak reason guide;
Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is placed.
But most their looks on the black monarch bend;
His rising muscles and his brawn commend;
His double-biting axe, and beamy spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.

* So Dryden, nearly forty years before, made the saints look down on the Restoration:

> "The blessed saints that watched this turning scene
> Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean."
> *Astræa Redux*, 153.

All spoke as partial favour moved the mind;
And, safe themselves, at others' cost divined.
Waked by the cries, the Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose;
And passing through the obsequious guards, he sate
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There, for the two contending knights he sent;
Armed cap-a-pe, with reverence low they bent;
He smiled on both, and with superior look
Alike their offered adoration took.
The people press on every side to see
Their awful Prince, and hear his high decree.
Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoined; then thus aloud
The king-at-arms bespeaks the knights and listening crowd:
"Our sovereign lord has pondered in his mind
"The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
"And of his grace and inborn clemency
"He modifies his first severe decree,
"The keener edge of battle to rebate,*
"The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
"He wills, not death should terminate their strife,
"And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life;
"But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
"That slings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
"Be banished from the field; that none shall dare
"With shortened sword to stab in closer war;
"But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
"Nor push with biting point, but strike at length.
"The turney is allowed but one career
"Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear;
"But knights unhorsed may rise from off the plain,
"And fight on foot their honour to regain;
"Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
"Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
"At either barrier placed; nor, captives made,
"Be freed, or armed anew the fight invade:
"The chief of either side, bereft of life,
"Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
"Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and young,
"Fight each his fill, with swords and maces long."
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
Heaven guard a Prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood!
This was the general cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around.
The marching troops through Athens take their way,
The great Earl-marshal orders their array.

* To *rebate*, to blunt or dull. See Preface to "Absalom and Achitophel," and note at p. 89.

The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows rolled.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry tread.
The King goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshalled in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take their way,
And at the list arrived ere prime of day.
There, parting from the King, the chiefs divide,
And wheeling east and west, before their many ride.
The Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the Queen and Emily:
Next these, the kindred of the crown are graced
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies placed.
Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud
In rushed at once a rude promiscuous crowd,
The guards, and then each other overbare,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now changed the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow,
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is placed aloft that bears the God of War,
Proud Arcite entering armed before his train
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and displayed abroad
The bloody colours of his patron god.
  At that self moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising Sun;
Waved by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so matched were never to be found;
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature sized; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay the advantage, or what side to take.
  Thus ranged, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answered to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun with care
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of war.
The tale was just, and then the gates were closed;
And chief to chief, and troop to troop opposed.
The heralds last retired, and loudly cried,
"The fortune of the field be fairly tried!"
  At this the challenger, with fierce defy,
His trumpet sounds; the challenged makes reply:
With clangour rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their vizors closed, their lances in the rest,

Or at the helmet pointed or the crest,
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelopes either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men:
As labouring in eclipse, a while they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is changed, and war appears a grisly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment showed,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strowed:
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie grovelling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights unhorsed, on foot renew the fight;
The glittering fauchions cast a gleaming light;
Hauberks and helms are hewed with many a wound,
Out spins the streaming blood, and dyes the ground.
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid armour bend.
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse:
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And, floundering, throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a football to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's award he must abide:
There goes a captive led on t'other side.
By fits they cease, and leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.
  Full oft the rivals met, and neither spared
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward:
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhorsed; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their fauchions bite, that every stroke
Pierced to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.
Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they met agen.*
  So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famished lion issuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.

* The old spelling of *again, agen*, is here preserved from the folio edition, as it exactly suits the rhyme. In the original editions of Dryden's works *again* is often printed.

Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fastened on the prey;
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
The swains come armed between, and both to distance drive.
At length, as Fate foredoomed, and all things tend
By course of time to their appointed end;
So when the sun to west was far declined,
And both afresh in mortal battle joined,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For, turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of the unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he staggered with the blow,
And turned him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with such force he struck, he felled him down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevailed in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpowered at length, they force him to the ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compelled
No more to try the fortune of the field,
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!
The royal judge on his tribunal placed,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bad cease the war; pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
The sound of trumpets to the voice replied,
And round the royal lists the heralds cried,
"Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride!"
The people rend the skies with vast applause;*
All own the chief, when Fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is owned even by the gods above,
And conquering Mars insults the Queen of Love.
So laughed he when the rightful Titan failed,
And Jove's usurping arms in heaven prevailed.
Laughed all the powers who favour tyranny,
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the lists distilled her tears;
Her will refused, which grieves a woman most,
And, in her champion foiled, the cause of Love is lost.
Till Saturn said:—"Fair daughter, now be still,
"The blustering fool has satisfied his will;
"His boon is given; his knight has gained the day,
"But lost the prize; the arrears are yet to pay.

* "The many rend the skies with loud applause."
Alexander's Feast, i. 107.

" Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
" To please thy knight, and set thy promise free."
Now while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite ! Arcite ! heaven and earth resound,
A miracle (nor less it could be called)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow palled.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride;
Bareheaded, popularly low he bowed,
And paid the salutations of the crowd ;
Then spurring, at full speed, ran endlong on
Where Theseus sat on his imperial throne ;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where, next the Queen, was placed his Emily ;
Then passing, to the saddle-bow he bent;
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent ;
(For women, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune, where she leads the way :)
Just then from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:
The startling steed was seized with sudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pummel cast the knight ;
Forward he flew, and pitching on his head,
He quivered with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his countenance in a little space,
For all the blood was gathered in his face.
Help was at hand : they reared him from the ground,
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound ;
Then lanced a vein, and watched returning breath ;
It came, but clogged with symptoms of his death.
The saddle-bow the noble parts had prest,
All bruised and mortified his manly breast.
Him still entranced, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed conveyed.
At length he waked ; and, with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounced was Emily.
Mean time the King, though inwardly he mourned,
In pomp triumphant to the town returned,
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field,
(Now friendly mixed, and in one troop compelled ;)
Composed his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladded all the warrior train,
Though most were sorely wounded, none were slain.
The surgeons soon despoiled them of their arms,
And some with salves they cure, and some with charms ;
Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sovereign draughts of sage.
The King in person visits all around,
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound ;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.

None was disgraced; for falling is no shame,
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.
The venturous knight is from the saddle thrown,
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own;
If crowds and palms the conquering side adorn,
The victor under better stars was born:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpowered with arms, deserts his cause;
Unshamed, though foiled, he does the best he can:
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.
  Thus Theseus smiled on all with equal grace,
And each was set according to his place;
With ease were reconciled the differing parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expired,
Well pleased, and to their several homes retired.
  Mean while, the health of Arcite still impairs;
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the leech's cares;
Swoln is his breast; his inward pains increase;
All means are used, and all without success.
The clottered blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art;
Nor breathing veins nor cupping will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail.
The mould of nature's fabric is destroyed,
Her vessels discomposed, her virtue void:
The bellows of his lungs begins to swell;
All out of frame is every secret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Those breathing organs, thus within opprest,
With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast.
Nought profits him to save abandoned life,
Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmost region battered and destroyed,
When nature cannot work, the effect of art is void:
For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doomed to die in all his pride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,
Gained hardly against right, and unenjoyed.
When 'twas declared all hope of life was past,
Conscience, that of all physic works the last,
Caused him to send for Emily in haste.
With her, at his desire, came Palamon;
Then, on his pillow raised, he thus begun:
"No language can express the smallest part
"Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
"For you, whom best I love and value most;
"But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
"Which, from this mortal body when untied,
"Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;
"Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,

" But wait officious, and your steps attend.
" How I have loved, excuse my faltering tongue,
" My spirit's feeble, and my pains are strong:
" This I may say, I only grieve to die,
" Because I lose my charming Emily.
" To die, when Heaven had put you in my power!
" Fate could not choose a more malicious hour.
" What greater curse could envious Fortune give,
" Than just to die when I began to live!
" Vain men! how vanishing a bliss we crave;
" Now warm in love, now withering in the grave!
" Never, O never more to see the sun!
" Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
" This fate is common; but I lose my breath
" Near bliss, and yet not blessed before my death.
" Farewell! but take me dying in your arms;
" 'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
" This hand I cannot but in death resign;
" Ah, could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
" I feel my end approach, and thus embraced
" Am pleased to die; but hear me speak my last:
" Ah, my sweet foe! for you, and you alone,
" I broke my faith with injured Palamon.
" But love the sense of right and wrong confounds;
" Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.
" And much I doubt, should Heaven my life prolong,
" I should return to justify my wrong;
" For while my former flames remain within,
" Repentance is but want of power to sin.
" With mortal hatred I pursued his life,
" Nor he nor you were guilty of the strife;
" Nor I, but as I loved; yet all combined,
" Your beauty and my impotence of mind,
" And his concurrent flame that blew my fire,
" For still our kindred souls had one desire.
" He had a moment's right in point of time;
" Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
" Fate made it mine, and justified his right;
" Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight
" For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
" Truth, honour, all that is comprised in good;
" So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
" So worthy to be loved as Palamon.
" He loves you too, with such a holy fire,
" As will not, cannot, but with life expire:
" Our vowed affections both have often tried,
" Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
" Then, by my love's inviolable band,
" By my long suffering and my short command,
" If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
" Have pity on the faithful Palamon."
This was his last; for Death came on amain,

And exercised below his iron reign ;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes ;
Sense fled before him, what he touched he froze:
Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw ;
So, speechless, for a little space he lay ;
Then grasped the hand he held, and sighed his soul away.
  But whither went his soul? let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe ;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative ;
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best ;
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know.
  In Palamon a manly grief appears ;
Silent he wept, ashamed to show his tears.
Emilia shrieked but once ; and then, opprest
With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast :
Till Theseus in his arms conveyed with care
Far from so sad a sight the swooning fair.
'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate ;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state :
But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
The face of things is changed, and Athens now.
That laughed so late, becomes the scene of woe
Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
Not greater grief in falling Troy was seen
For Hector's death ; but Hector was not then.
Old men with dust deformed their hoary hair ;
The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tear.
"Why wouldst thou go," with one consent they cry,
"When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily?"
  Theseus himself, who should have cheered the grief
Of others, wanted now the same relief :
Old Ægeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known,
And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a steady state :
Good after ill and after pain delight,
Alternate, like the scenes of day and night.
Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,*
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.

* "Sincere felicity," unmixed felicity ; see note on stanza 209 of "Annus Mirabilis."

Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Even kings but play, and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.
With words like these the crowd was satisfied;
And so they would have been, had Theseus died.
But he, their King, was labouring in his mind
A fitting place for funeral pomps to find,
Which were in honour of the dead designed.
And, after long debate, at last he found
(As Love itself had marked the spot of ground,)
That grove for ever green, that conscious laund,*
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand;
That, where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires,
There other flames might waste his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burned his heart.
This once resolved, the peasants were enjoined
Sere-wood, and firs, and doddered oaks to find.
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel in a row;
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepared,
On which the lifeless body should be reared,
Covered with cloth of gold; on which was laid
The corps of Arcite, in like robes arrayed.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mixed with myrtle, spread.
A sword keen-edged within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquered field:
Bare was his manly visage on the bier;
Menaced his countenance, even in death severe.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight:
Groans, cries, and howlings fill the crowded place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on every face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dewed with gushing tears;
His auburn locks on either shoulder flowed,
Which to the funeral of his friend he vowed;
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obsequies might be
Performed according to his high degree,
The steed, that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapped with polished steel, all shining bright,
And covered with the atchievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreast; and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnished gold.

* Compare book ii. line 235, and note.

The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And weeping on their shoulders bore the bier;
With sober pace they marched, and often stayed,
And through the master-street the corps conveyed.
The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And even the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right side of the pall old Ægeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept;
Each bore a golden bowl of work divine,
With honey filled, and milk, and mixed with ruddy wine.
Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
And after him appeared the illustrious train.
To grace the pomp came Emily the bright,
With covered fire, the funeral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of pagan honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion strowed.
The fabric seemed a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain-ash, the mother of the spear;
The mourner-yew* and builder-oak were there,
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
And laurels, which the gods for conquering chiefs ordain.
How they were ranked shall rest untold by me,
With nameless Nymphs that lived in every tree;
Nor how the Dryads and the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repaired,
Or beasts that bolted out and saw the forest bared:
Nor how the ground now cleared with ghastly fright
Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.
The straw, as first I said, was laid below:
Of chips and sere-wood was the second row;
The third of greens, and timber newly felled;
The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,
And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array;
In midst of which, embalmed, the body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fired; the smouldering flames arise:
This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
But what she spoke, recovered from her swound,
I want the wit in moving words to dress;
But by themselves the tender sex may guess.
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;

* *Yew* spelt *eugh* in the folio edition.

And some their shields, and some their lances threw,
And gave the warrior's ghost a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk and blood
Were poured upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound:
"Hail and farewell!" they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turned again:
Still, as they turned, they beat their clattering shields;
The women mix their cries, and clamour fills the fields.*
The warlike wakes continued all the night,
And funeral games were played at new returning light:
Who naked wrestled best, besmeared with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.
I pass the rest; the year was fully mourned,
And Palamon long since to Thebes returned:
When, by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament;
Among the laws that passed, it was decreed,
That conquered Thebes from bondage should be freed;
Reserving homage to the Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summoned Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and, placed on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily.
So called, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.

* Dryden in this description has had in his mind Virgil's account of the burial-rites after battle in Æneid xi.:

"Ter circum accensos, cincti fulgentibus armis,
Decurrere rogos; ter mœstum funeris ignem
Lustravere in equis; ululatusque ore dedere.
Spargitur et tellus lacrimis, sparguntur et arma.
It cœlo clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.
Hinc alii spolia occisis derepta Latinis
Conjiciunt igni; galeas, ensesque decoros,
Frenaque, ferventesque rotas; pars munera nota,
Ipsorum clipeos, et non felicia tela."

vv. 188—196.

"Then thrice around the kindled piles they go,
(For ancient custom had ordained it so;)
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led,
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
Tears, trickling down their breasts, bedew the ground,
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.
Amid the blaze their pious brethren throw
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe,
Helms, belts embossed, and swords of shining steel;
One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel;
Some to their fellows their own arms restore,
The fauchions which in luckless fight they bore."

Dryden's *Translation.*

And first, soft whispers through the assembly went;
With silent wonder then they watched the event;
All hushed, the King arose with awful grace;
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his face:
At length he sighed, and having first prepared
The attentive audience, thus his will declared:
"The Cause and Spring of motion from above
" Hung down on earth the golden chain of Love;
" Great was the effect, and high was his intent,
" When peace among the jarring seeds he sent;
" Fire, flood, and earth and air by this were bound,
" And Love, the common link, the new creation crowned.
" The chain still holds; for though the forms decay,
" Eternal matter never wears away:
" The same first mover certain bounds has placed,
" How long those perishable forms shall last;
" Nor can they last beyond the time assigned
" By that all-seeing and all-making Mind:
" Shorten their hours they may, for will is free,
" But never pass the appointed destiny.
" So men oppressed, when weary of their breath,
" Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.
" Then, since those forms begin, and have their end,
" On some unaltered cause they sure depend:
" Parts of the whole are we, but God the whole,
" Who gives us life, and animating soul.
" For Nature cannot from a part derive
" That being which the whole can only give:
" He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
" Subject to change, and different in degree;
" Plants, beasts, and man; and, as our organs are,
" We more or less of his perfection share.
" But, by a long descent, the etherial fire
" Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire.
" As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,
" And the same matter makes another mass:
" This law the omniscient Power was pleased to give,
" That every kind should by succession live;
" That individuals die, his will ordains;
" The propagated species still remains.
" The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
" Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
" Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,
" Supreme in state, and in three more decays:
" So wears the paving pebble in the street,
" And towns and towers their fatal periods meet:
" So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
" Forsaken of their springs,* and leave their channels dry.
" So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
" Then, formed, the little heart begins to beat;

* For instances of this Gallicism, *forsaken of*, see "The Medal," line 79 and note.

" Secret he feeds, unknowing, in the cell;
" At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,
" And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;
" Then helpless in his mother's lap is laid.
" He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,
" Grudges their life from whence his own began;
" Reckless* of laws, affects to rule alone,
" Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne;
" First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
" Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
" Some thus; but thousands more in flower of age,
" For few arrive to run the latter stage.
" Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
" And others whelmed beneath the stormy main.
" What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
" At whose command we perish, and we spring?
" Then 'tis our best, since thus ordained to die,
" To make a virtue of necessity;
" Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
" The bad grows better, which we well sustain;
" And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
" 'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.
" When we have done our ancestors no shame,
" But served our friends, and well secured our fame;
" Then should we wish our happy life to close,
" And leave no more for fortune to dispose;
" So should we make our death a glad relief
" From future shame, from sickness, and from grief;
" Enjoying while we live the present hour,
" And dying in our excellence and flower.
" Then round our death-bed every friend should run,
" And joy us of our conquest early won;†
" While the malicious world, with envious tears,
" Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.
" Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
" Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
" Or call untimely what the gods decreed?
" With grief as just a friend may be deplored,
" From a foul prison to free air restored.
" Ought he to thank his kinsman or his wife,
" Could tears recall him into wretched life?
" Their sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost,
" And worse than both, offends his happy ghost.
" What then remains, but after past annoy
" To take the good vicissitude of joy;
" To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
" Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live?
" Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
" And in one point the extremes of grief to join;

* *Reckless* printed in the folio edition *retchless.*
† This line has been spoilt in all modern editions by changing *joy us* into *joycus.*

" That thence resulting joy may be renewed,
" As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
" Then I propose that Palamon shall be
" In marriage joined with beauteous Emily ;
" For which already I have gained the assent
" Of my free people in full parliament.
" Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
" And well deserved, had Fortune done him right :
" 'Tis time to mend her fault, since Emily
" By Arcite's death from former vows is free ;
" If you, fair sister, ratify the accord,
" And take him for your husband and your lord,
" 'Tis no dishonour to confer your grace
" On one descended from a royal race ;
" And were he less, yet years of service past
" From grateful souls exact reward at last.
" Pity is Heaven's and yours ; nor can she find
" A throne so soft as in a woman's mind."
He said ; she blushed ; and as o'erawed by might,
Seemed to give Theseus what she gave the knight.
Then, turning to the Theban, thus he said :
" Small arguments are needful to persuade
" Your temper to comply with my command :"
And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smiled Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conquest, though he lost the fight ;
And blessed with nuptial bliss the sweet laborious night.
Eros and Anteros* on either side,
One fired the bridegroom, and one warmed the bride ;
And long-attending Hymen from above
Showered on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day discoloured with domestic strife ;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believed,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceived.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.
So may the Queen of Love long duty bless,
And all true lovers find the same success.

* Cupid and his brother.

THE COCK AND THE FOX, OR THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST,

FROM CHAUCER.*

THERE lived, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow, somewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in a cell † her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatched, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
A simple sober life in patience led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread;
But huswifing the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter-rent;
And pinched her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.
The cattle in her homestead were three sows,
An ewe called Mally, and three brinded cows.
Her parlour window stuck with herbs around
Of savoury smell; and rushes strewed the ground.
A maple dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made,
For no delicious morsel passed her throat;
According to her cloth she cut her coat;
No poignant sauce she knew, no costly treat,
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat.
A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed.
With exercise she sweat ill humours out;
Her dancing was not hindered by the gout.
Her poverty was glad, her heart content,
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
Of wine she never tasted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely cheer;
Brown bread, and milk (but first she skimmed her bowls),
And rashers of singed bacon on the coals.
On holy days, an egg or two at most;
But her ambition never reached to roast.

* Chaucer's "Tale of the Nun's Priest," which Dryden has freely translated, and produced with the new title of "The Cock and the Fox," was probably taken from a poem of Marie of France in Norman-French, "Dou Coc et dou Werpil," which again was borrowed from the old French metrical "Roman de Renart."

† Mr. R. Bell has substituted *dale* for *cell*, *dale* being the word in Chaucer. *Cell* may have been a misprint for *dell*, but *cell* is the word in the folio edition.

A yard she had with pales enclosed about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead lived, without a peer
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer;
So hight her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of a cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the matin-bell was rung,
He clapped his wings upon his roost, and sung:
For when degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall;
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet;
White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glittering like the burnished gold.
This gentle cock, for solace of his life,
Six misses had beside his lawful wife;
Scandal, that spares no king, though ne'er so good,
Says they were all of his own flesh and blood,
His sisters both by sire and mother's side;
And sure their likeness showed them near allied.
But make the worst, the monarch did no more
Than all the Ptolemys had done before:
When incest is for interest of a nation,
'Tis made no sin by holy dispensation.
Some lines have been maintained by this alone,
Which by their common ugliness are known.
But passing this as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the sovereign of his heart:
Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feathered her a hundred times a day;
And she, that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet and debonair,
Resolved the passive doctrine to fulfil,
Though loth, and let him work his wicked will:
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage-vow did bind,
And as the Church's precept had enjoined.
Even since she was a sennight old, they say,
Was chaste and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to disobey.
By this her husband's heart she did obtain;
What cannot beauty joined with virtue gain?
She was his only joy, and he her pride;
She, when he walked, went pecking by his side;
If, spurning up the ground, he sprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was borne.
But oh! what joy it was to hear him sing
In summer, when the day began to spring,

Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
Solus cum sola then was all his note.
For in the days of yore, the birds of parts
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the liberal arts.
It happed that perching on the parlour-beam
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn; and sighed and groaned so fast,
As every breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cried
For help from gods and men; and sore aghast
She pecked and pulled, and wakened him at last.
"Dear heart," said she, "for love of Heaven declare
"Your pain, and make me partner in your care.
"You groan, Sir, ever since the morning light,
"As something had disturbed your noble spright."*
"And, Madam, well I might," said Chanticleer,
"Never was shrovetide-cock in such a fear.
"Even still I run all over in a sweat,
"My princely senses not recovered yet.
"For such a dream I had of dire portent,
"That much I fear my body will be shent;†
"It bodes I shall have wars and woeful strife,
"Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life.
"Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breast,
"That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
"That on my body would have made arrest.
"With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;
"His colour was betwixt a red and yellow:
"Tipped was his tail, and both his pricking ears,
"With‡ black; and much unlike his other hairs:
"The rest, in shape a beagle's whelp throughout,
"With broader forehead, and a sharper snout:
"Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
"That yet, methinks, I see him with surprise.
"Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,
"And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat."
"Now fie for shame," quoth she, "by Heaven above,
"Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love.
"No woman can endure a recreant knight;
"He must be bold by day, and free by night:

* So spelt in the folio edition, and not *sprite:* elsewhere, as in the Epilogue to "Tyrannic Love," lines 7 and 11, it is spelt *sprite* in the early editions. The spelling of this folio is not uniform: the word which we now always spell *sprightly* is often spelt *spritely*. See note on pronunciation in Dryden of *spiritual* (sp'ritual), "The Hind and the Panther," part 2, lines 525, 618.

† *Shent*, meaning destroyed or hurt, is Dryden's word, not taken from Chaucer. It is the only instance of the use of the word in Dryden. The verb *shend* and participle *shent* occur in Spenser, and *shent* in Shakespeare:

"How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals, never, my soul, consent."
Hamlet, act 3, sc. 2.

‡ *With* invariably changed into *were* in modern editions.

" Our sex desires a husband or a friend
" Who can our honour and his own defend ;
" Wise, hardy, secret, liberal of his purse ;
" A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse :
" No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight.
" How darest thou talk of love, and darest not fight?
" How darest thou tell thy dame thou art affered*?
" Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard?
" If aught from fearful dreams may be divined,
" They signify a cock of dunghill kind.
" All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
" Are from repletion and complexion bred ;
" From rising fumes of indigested food,
" And noxious humours that infect the blood :
" And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
" These foolish fancies you have had to-night
" Are certain symptoms (in the canting style)
" Of boiling choler and abounding bile ;
" This yellow gall that in your stomach floats
" Engenders all these visionary thoughts.
" When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
" Of flames, and all the family of red ;
" Red dragons and red beasts in sleep we view,
" For humours are distinguished by their hue.
" From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
" And wasps and hornets with their double wings.
" Choler adust congeals our blood with fear ;
" Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
" In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound ;
" With rheums oppressed, we sink in rivers drowned.
" More I could say, but thus conclude my theme,
" The dominating humour makes the dream.
" Cato was in his time accounted wise,
" And he condemns them all for empty lies.†
" Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
" With laxatives preserve your body sound,
" And purge the peccant humours that abound.
" I should be loth to lay you on a bier ;
" And though there lives no 'pothecary near,
" I dare for once prescribe for your disease,
" And save long bills, and a damned doctor's fees.
" Two sovereign herbs, which I by practice know,
" Are both at hand (for in our yard they grow),
" On peril of my soul shall rid you wholly
" Of yellow choler, and of melancholy :
" You must both purge and vomit ; but obey,
" And for the love of Heaven make no delay.
" Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
" Beware the Sun when in a vernal sign ;

* *Affered:* this spelling is from Chaucer.
† "Somnia ne cures."—CATO, *De Moribus*, ii. 32.

" For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,
" If then he finds your body in a flame,
" Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,
" A tertian ague is at least your lot.
" Perhaps a fever (which the gods forfend)
" May bring your youth to some untimely end :
" And therefore, Sir, as you desire to live,
" A day or two before your laxative,
" Take just three worms, nor under* nor above,
" Because the gods unequal numbers love,†
" These digestives prepare you for your purge ;
" Of fumetery, centaury, and spurge,
" And of ground-ivy add a leaf or two,
" All which within our yard or garden grow.
" Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer ;
" Your father's son was never born to fear."
" Madam," quoth he, " grammercy for your care,
" But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare ;
" 'Tis true, a wise and worthy man he seems,
" And, as you say, gave no belief to dreams ;
" But other men of more authority,
" And, by the immortal powers, as wise as he,
" Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams forebode ;
" For Homer plainly says they come from God.‡
" Nor Cato said it ; but some modern fool
" Imposed in Cato's name on boys at school.
" Believe me, Madam, morning dreams foreshow
" The events of things, and future weal or woe :
" Some truths are not by reason to be tried,
" But we have sure experience for our guide.
" An ancient author,§ equal with the best,
" Relates this tale of dreams among the rest :
" Two friends, or brothers, with devout intent,
" On some far pilgrimage together went.
" It happened so, that, when the sun was down,
" They just arrived by twilight at a town :
" That day had been the baiting of a bull,
" 'Twas at a feast, and every inn so full,
" That no void room in chamber or on ground,
" And but one sorry bed, was to be found,
" And that so little it would hold but one,
" Though till this hour they never lay alone.
" So were they forced to part ; one stayed behind,
" His fellow sought what lodging he could find ;
" At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
" And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
" 'Twas in a farther yard without a door ;
" But, for his ease, well littered was the floor.

* The folio edition has *over*, which must be a misprint.
† " Numero Deus impare gaudet."—VIRG. *Ecl.* viii. 75.
‡ Καὶ γάρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστιν.—HOM. *Il.* i. 63.
§ Cicero, from whose treatise "De Divinatione" (i. 27) the two stories which follow are taken.

" His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
" Was weary, and without a rocker slept :
" Supine he snored ; but in the dead of night
" He dreamt his friend appeared before his sight,
" Who, with a ghastly look and doleful cry,
" Said, 'Help me, brother, or this night I die :
" Arise and help, before all help be vain,
" Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.'
" Roused from his rest, he wakened in a start,
" Shivering with horror, and with aching heart :
" At length to cure himself by reason tries ;
" 'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but lies ?
" So thinking changed his side, and closed his eyes.
" His dream returns ; his friend appears again :
" 'The murderers come, now help, or I am slain :'
" 'Twas but a vision still, and visions are but vain.
" He dreamt the third : but now his friend appeared
" Pale, naked, pierced with wounds, with blood besmeared :
" 'Thrice warned, awake,' said he ; 'relief is late,
" The deed is done, but thou revenge my fate :
" Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,
" Awake, and with the dawning day arise :
" Take to the western gate thy ready way,
" For by that passage they my corps convey :
" My corps is in a tumbril laid, among
" The filth and ordure, and enclosed with dung.
" That cart arrest, and raise a common cry ;
" For sacred hunger of my gold I die :' *
" Then showed his grisly wounds ; and last he drew
" A piteous sigh, and took a long adieu.
" The frighted friend arose by break of day,
" And found the stall where late his fellow lay.
" Then of his impious host inquiring more,
" Was answered that his guest was gone before :
" 'Muttering he went,' said he, 'by morning light,
" And much complained of his ill rest by night.'
" This raised suspicion in the pilgrim's mind ;
" Because all hosts are of an evil kind,
" And oft to share the spoil with robbers joined.
" His dream confirmed his thought : with troubled look
" Straight to the western gate his way he took ;
" There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
" That carried compost forth to dung the ground.
" This when the pilgrim saw, he stretched his throat,
" And cried out 'Murder' with a yelling note.
" 'My murdered fellow in this cart lies dead ;
" Vengeance and justice on the villain's head !
" You, magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,
" On you I call to punish this offence.'

* " Auri sacra fames."—VIRG. *Æn.* iii. 57.

" The word thus given, within a little space
" The mob came roaring out, and thronged the place.
" All in a trice they cast the cart to ground,
" And in the dung the murdered body found;
" Though breathless, warm and reeking from the wound.
" Good Heaven, whose darling attribute we find
" Is boundless grace and mercy to mankind,
" Abhors the cruel; and the deeds of night
" By wondrous ways reveals in open light:
" Murder may pass unpunished for a time,
" But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
" And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels,
" The hue and cry of Heaven pursues him at the heels,
" Fresh from the fact; as in the present case,
" The criminals are seized upon the place:
" Carter and host confronted face to face.
" Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
" On engines they distend their tortured joints:
" So was confession forced, the offence was known,
" And public justice on the offenders done.
" Here may you see that visions are to dread;
" And in the page that follows this, I read
" Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
" Induced in partnership to cross the main;
" Waiting till willing winds their sails supplied,*
" Within a trading town they long abide,
" Full fairly situate on a haven's side.
" One evening it befel, that looking out,
" The wind they long had wished was come about;
" Well pleased they went to rest; and if the gale
" Till morn continued, both resolved to sail.
" But as together in a bed they lay,
" The younger had a dream at break of day.
" A man, he thought, stood frowning at his side,
" Who warned him for his safety to provide,
" Not put to sea, but safe on shore abide.
" 'I come, thy genius, to command thy stay;
" Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
" And death unhoped † attends the watery way.'
" The vision said, and vanished from his sight;
" The dreamer wakened in a mortal fright;
" Then pulled his drowsy neighbour, and declared
" What in his slumber he had seen and heard.
" His friend smiled scornful, and, with proud contempt,
" Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt.

* Compare "Astræa Redux," 224:

"While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lowered sails denied."

† *Unhoped*, a word used for *unexpected*, by Dryden: it is so used in "Astræa Redux," 140:

"A gift unhoped without the price of war."

So also the verb *hope* is used to mean *expect* in "Palamon and Arcite," ii. 182.

" 'Stay who will stay; for me no fears restrain,
" Who follow Mercury, the God of gain;
" Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
" I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.
" Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes;
" When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
" Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
" A mob of coblers and a court of kings:
" Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad;
" Both are the reasonable soul run mad;
" And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
" That neither were nor are nor e'er can be.
" Sometimes, forgotten things long cast behind
" Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
" The nurse's legends are for truths received,
" And the man dreams but what the boy believed.
" 'Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
" The night restores our actions done by day,
" As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
" In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
" Chimeras all; and more absurd, or less.
" You, who believe in tales, abide alone;
" Whate'er I get, this voyage is my own.'
" Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting crew
" That called aboard, and took his last adieu.
" The vessel went before a merry gale,
" And for quick passage put on every sail:
" But when least feared, and even in open day,
" The mischief overtook her in the way:
" Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
" Or whether she was overset with wind,
" Or that some rock below her bottom rent;
" But down at once with all her crew she went.
" Her fellow-ships from far her loss descried;
" But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.
" By this example you are taught again,
" That dreams and visions are not always vain:
" But if, dear Partlet, you are yet in doubt,
" Another tale shall make the former out.
" Kenelm, the son of Kenulph, Mercia's king,
" Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,
" Warned in a dream, his murder did foretel
" From point to point as after it befel;
" All circumstances to his nurse he told,
" (A wonder from a child of seven years old;)
" The dream with horror heard, the good old wife
" From treason counselled him to guard his life;
" But close to keep the secret in his mind,
" For a boy's vision small belief would find.
" The pious child, by promise bound, obeyed,
" Nor was the fatal murder long delayed:
" By Quenda slain, he fell before his time,

" Made a young martyr by his sister's crime.
" The tale is told by venerable Bede,
" Which, at your better leisure, you may read.
" Macrobius too relates the vision sent
" To the great Scipio, with the famed event;
" Objections makes, but after makes replies,
" And adds, that dreams are often prophecies.
" Of Daniel you may read in holy writ,
" Who, when the King his vision did forget,
" Could word for word the wondrous dream repeat.
" Nor less of patriarch Joseph understand,
" Who by a dream enslaved the Egyptian land,
" The years of plenty and of dearth foretold,
" When for their bread their liberty they sold.
" Nor must the exalted butler be forgot,
" Nor he whose dream presaged his hanging lot.
" And did not Crœsus the same death foresee,
" Raised in his vision on a lofty tree?
" The wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
" Dreamt of his death the night before he died;*
" Well was he warned from battle to refrain;
" But men to death decreed are warned in vain;
" He dared the dream, and by his fatal foe was slain.
" Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
" For see, the ruddy day begins to break:
" Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
" My dream was bad, and bodes adversity;
" But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
" They only serve to make the well-man sick:
" Of these his gain the sharp physician makes,
" And often gives a purge, but seldom takes;
" They not correct, but poison all the blood,
" And ne'er did any but the doctors good.
" Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all,
" With every work of 'Pothecaries' Hall.
" These melancholy matters I forbear;
" But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
" That when I view the beauties of thy face,
" I fear not death nor dangers nor disgrace;
" So may my soul have bliss, as when I spy
" The scarlet red about thy partridge eye,
" While thou art constant to thy own true knight,
" While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
" All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.

* This dream is not mentioned by Homer, but is told in the history of the Trojan war, ascribed to Dares Phrygius. Shakespeare makes Priam allude to it in his endeavours to dissuade Hector from going to fight Achilles:

" Come, Hector, come, go back,
Thy wife hath dreamed, thy mother hath had visions."

Troilus and Cressida, act 5, scene 3.

" For true it is, as *in principio*,*
" *Mulier est hominis confusio.*
" Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
" That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.
" For when by night I feel your tender side,
" Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,
" Yet I have such a solace in my mind,
" That all my boding cares are cast behind,
" And even already I forget my dream."
He said, and downward flew from off the beam,
For daylight now began apace to spring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crowing clapped his wings, the appointed call,
To chuck his wives together in the hall.
By this the widow had unbarred the door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As showed he scorned the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard, he spurned the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found.
Then often feathered her with wanton play,
And trod her twenty times ere prime of day;
And took by turns and gave so much delight,
Her sisters pined with envy at the sight.
He chucked again, when other corns he found,
And scarcely deigned to set a foot to ground,
But swaggered like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call.
'Twas now the month in which the world began,
(If March beheld the first created man;)
And since the vernal equinox, the sun
In Aries twelve degrees or more had run;
When, casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour, he measured right,
And told more truly than the Ephemeris:
For art may err, but nature cannot miss.
Thus numbering times and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confessed.
Then turning, said to Partlet: "See, my dear,
" How lavish nature has adorned the year;
" How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
" And birds essay their throats disused to sing:
" All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
" Man strutting on two legs, and aping me:†

* "In principio," in the beginning, has no necessary connexion with the Latin sentence of the following line, which is taken, says Scott, from a fabulous conversation between the Emperor Adrian and the philosopher Secundus reported by Vincent de Beauvais: "Quid est mulier? Hominis confusio, insaturabilis bestia," &c. The Cock's translation converts reproach into compliment.

† A reference to Plato's definition of man as "a two-legged animal without wings." See note on "Absalom and Achitophel," line 170, p. 96.

" An unfledged creature of a lumpish frame,
" Endued with fewer particles of flame:
" Our dame sits cowering o'er a kitchen fire,
" I draw fresh air, and Nature's works admire;
" And even this day in more delight abound,
" Than, since I was an egg, I ever found."
The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss;
The crested bird shall by experience know,
Jove made not him his masterpiece below,
And learn the latter end of joy is woe.
The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.
Ye wise, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves that oft the proud by flattery fall;
The legend is as true, I undertake,
As Tristram is, and Launcelot of the Lake:
Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
As if in Book of Martyrs it were told.
A fox full fraught with seeming sanctity,
That feared an oath, but, like the devil, would lie;
Who looked like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer;
This pious cheat, that never sucked the blood
Nor chawed the flesh of lambs, but when he could,
Had passed three summers in the neighbouring wood:
And musing long whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent;
And in his high imagination cast
By stratagem to gratify his taste.
The plot contrived, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way;
The pale was next, but, proudly, with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of coleworts he concealed his wily head;
Then skulked till afternoon, and watched his time,
As murderers use, to perpetrate his crime.
O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy!
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy!
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,*
More false than Gano was to Charlemagne!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Didst thou forsake the safety of thy bower;
Better for thee thou hadst believed thy dream,
And not that day descended from the beam!
But here the doctors eagerly dispute;
Some hold predestination absolute;
Some clerks maintain that Heaven at first foresees,
And in the virtue of foresight decrees.

* The word *Gallic* involves a pun; *gallus*, a cock. This is an importation by Dryden.

If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill;
For what he first foresaw he must ordain,
Or its eternal prescience may be vain;
As bad for us as prescience had not been;
For, first or last, he's author of the sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming man
Say worse even of the devil, if he can.
For how can that eternal Power be just
To punish man, who sins because he must?
Or, how can he reward a virtuous deed,
Which is not done by us, but first decreed?
I cannot boult this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardin* and holy Austin can:
If prescience can determine actions so
That we must do, because he did foreknow,
Or that foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not forced to sin by strict necessity;
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is, conditional.
The first so binds the will that things foreknown
By spontaneity, not choice, are done.
Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar,
Consent to work, in prospect of the shore,
But would not work at all, if not constrained before.
That other does not liberty constrain,
But man may either act, or may refrain.
Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
And forced it not, though he foresaw the will.
Freedom was first bestowed on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.
If he could make such agents wholly free,
I not dispute; the point's too high for me:
For Heaven's unfathomed power what man can sound,
Or put to his omnipotence a bound?
He made us to his image, all agree;
That image is the soul, and that must be
Or not the Maker's image or be free.
But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to sin,
I wave, for fear of splitting on a rock.
The tale I tell is only of a Cock,
Who had not run the hazard of his life,
Had he believed his dream, and not his wife:
For women, with a mischief to their kind,
Pervert with bad advice our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his Paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he lived, and might have been

* Thomas Bradwardin, archbishop of Canterbury, a contemporary of Chaucer, and author of treatise, *De Causâ Dei*, written against Pelagius. Austin is St. Augustin.

As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presumed to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass?
But I my self presume, and let it pass.
Silence in times of suffering is the best,
'Tis dangerous to disturb a hornet's nest.
In other authors you may find enough,
But all they say of dames is idle stuff.
Legends of lying wits together bound,
The Wife of Bath would throw 'em to the ground;
These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour dames, and think their sex divine.
Now to continue what my tale begun:
Lay Madam Partlet basking in the sun,
Breast-high in sand; her sisters, in a row,
Enjoyed the beams above, the warmth below.
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea;
And so befel, that as he cast his eye
Among the colworts on a butterfly,
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low;
I need not swear he had no list to crow;
But cried, *cock*, *cock*, and gave a sudden start,
As sore dismayed and frighted at his heart.
For birds and beasts, informed by nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe.
So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shunned him as a sailor shuns the rocks.
But the false loon, who could not work his will
By open force, employed his flattering skill:
"I hope, my lord," said he, "I not offend;
"Are you afraid of me that am your friend?
"I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,
"I, who have loved and honoured you so long:
"Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a false alarm,
"For, on my soul, I never meant you harm!
"I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,
"To learn the secrets of your soft recess:
"Far be from Reynard so profane a thought,
"But by the sweetness of your voice was brought;
"For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard
"The song as of an angel in the yard;
"A song that would have charmed the infernal gods,
"And banished horror from the dark abodes:
"Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
"So much the hymn had pleased the tyrant's ear,
"The wife had been detained, to keep the husband there.
"My lord, your sire familiarly I knew,
"A peer deserving such a son as you:
"He, with your lady-mother (whom Heaven rest),
"Has often graced my house, and been my guest:

" To view his living features does me good,
" For I am your poor neighbour in the wood;
" And in my cottage should be proud to see
" The worthy heir of my friend's family.
" But since I speak of singing, let me say,
" As with an upright heart I safely may,
" That, save your self, there breathes not on the ground
" One like your father for a silver sound.
" So sweetly would he wake the winter-day,
" That matrons to the church mistook their way,
" And thought they heard the merry organ play.
" And he to raise his voice with artful care,
" (What will not beaux attempt to please the fair?)
" On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
" And stretched his comely neck at all the length;
" And while he pained* his voice to pierce the skies,
" As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
" That the sound striving through the narrow throat,
" His winking might avail to mend the note.
" By this, in song he never had his peer,
" From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
" Not Maro's muse, who sung the mighty man,
" Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a swan.
" Your ancestors proceed from race divine:
" From Brennus and Belinus is your line;†
" Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
" That even the priests were not excused from arms.
" Besides, a famous monk of modern times
" Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes,
" That of a parish-priest the son and heir
" (When sons of priests were from the proverb clear)
" Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
" And either lamed his legs, or struck him blind;
" For which the clerk his father was disgraced,
" And in his benefice another placed.
" Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
" Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity;
" Make hills and dales, and earth and heaven, rejoice,
" And emulate your father's angel-voice."
The cock was pleased to hear him speak so fair,
And proud beside, as solar people are;
Nor could the treason from the truth descry,
So was he ravished with this flattery:

* Dryden's word *pained*, in which he follows Chaucer, and which is appropriate and expressive, has been changed to *strained* in modern editions. *Pained* occurs again in the same sense in line 669.

† Brennus was the general of the Gauls who all but took the Roman Capitol, the cackling of geese giving the Romans the alarm just in time to enable them to repel the enemy. Belinus or Belenus was a God among the Gauls, corresponding with the Apollo of the Romans. The second syllable of Belinus is short, and Dryden is generally very exact in observance of classical quantities: but there is no doubt that the accent on the second syllable would here best suit the metre. Dryden, and not Chaucer, is the author of this derivation of the cock from ancient Gauls (Galli); as he also introduced the pun in line 501 of "the Gallic reign."

So much the more, as from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of him self;
Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.
Ye princes, raised by poets to the gods,
And Alexandered up in lying odes,
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the court;
And he shall be received with more regard,
And listened to, than modest truth is heard.*
This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapped his wings;
Then stretched his neck, and winked with both his eyes,
Ambitious as he sought the Olympic prize.
But while he pained himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rushed, and caught him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursued by none.
Alas! what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast!
In Aries though the Sun exalted stood,
His patron-planet to procure his good;
Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he,
In Libra raised, opposed the same degree:
The rays both good and bad of equal power,
Each thwarting other, made a mingled hour.
On Friday morn he dreamt this direful dream,
Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme.
Ah blissful Venus! Goddess of delight!
How couldst thou suffer thy devoted knight,
On thy own day, to fall by foe oppressed,
The wight of all the world who served thee best?
Who, true to love, was all for recreation,
And minded not the work of propagation.
Gaufride,† who couldst so well in rhyme complain
The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my heart,
To sing this heavy dirge with equal art!

* Compare the following lines in the Prologue to the Duke of York, 1682, p. 137:—

"Still we are thronged so full with Reynard's race,
That loyal subjects scarce can find a place:
Thus modest truth is cast behind the crowd."

† Geoffrey de Vinsauf, who, in a Latin hexameter poem, bewailed the death of Richard I. on a Friday:

"O Veneris lacrymosa dies! O sidus amarum!
Illa dies tua nox fuit, et Venus illa venenum,
Illa dedit vulnus."

That I like thee on Friday might complain ;
For on that day was Cœur de Lion slain.
Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
Were sent to heaven by woful Trojan dames,
When Pyrrhus tossed on high his burnished blade,
And offered Priam to his father's shade,
Than for the cock the widowed poultry made.
Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from sight,
With sovereign shrieks bewailed her captive knight:
Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
When Asdrubal her husband lost his life,
When she beheld the smouldering flames ascend,
And all the Punic glories at an end :
Willing into the fires she plunged her head,
With greater ease than others seek their bed.
Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burned the imperial town,
Shrieked for the downfal in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltless lords were doomed to die.
Now to my story I return again :
The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of those distracted damsels in the yard ;
And starting up, beheld the heavy sight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight,
And cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was borne.
"The Fox, the wicked Fox," was all the cry ;
Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh :
The Vicar first, and after him the crew,
With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand :
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of pursuing dogs ;
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the terror of the day.
The ducks, that heard the proclamation cried,
And feared a persecution might betide,
Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.
The geese fly o'er the barn ; the bees in arms
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London-stone with all his rout
Struck not the city with so loud a shout ;
Not when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew ;
Not when the welkin rung with one and all ;
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall ;
Earth seemed to sink beneath, and heaven above to fall.

With might and main they chased the murderous Fox,
With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds,
Nor wanted horns to inspire sagacious hounds.
  But see how Fortune can confound the wise,
And, when they least expect it, turn the dice.
The captive cock, who scarce could draw his breath,
And lay within the very jaws of death;
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear supplied him with this happy thought:
"Yours is the prize, victorious prince," said he,
"The vicar my defeat and all the village see.
"Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
"And bid the churls that envy you the prey
"Call back the mongrel curs, and cease their cry:
"See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
"And Chanticleer in your despite shall die;
"He shall be plucked and eaten to the bone."
  "'Tis well advised, in faith it shall be done;"
This Reynard said: but as the word he spoke,
The prisoner with a spring from prison broke;
Then stretched his feathered fans with all his might,
And to the neighbouring maple winged his flight.
  Whom, when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
He cursed the gods, with shame and sorrow filled:
Shame for his folly; sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime:
Yet, mastering both, the artificer of lies
Renews the assault, and his last battery tries.
  "Though I," said he, "did ne'er in thought offend,
"How justly may my lord suspect his friend!
"The appearance is against me, I confess,
"Who seemingly have put you in distress;
"You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
"May think I broke all hospitable laws,
"To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
"And put your noble person in a fright;
"This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
"Though Heaven can witness with no bad intent
"I practised it, to make you taste your cheer
"With double pleasure, first prepared by fear.
"So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
"Forced (for his good) to seeming violence,
"Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.
"Descend; so help me Jove, as you shall find,
"That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind."
  "Nay," quoth the cock; "but I beshrew us both,
"If I believe a saint upon his oath:
"An honest man may take a knave's advice,
"But idiots only may be cozened twice:
"Once warned is well bewared; not flattering lies
"Shall soothe me more to sing with winking eyes,

"And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
"Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,
"When he should see, has he deserved to swim!"
"Better, Sir Cock, let all contention cease;
"Come down," said Reynard, "let us treat of peace."
"A peace with all my soul," said Chanticleer,
"But, with your favour, I will treat it here:
"And lest the truce with treason should be mixed,
"'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt."*

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you the effect may see
Of negligence, and fond credulity:
And learn besides of flatterers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
The cock and fox, the fool and knave imply;
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
Who spoke in parables, I dare not say;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way
Sound sense by plain example to convey.
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleasure with instruction should be joined;
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF, OR THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.†

A VISION.

Now turning from the wintry signs, the Sun‡
His course exalted through the Ram had run;
And whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus, and the lightsome realms of Love,
Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To glad the ground and paint the fields with flowers:
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds that yet the blast of Eurus fear
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year;

* The last speech of the Cock is an addition by Dryden. Chaucer gives Reynard the last word: but the Fox's last speech is translated by Dryden imperfectly in the two lines, 804–5.

"Nay," quoth the fox, "but God give him mischance
That is so indiscreet of governance,
That jangleth when that he should hold his peace."

† This poem is more altered from Chaucer's than any other of Dryden's "Translations" from him: the fairies are of his introduction. The titles of "The Lady in the Arbour" and "A Vision" are added by Dryden.

‡ The astronomical year began with the entrance of the Sun into Aries (the Ram); Chaucer begins with Taurus (the Bull) in the opening description of Spring.

Till gentle heat and soft repeated rains
Make the green blood to dance within their veins;
Then, at their call emboldened out they come,
And swell the gems and burst the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet their blooms display,
Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair
To scent the skies, and purge the unwholesome air:
Joy spreads the heart, and with a general song
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.
In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turned my weary side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health and void of pain:
Cares I had none to keep me from my rest,
For Love had never entered in my breast;
I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wondered then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dried away the balmy dew:
Seas would be pools without the brushing air
To curl the waves; and sure some little care
Should weary Nature so, to make her want repair.
When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,
Scorning the scorner sleep, from bed I sprung;
And dressing, by the moon, in loose array
Passed out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree,
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretched to their neighbours with a long embrace;
And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy-coloured, some of lighter green.
The painted birds,* companions of the Spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.
Both eyes and ears received a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fixed my whole desire,
And listened for the queen of all the quire:
Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.
Attending long in vain, I took the way
Which through a path, but scarcely printed, lay;
In narrow mazes oft it seemed to meet,
And looked as lightly pressed by fairy feet.
Wandering I walked alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought:

* "Pictæque volucres."—VIRG. *Georg.* iii. 243.

At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle* of the wood :
This place unmarked, though oft I walked the green,
In all my progress I had never seen ;
And seized at once with wonder and delight,
Gazed all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'Twas benched with turf, and, goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green,
The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass,
The well-united sods so closely lay ;
And all around the shades defended it from day ;
For sycamours with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamour and flowers were mixed with green,
That nature seemed to vary the delight,
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.
The master-workman of the bower was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon ;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew ;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell,
For none but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade ;
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons placed within it could espy ;
But all that passed without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was placed between.
'Twas bordered with a field ; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sowed with rising grain.
That, now the dew with spangles decked the ground,
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I looked and looked, and still with new delight ;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures filled my sight :
And the fresh eglantine exhaled a breath
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
Nor sullen discontent nor anxious care,
Even though brought thither, could inhabit there :
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe ;
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.
  Thus as I mused, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough :
A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopped from side to side,

* *Receptacle* has the accent on both second and third syllables, following the quantities of the Latin word *receptaculum*. See note on the word *phylacteries* in "The Hind and the Panther," part 1, line 399.

Still pecking as she passed; and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and sucked the dew:
Sufficed at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tuned her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as soothed my soul, and pleased my ear.
Her short performance was no sooner tried,
When she I sought, the nightingale, replied:
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung,
And I so ravished with her heavenly note,
I stood entranced, and had no room for thought,
But all o'erpowered with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of Paradise:
At length I waked, and looking round the bower
Searched every tree, and pried on every flower,
If anywhere by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody;
For still methought she sung not far away:
At last I found her on a laurel spray.
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line, against her opposite,
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twined;
And both their native sweets were well conjoined.
On the green bank I sat, and listened long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song:)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wished to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too swiftly passed,
And every note I feared would be the last.
My sight and smell and hearing were employed,
And all three senses in full gust enjoyed.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place;
Single, and conscious to my self alone
Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown;
Pleasures which nowhere else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.
Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard the approaching sound
Of vocal music on the enchanted ground;
An host of saints it seemed, so full the quire,
As if the blessed above did all conspire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there issued from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind:
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduced the sons of heaven to rebel.
I pass their form, and every charming grace;
Less than an angel would their worth debase:
But their attire, like liveries of a kind

All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.
In velvet white as snow the troop was gowned,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around:
Their hoods and sleeves the same; and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
Of eastern pomp: their long descending train,
With rubies edged and sapphires, swept the plain:
High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles, all the quire was graced
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads placed,
Of laurel some, of woodbine* many more;
And wreaths of *Agnus castus* others bore:
These last, who with those virgin crowns were dressed,
Appeared in higher honour than the rest.
They danced around: but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien;
By stature and by beauty marked their sovereign queen.
She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servants' eyes were fixed upon her face,
And as she moved or turned, her motions viewed,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpassed the quire,
So nobler than the rest was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold inclosed her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show:
A branch of *Agnus castus* in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command);
Admired, adored by all the circling crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turned her face, they bowed:
And as she danced, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She raised her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At every close she made, the attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seemed the music melted in the throat.
Thus dancing on, and singing as they danced,
They to the middle of the mead advanced,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoyed to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat awed, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.

* Here, and also in lines 521 and 525, spelt in the folio edition *woodbine*, whereas elsewhere *woodbind*, as in line 282, and in "Palamon and Arcite," book 2, line 50.

Not long I had observed, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war;
The neighing coursers, and the soldiers' cry,
And sounding trumps that seemed to tear the sky.
I saw soon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior-train,
That like a deluge poured upon the plain:
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.
To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song:
To purchase but the tenth of all their store
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The trumpets issued, in white mantles dressed;
A numerous group, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial-oak were crowned,
And at each trumpet was a banner bound;
Which waving in the wind displayed at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
A purer web the silkworm never drew.
The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powdered o'er:
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these, of kings at arms a goodly train
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain:
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mixed with gold,
And garlands green around their temples rolled:
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons placed,
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies graced:
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So these in habits were alike arrayed;
But with a pace more sober, and more slow,
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a-row.
The pursevants came next, in number more;
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore:
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an open chaplet on his head.
Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed,
In golden armour glorious to behold;
The rivets of their arms were nailed with gold.
Their surcoats of white ermine-fur were made,
With cloth of gold between, that cast a glittering shade;
The trappings of their steeds were of the same;

The golden fringe even set the ground on flame,
And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.
Three henchmen were for every knight assigned,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind;
White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,
And each within his hand a truncheon bore:
The foremost held a helm of rare device;
A prince's ransom would not pay the price.
The second bore the buckler of his knight,
The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,
Headed with piercing steel, and polished bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
And all their foreheads crowned with garlands green.
And after these came, armed with spear and shield,
An host so great as covered all the field:
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels ever green were shaded o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
Tenacious of the stem and firm against the wind.
Some in their hands, besides the lance and shield,
The boughs of woodbind or of hawthorn held,
Or branches for their mystic emblems took,
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial-oak.
Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,
Drawn in two lines adverse they wheeled around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themselves the turney they divide,
In equal squadrons ranged on either side.
Then turned their horses' heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed opposed, the justs began.
They lightly set their lances in the rest,
And, at the sign, against each other pressed:
They met; I sitting at my ease beheld
The mixed events and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and man,
And round the fields the lightened coursers ran.
An hour and more, like tides in equal sway,
They rushed, and won by turns and lost the day:
At length the nine (who still together held)
Their fainting foes to shameful flight compelled,
And with resistless force o'erran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finished was the fight,
The victors from their lofty steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:
Till to the fair assembly they advanced,
Who near the secret arbour sung and danced.
The ladies left their measures at the sight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embraced her chosen knight.
Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,

The grace and ornament of all the wood:
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat:
Her leavy arms with such extent were spread,
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds that wing the liquid air,
Perched in the boughs, had nightly lodging there:
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
Might hear the rattling hail and wintry war,
From heaven's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoyed the cool, and shunned the scorching heat:
A hundred knights might there at ease abide;
And every knight a lady by his side:
The trunk it self such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.
The lords and ladies here, approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeisance made,
And seemed to venerate the sacred shade.
These rites performed, their pleasures they pursue,
With song of love, and mix with measures new;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.
I cast my sight upon the farther field,
And a fresh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the west I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appeared
Of knights and ladies mixed, a jolly band,
But all on foot they marched, and hand in hand.
The ladies dressed in rich symarrs were seen
Of Florence satin, flowered with white and green,
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.*
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a-row;
And every damsel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland blended white and red.
Attired in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratified the view with cheerful green;
Their chaplets of their ladies' colours were,
Composed of white and red, to shade their shining hair.
Before the merry troop the minstrels played;
All in their masters' liveries were arrayed,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind:
The sawtry, pipe, and hautbois' noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daisies on a flowery lea†

* *Gridelin*, derived from *gris de lin*, flax-gray. Sir W. Temple in his "Essay on Gardening" spells the word *grizelin*, and says it means pale red.

† *Lea* is spelt in the folio edition *lay*, which at any rate indicates the pronunciation. See note on pronunciation of *sea*, p. 32. The verb *flay* is spelt *flea* in Dryden's "Œdipus," act 4, scene 1.

They saw, and thitherward they bent their way;
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay:
And still at every close she would repeat
The burden of the song, *The daisy is so sweet.*
The daisy is so sweet, when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continued on.
The concert and the voice so charmed my ear,
And soothed my soul, that it was heaven to hear.
But soon their pleasure passed: at noon of day
The sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky:
Then drooped the fading flowers (their beauty fled)
And closed their sickly eyes, and hung the head,
And rivelled* up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasped, and scarcely could respire;
The breath they drew, no longer air but fire;
The fainty knights were scorched, and knew not where
To run for shelter, for no shade was near.
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Poured down a storm of rattling hail and rain;
And lightning flashed betwixt; the field and flowers,
Burnt up before, were buried in the showers.
The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather and the wintry sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,
And through their thin array received the rain;
While those in white, protected by the tree,
Saw pass the vain assault, and stood from danger free;
But as compassion moved their gentle minds,
When ceased the storm, and silent were the winds,
Displeased at what, not suffering, they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green:
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand;
So did the knights and dames, with courtly grace,
And with behaviour sweet their foes embrace.
Then thus the Queen with laurel on her brow:
"Fair sister, I have suffered in your woe;
"Nor shall be wanting aught within my power
"For your relief in my refreshing bower."
That other answered with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had borne, and beating rain.

* The word *rivelled* is used by Dryden in the Prologue to "All for Love," 40:
"Such rivelled fruits as winter can afford."
Also in his translation of the Georgics, iv. 614, "The rivelled grass."

Like courtesy was used by all in white,
Each dame a dame received, and every knight a knight.
The laurel champions with their swords invade
The neighbouring forests, where the justs were made,
And serewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire
They warmed their frozen feet, and dried their wet attire.
Refreshed with heat, the ladies sought around
For virtuous herbs, which gathered from the ground,
They squeezed the juice, and cooling ointment made,
Which on their sunburnt cheeks and their chapt skins they laid;
Then sought green salads, which they bade them eat,
A sovereign remedy for inward heat.
The Lady of the Leaf ordained a feast,
And made the Lady of the Flower her guest:
When lo! a bower ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats ordained, and large for either train.
This bower was near my pleasant arbour placed,
That I could hear and see whatever passed:
The ladies sat with each a knight between,
Distinguished by their colours white and green;
The vanquished party with the victors joined,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Meantime the minstrels played on either side,
Vain of their art, and for the mastery vied:
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And reached my secret arbour from the bower.
The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky;
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of the ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and winged her flight
Directly to the Queen arrayed in white;
And hopping sat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increased the band.
The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat,
Had changed the medlar for a safer seat,
And hid in bushes scaped the bitter shower,
Now perched upon the Lady of the Flower;
And either songster holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renewed their notes;
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehearsed, to sing by night.
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danced by starlight and the friendly moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen
Supplied with steeds the Lady of the green,
Her and her train conducting on the way,
The moon to follow, and avoid the day.
This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic show,

I started from my shade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind;
And as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crowned,
Who closed the rear and softly paced along,
Repeating to her self the former song.
With due respect my body I inclined,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wishing her Queen and her a happy May.
"Great thanks, my daughter," with a gracious bow,
She said; and I, who much desired to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventured humbly thus to speak:
"Madam, might I presume and not offend,
"So may the stars and shining moon attend
"Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell,
"What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,
"And what the knights who fought in listed fields so well?"
To this the dame replied: "Fair daughter, know,
"That what you saw was all a fairy show;
"And all those airy shapes you now behold
"Were human bodies once, and clothed with earthly mould.
"Our souls, not yet prepared for upper light,
"Till doomsday wander in the shades of night;
"This only holiday of all the year,
"We privileged in sunshine may appear;
"With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
"And with due honours usher in the May.
"At other times we reign by night alone,
"And posting through the skies pursue the moon;
"But when the morn arises, none are found,
"For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
"And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
"He drives the wretch before, and lashes into night.
"All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
"With friendly offices to help the good.
"In every land we have a larger space
"Than what is known to you of mortal race;
"Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
"And even this grove, unseen before, is ours.
"Know farther, every lady clothed in white,
"And crowned with oak and laurel every knight,
"Are servants to the Leaf, by liveries known
"Of innocence; and I myself am one.
"Saw you not her so graceful to behold,
"In white attire, and crowned with radiant gold?
"The sovereign lady of our land is she,
"Diana called, the Queen of chastity;
"And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
"That *Agnus castus* in her hand appears;
"And all her train, with leavy chaplets crowned,

" Were for unblamed virginity renowned ;
" But those the chief and highest in command
" Who bear those holy branches in their hand.
" The knights adorned with laurel crowns are they,
" Whom death nor danger ever could dismay,
" Victorious names, who made the world obey ;
" Who, while they lived, in deeds of arms excelled,
" And after death for deities were held.
" But those who wear the woodbine on their brow
" Were knights of love, who never broke their vow ;
" Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
" From fears and fickle chance and jealousy.
" The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear,
" As true as Tristram and Isotta were."
" But what are those," said I, " the unconquered nine,
" Who, crowned with laurel-wreaths, in golden armour shine?
" And who the knights in green, and what the train
" Of ladies dressed with daisies on the plain?
" Why both the bands in worship disagree,
" And some adore the flower, and some the tree?"
" Just is your suit, fair daughter," said the dame ;
" Those laurelled chiefs were men of mighty fame ;
" Nine worthies were they called of different rites,
" Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian knights.*
" These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,
" As they the foremost rank of honour held,
" And all in deeds of chivalry excelled :
" Their temples wreathed with leaves,† that still renew,
" For deathless laurel is the victor's due.
" Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
" Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemain :
" For bows the strength of brawny arms imply
" Emblems of valour and of victory.
" Behold an order yet of newer date,
" Doubling their number, equal in their state ;
" Our England's ornament, the Crown's defence,
" In battle brave, protectors of their Prince :
" Unchanged by fortune, to their sovereign true,
" For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
" These, of the Garter called, of faith unstained,
" In fighting fields the laurel have obtained,
" And well repaid those honours which they gained.
" The laurel wreaths were first by Cæsar worn,
" And still they Cæsar's successors adorn ;
" One leaf of this is immortality,
" And more of worth than all the world can buy."

* The three Pagans are Hector, Pompey, and Alexander ; the three Jews, Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus ; and the three Christians, King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Boulogne.
† Printed *leafs* in folio edition as *elfs* in "The Wife of Bath," line 3 ; yet the adjective is printed *leavy*, lines 316, 512.

"One doubt remains," said I: "the dames in green,
"What were their qualities, and who their Queen?"
"Flora commands," said she, "those nymphs and knights,
"Who lived in slothful ease and loose delights;
"Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
"The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue;
"Who, nursed in idleness, and trained in courts,
"Passed all their precious hours in plays and sports,
"Till Death behind came stalking on unseen,
"And withered, like the storm, the freshness of their green.
"These, and their mates, enjoy their present hour,
"And therefore pay their homage to the Flower.
"But knights in knightly deeds should persevere
"And still continue what at first they were;
"Continue, and proceed in honour's fair career.
"No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
"From good to better they should urge their way.
"For this with golden spurs the chiefs are graced,
"With pointed rowels armed to mend their haste;
"For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound,
"For laurel is the sign of labour crowned,
"Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground:
"From winter winds it suffers no decay,
"For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May.
"Even when the vital sap retreats below,
"Even when the hoary head is hid in snow,
"The life is in the leaf, and still between
"The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.
"Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,
"A short-lived good, and an uncertain grace;
"This way and that the feeble stem is driven,
"Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of heaven.
"Propped by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
"But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed;
"In summer living, and in winter dead.
"For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
"Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are decayed."
With humble words, the wisest I could frame,
And proferred service, I repaid the dame;
That of her grace she gave her maid to know
The secret meaning of this moral show.
And she, to prove what profit I had made
Of mystic truth, in fables first conveyed,
Demanded till the next returning May,
Whether the Leaf or Flower I would obey?
I chose the Leaf; she smiled with sober cheer,
And wished me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
Against ill tongues that scandal innocence:
"But I," said she, "my fellows must pursue,
"Already past the plain, and out of view."
We parted thus; I homeward sped my way,

Bewildered in the wood till dawn of day:
And met the merry crew who danced about the May.
Then late refreshed with sleep, I rose to write
The visionary vigils of the night.
Blush, as thou mayest, my little book for shame,
Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame;
For such thy maker chose; and so designed
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

THE WIFE OF BATH HER TALE.*

In days of old, when Arthur filled the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown,
The king of elves† and little fairy queen
Gambolled on heaths, and danced on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and marked the ground.
Nor darkling did they dance; the silver light
Of Phœbe served to guide their steps aright,
And, with their tripping pleased, prolonged the night.
Her beams they followed, where at full she played,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they stayed,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands conveyed.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revelled half the year.
I speak of ancient times; for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train;
In vain the dairy now with mints is dressed,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest
To skim the bowls and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests with prayers, and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear;
And where they played their merry pranks before,
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor;
And friars that through the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls:
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallowed with the rites of grace:

* This tale from Chaucer is told also by Gower under the title "Florent," in his "Confessio Amantis." It was probably derived by Chaucer from an old metrical romance.
† *Elves* printed *elfs* in folio edition; but *elves* is printed in line 34.

But in the walks, where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the parish now is seen;
The midnight parson posting o'er the green
With gown tucked up to wakes, for Sunday next
With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer to country-girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he sets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near;
For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both even-song and morn.
It so befel in this King Arthur's reign,
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.
It happened as he rode, a damsel gay
In russet robes to market took her way;
Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
So straight she walked, and on her pasterns high:
If seeing her behind he liked her pace,
Now turning short he better liked her face.
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire,
By force accomplished his obscene desire.
This done, away he rode, not unespied,
For swarming at his back the country cried:
And once in view they never lost the sight,
But seized, and pinioned brought to court the knight.
Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
Ere made the common brothels of the town;
There virgins honourable vows received,
But chaste as maids in monasteries lived:
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,
No bad example to his poets gave;
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
Had not to please the prince debauched the stage.
Now what should Arthur do? He loved the knight,
But sovereign monarchs are the source of right:
Moved by the damsel's tears and common cry,
He doomed the brutal ravisher to die.
But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
And prayed so hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his Queen the King the offender gave,
And left it in her power to kill or save.
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for love;
And with their mistress joined in close debate,
(Covering their kindness with dissembled hate,)
If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
At last agreed, they call him by consent
Before the Queen and female parliament;
And the fair Speaker, rising from the chair,
Did thus the judgment of the House declare.

"Sir knight, though I have asked thy life, yet still
" Thy destiny depends upon my will :
" Nor hast thou other surety than the grace
" Not due to thee from our offended race.
" But as our kind is of a softer mould,
" And cannot blood without a sigh behold,
" I grant thee life ; reserving still the power
" To take the forfeit when I see my hour ;
" Unless thy answer to my next demand
" Shall set thee free from our avenging hand.
" The question, whose solution I require,
" Is what the sex of women most desire?
" In this dispute thy judges are at strife ;
" Beware, for on thy wit depends thy life.
" Yet (lest, surprised, unknowing what to say,
" Thou damn thy self) we give thee farther day ;
" A year is thine to wander at thy will ;
" And learn from others, if thou wantst the skill.
" But, not to hold our proffer [for]* in scorn,
" Good sureties will we have for thy return,
" That at the time prefixed thou shalt obey,
" And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day."
Woe was the knight at this severe command,
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand.
The terms accepted, as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again ;
And promised answer at the day assigned,
The best with Heaven's assistance he could find.
His leave thus taken, on his way he went
With heavy heart, and full of discontent,
Misdoubting much, and fearful of the event.
'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went ; still anxious more and more,
Asked all he met, and knocked at every door ;
Inquired of men ; but made his chief request
To learn from women what they loved the best.
They answered each according to her mind,
To please her self, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place ;
Crones old and ugly wished a better face ;
The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed ;
The wanton maids were all for sport a-bed ;
Some said the sex were pleased with handsome lies,
And some gross flattery loved without disguise.

* A syllable is wanting in this line in the original folio edition. In the second edition, 1713, the word *turned* was inserted between *proffer* and *in*. In the Wartons' edition and Scott's the line is printed

"But not to hold our proffered turn in scorn."

R. Bell has "proffer turned to scorn." There is no authority for any of these changes. *For* is a smaller change; and it might have been omitted by the printer, immediately following the syllable *fer*.

"Truth is," says one, "he seldom fails to win
" Who flatters well ; for that's our darling sin.
" But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
" Will work even with the wisest of the kind."
One thought the sex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free ;
Their pleasures, hours, and actions all their own,
And uncontrolled to give account to none.
Some wish a husband-fool ; but such are curst,
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst :
All women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our spouses see but with our eyes ;
For fools will prate ; and though they want the wit
To find close faults, yet open blots will hit ;
Though better for their ease to hold their tongue,
For womankind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life ;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And some men say, that great delight have we
To be for truth extolled, and secrecy :
And constant in one purpose still to dwell,
And not our husband's counsels to reveal.
But that's a fable : for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky sieves, no secrets we can hold ;
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.
  Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endowed with ass's ears,
Which under his long locks he well concealed
(As monarch's vices must not be revealed),
For fear the people have 'em in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind ;
Nor apt to think from heaven their title springs,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew ; and durst communicate
To none but to his wife his ears of state ;
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
To this sagacious confessor he went,
And told her what a gift the gods had sent ;
But told it under matrimonial seal,
With strict injunction never to reveal.
The secret heard, she plighted him her troth
(And sacred sure is every woman's oath)
The royal malady should rest unknown,
Both for her husband's honour and her own :
But ne'ertheless she pined with discontent ;
The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing she knew she was obliged to hide ;
By interest and by oath the wife was tied,
But if she told it not, the woman died.
Loth to betray a husband and a prince,

But she must burst, or blab ; and no pretence
Of honour tied her tongue from self-defence.
A marshy ground commodiously was near,
Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
Lest if a word she spoke of any thing,
That word might be the secret of the king.
Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
Griped all the way, and longing for a vent ;
Arrived, by pure necessity compelled,
On her majestic mary-bones* she kneeled ;
Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
And as a bittour bumps within a reed,†
" To thee alone, O lake," she said, " I tell,
" (And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal,)
" Beneath his locks, the king my husband wears
" A goodly royal pair of ass's ears :
" Now I have eased my bosom of the pain,
" Till the next longing fit return again."
Thus through a woman was the secret known ;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
But to my tale. The knight with heavy cheer,
Wandering in vain, had now consumed the year ;
One day was only left to solve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
But home he must, and as the award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the Queen.
In this despairing state he happed to ride,
As fortune led him, by a forest side ;
Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
Brown with the shade of a religious wood ;
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The moon was up, and shot a gleamy light,)
He saw a quire of ladies in a round
That featly footing seemed to skim the ground ;
Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.
At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
In hope where many women were, at least
Some one by chance might answer his request.
But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vanished out of view.
One only hag remained : but fouler far
Than grandame apes in Indian forests are :

* "Mary-bones," an old spelling : it is spelt *maribones* in Dryden's "Sir Martin Mar-all," act 2, scene 2. *Marrow*, from the French *mari* (husband), meant *fellow, companion ;* and *maribones* or *mary-bones* has come to be spelt *marrow-bones.*

† *Bittour*, bittern. Chaucer's line is

"And as a bittour bumbeth in the myre."

The word *bumb* or *bump* is specially used to describe the sound made by the bittern crying through a reed in a marsh.

Against a withered oak she leaned her weight,
Propped on her trusty staff, not half upright,
And dropped an awkward courtesy to the knight.
Then said, "What make you,* Sir, so late abroad
"Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
"Or want you aught that here you hope to find,
"Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
"The last I guess; and if I read aright,
"Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight.
"Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage,
"Then tell your pain, for wisdom is in age."
To this the knight: "Good mother, would you know
"The secret cause and spring of all my woe?
"My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
"Unless I tell what women most desire.
"Now could you help me at this hard essay,
"Or for your inborn goodness or for pay,
"Yours is my life, redeemed by your advice,
"Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:
"The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
"Well satisfied of what they love the best."
"Plight me thy faith," quoth she, "that what I ask,
"Thy danger over, and performed the task,
"That thou shalt give for hire of thy demand;
"Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand;
"I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
"Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and wife."
More words there needed not to move the knight,
To take her offer, and his truth to plight.
With that she spread her mantle on the ground,
And, first inquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the way,
At court he should arrive ere break of day:
His horse should find the way without a guide.
She said: with fury they began to ride,
He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well;
And all the way the crone informed the knight,
How he should answer the demand aright.
To court they came; the news was quickly spread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women in the town:

* "What make you?" what are you doing? This is an old phrase which occurs often in Dryden's plays. It is common in Shakespeare:

"Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?"
King Richard, act 5, sc. 3.

The line has been altered in modern editions, including Scott's, into

"What makes you, Sir, so late abroad?"

The Queen sat lord chief justice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appeared; and silence they proclaim:
Then first the culprit answered to his name;
And, after forms of laws, was last required
To name the thing that women most desired.
The offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel ordered what to say,
Thus bold began: "My lady liege," said he,
"What all your sex desire is *Sovereignty*.
"The wife affects her husband to command;
"All must be hers, both money, house, and land:
"The maids are mistresses even in their name,
"And of their servants full dominion claim.
"This, at the peril of my head, I say,
"A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
"You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey."
There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
But said the knight had well deserved his life.
Even fair Geneura with a blush confessed
The man had found what women love the best.
Up starts the beldam, who was there unseen,
And, reverence made, accosted thus the queen:
"My liege," said she, "before the court arise,
"May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
"To grant my just request: 'twas I who taught
"The knight this answer, and inspired his thought.
"None but a woman could a man direct
"To tell us women what we most affect.
"But first I swore him on his knightly troth,
"(And here demand performance of his oath,)
"To grant the boon that next I should desire;
"He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
"My promise is fulfilled: I saved his life,
"And claim his debt, to take me for his wife."
The knight was asked, nor could his oath deny,
But hoped they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wrest the laws
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent to brothers of the bar,)
Cried, one and all, the suppliant should have right,
And to the grandame hag adjudged the knight.
In vain he sighed, and oft with tears desired
Some reasonable suit might be required.
But still the crone was constant to her note;
The more he spoke, the more she stretched her throat.
In vain he proffered all his goods, to save
His body destined to that living grave.
The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn,
And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
"Not all the wealth of eastern kings," said she,

" Have power to part my plighted love and me ;
" And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
" Yet never will I break the faith I swore ;
" For mine thou art by promise, during life,
" And I thy loving and obedient wife."
" My love ! nay, rather my damnation thou,"
Said he : " nor am I bound to keep my vow ;
" The fiend, thy sire, has sent thee from below,
" Else how couldst thou my secret sorrows know ?
" Avaunt, old witch ! for I renounce thy bed :
" The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
" Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed."
Both heard, the judge pronounced against the knight ;
So was he married in his own despite :
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
To pass the marriage feast and nuptial song :
Mirth there was none, the man was *à-la-mort*,
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride :
Was never such an ill-paired couple tied :
Restless he tossed, and tumbled to and fro,
And rolled, and wriggled further off for woe.
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her quivering arms, and cried,
" When you my ravished predecessor saw,
" You were not then become this man of straw ;
" Had you been such you might have scaped the law.
" Is this the custom of King Arthur's court ?
" Are all Round-Table Knights of such a sort ?
" Remember I am she who saved your life,
" Your loving, lawful, and complying wife :
" Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,
" Nor I for this return employed my power.
" In time of need I was your faithful friend ;
" Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.
" Believe me, my loved lord, 'tis much unkind ;
" What fury has possessed your altered mind ?
" Thus on my wedding night—without pretence—
" Come, turn this way, or tell me my offence.
" If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade,
" Name but my fault, amends shall soon be made."
" Amends ! nay, that's impossible," said he,
" What change of age, or ugliness, can be ?
" Or could Medea's magic mend thy face,
" Thou art descended from so mean a race,
" That never knight was matched with such disgrace.
" What wonder, madam, if I move my side,
" When, if I turn, I turn to such a bride ?"
" And is this all that troubles you so sore ?"
" And what the devil couldst thou wish me more ?"

"Ah, Benedicite!" replied the crone:
"Then cause of just complaining have you none.
"The remedy to this were soon applied,
"Would you be like the bridegroom to the bride:
"But, for you say a long descended race,
"And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
"Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
"Is much disparaged to be matched with me;
"Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
"Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
"The nobleman is he whose noble mind
"Is filled with inborn worth, unborrowed from his kind.
"The King of Heaven was in a manger laid,
"And took his earth but from an humble maid:
"Then what can birth, or mortal men, bestow,
"Since floods no higher than their fountains flow?
"We who for name and empty honour strive
"Our true nobility from him derive.
"Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride
"And vast estates to mighty titles tied,
"Did not your honour, but their own advance;
"But virtue comes not by inheritance.
"If you tralineate from your father's mind,
"What are you else but of a bastard-kind?
"Do as your great progenitors have done,
"And by their virtue s proe your self their son.
"No father can infuse or wit or grace;
"A mother comes across, and mars the race.
"A grandsire or a grandame taints the blood;
"And seldom three descents continue good.
"Were virtue by descent, a noble name
"Could never villanize his father's fame:
"But, as the first, the last of all the line,
"Would, like the sun, even in descending shine.
"Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house
"Betwixt King Arthur's court and Caucasus;
"If you depart, the flame shall still remain,
"And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain;
"Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
"By nature formed on things combustible to prey.
"Such is not man, who, mixing better seed
"With worse, begets a base degenerate breed:
"The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
"No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
"The father sinks within his son, we see,
"And often rises in the third degree;
"If better luck a better mother give,
"Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
"Such as our atoms were, even such are we,
"Or call it Chance, or strong Necessity:
"Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free.
"And thus it needs must be: for seed conjoined

" Lets into nature's work the imperfect kind ;
" But fire, the enlivener of the general frame,
" Is one, its operation still the same.
" Its principle is in it self : while ours
" Works, as confederates war, with mingled powers ;
" Or man or woman, which soever fails ;
" And oft the vigour of the worse prevails.
" Æther with sulphur blended alters hue,
" And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
" Thus in a brute their ancient honour ends,
" And the fair mermaid in a fish descends :
" The line is gone ; no longer duke or earl ;
" But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
" Nobility of blood is but renown
" Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
" And a long trail of light to thee descending down.
" If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine ;
" But infamy and villanage are thine.
" Then what I said before is plainly showed,
" That true nobility proceeds from God :
" Nor left us by inheritance, but given
" By bounty of our stars, and grace of Heaven.
" Thus from a captive Servius Tullius rose,
" Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose :*
" Fabricius from their walls repelled the foe,
" Whose noble hands had exercised the plough.
" From hence, my lord and love, I thus conclude,
" That though my homely ancestors were rude,
" Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
" To make you father of a generous race :
" And noble then am I, when I begin,
" In virtue clothed, to cast the rags of sin.
" If poverty be my upbraided crime,
" And you believe in Heaven, there was a time
" When He, the great controller of our fate,
" Deigned to be man, and lived in low estate ;
" Which He who had the world at His dispose,
" If poverty were vice, would never choose.
" Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
" That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
" Content is wealth, the riches of the mind,
" And happy he who can that treasure find ;
" But the base miser starves amidst his store,
" Broods on his gold, and griping still at more,
" Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

* Servius Tullius, the sixth king of Rome, was son of a slave-woman, taken prisoner by Tarquin, and given by him with her child to his wife Tanaquil. The child was brought up in Tarquin's family, and, when grown up, Tarquin gave him his daughter in marriage. On the death of Tarquin, the Romans chose Servius Tullius, his son-in-law, to be their king on account of his virtues. Caius Fabricius, the Roman consul and conqueror, is introduced by Dryden ; Chaucer mentioning only Servius Tullius.

" The ragged beggar, though he wants relief,
" Has nought to lose, and sings before the thief.*
" Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
" Because its virtues are not understood.
" Yet many things, impossible to thought,
" Have been by need to full perfection brought:
" The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
" Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
" Prudence at once and fortitude it gives,
" And if in patience taken, mends our lives;
" For even that indigence that brings me low,
" Makes me my self and Him above to know;
" A good which none would challenge, few would choose:
" A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
" If we from wealth to poverty descend,
" Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
" If I am old and ugly, well for you,
" No lewd adulterer will my love pursue;
" Nor jealousy, the bane of married life,
" Shall haunt you for a withered homely wife;
" For age and ugliness, as all agree,
" Are the best guards of female chastity.
" Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
" I'll do my best to further your content;
" And therefore of two gifts in my dispose,
" Think ere you speak, I grant you leave to choose:
" Would you I should be still deformed and old,
" Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold;
" On this condition to remain for life
" A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
" In all I can contribute to your ease,
" And not in deed, or word, or thought displease?
" Or would you rather have me young and fair,
" And take the chance that happens to your share?
" Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
" And how can you depend upon my truth?
" Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliss,
" And thank your self, if aught should fall amiss."
Sore sighed the knight, who this long sermon heard;
At length considering all, his heart he cheered,
And thus replied:—" My lady, and my wife,
" To your wise conduct I resign my life:
" Choose you for me, for well you understand
" The future good and ill, on either hand:
" But if an humble husband may request,
" Provide and order all things for the best;
" Yours be the care to profit and to please:
" And let your subject-servant take his ease."

* Chaucer here cites Juvenal:

" Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator."
Sat. x. 22.

"Then thus in peace," quoth she, "concludes the strife,
"Since I am turned the husband, you the wife:
"The matrimonial victory is mine,
"Which, having fairly gained, I will resign;
"Forgive if I have said or done amiss,
"And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss:
"I promised you but one content to share,
"But now I will become both good and fair.
"No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease;
"The business of my life shall be to please;
"And for my beauty, that, as time shall try,
"But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye."
He looked, and saw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turned, and seized her ivory arm,
And, like Pygmalion, found the statue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A storm of kisses poured as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embraced,
And their first love continued to the last:
One sunshine was their life, no cloud between,
Nor ever was a kinder couple seen.
And so may all our lives like theirs be led;
Heaven send the maids young husbands fresh in bed:
May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man.
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be governed by their wives.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER, AND ENLARGED.*

A PARISH-PRIEST was of the pilgrim-train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity it self was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
(As God had clothed his own ambassador;)
For such on earth his blessed Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seemed; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast;
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense
And made almost a sin of abstinence.

* Dryden has considerably amplified Chaucer's poem. The last forty lines are added, and contain, under the guise of reference to Henry IV.'s revolutionary throne, a description of a non-juror under William III. Sir John Hawkins says in his "History of Music" that Bishop Ken was Dryden's "good parson."

Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere.
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity;
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was armed;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charmed;
For, letting down the golden chain from high,*
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears
(A music more melodious than the spheres):
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.
He preached the joys of Heaven and pains of Hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw.
For fear but freezes minds; but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapped in his crimes, against the storm prepared;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightnings and thunder (Heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before the Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.
The tithes his parish freely paid he took;
But never sued, or cursed with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong, but offering none:
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his offerings, pinched the more,
And praised a priest contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famished, and to clothe the bare:
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord,
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store,
Entrusted riches to relieve the poor;
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judged himself accomplice with the thief.

* Compare "Palamon and Arcite," book 3, lines 1024–25:

"The Cause and Spring of motion from above
Hung down on earth the golden chain of Love."

Wide was his parish; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house:
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distressed;
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this the good old man performed alone,
Nor spared his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold;
But duly watched his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeemed the prey,
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squared:
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest;
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impressed;)
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate for his holy life he prized;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despised.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show,
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he designed,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn;
In purple he was crucified, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be plain.
Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was expressed;
And his own work, as in creation, blessed.
The tempter saw him too with envious eye,
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was deposed,
And high and low with happy Harry closed.
This Prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood,
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.

Had Richard unconstrained resigned the throne,
A King can give no more than is his own;
The title stood entailed, had Richard had a son.
Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside;
Where all submitted, none the battle tried.
The senseless plea of right by Providence
Was by a flattering priest invented since;
And lasts no longer than the present sway,
But justifies the next who comes in play.
The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.
He joined not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might and often did from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undeprived, his benefice forsook.
Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretched,
And like a primitive apostle preached.
Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many followed; loved by most, admired by all.
With what he begged, his brethren he relieved!
And gave the charities himself received;
Gave, while he taught; and edified the more,
Because he showed by proof 'twas easy to be poor.
He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
But fed us by the way with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

FROM BOCCACE.

WHILE Norman Tancred in Salerno reigned,
The title of a gracious Prince he gained;
Till turned a tyrant in his latter days,
He lost the lustre of his former praise,
And from the bright meridian where he stood
Descending dipped his hands in lovers' blood.
This Prince, of Fortune's favour long possessed,
Yet was with one fair daughter only blessed;
And blessed he might have been with her alone,
But oh! how much more happy had he none!
She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Most in his thought, and ever in his sight:
Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear;
She lived by him, and now he lived in her.

For this, when ripe for marriage, he delayed
Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid,
As envying any else should share a part
Of what was his, and claiming all her heart.
At length, as public decency required,
And all his vassals eagerly desired,
With mind averse, he rather underwent
His people's will than gave his own consent.
So was she torn, as from a lover's side,
And made, almost in his despite, a bride.
  Short were her marriage joys; for in the prime
Of youth, her lord expired before his time;
And to her father's court in little space
Restored anew, she held a higher place;
More loved, and more exalted into grace.
This Princess, fresh and young, and fair and wise,
The worshipped idol of her father's eyes,
Did all her sex in every grace exceed,
And had more wit beside than women need.
  Youth, health, and ease, and most an amorous mind,
To second nuptials had her thoughts inclined;
And former joys had left a secret sting behind.
But, prodigal in every other grant,
Her sire left unsupplied her only want,
And she, betwixt her modesty and pride,
Her wishes, which she could not help, would hide.
  Resolved at last to lose no longer time,
And yet to please her self without a crime,
She cast her eyes around the court, to find
A worthy subject suiting to her mind,
To him in holy nuptials to be tied,
A seeming widow, and a secret bride.
Among the train of courtiers, one she found
With all the gifts of bounteous nature crowned,
Of gentle blood, but one whose niggard fate
Had set him far below her high estate:
Guiscard his name was called, of blooming age,
Now squire to Tancred, and before his page:
To him, the choice of all the shining crowd,
Her heart the noble Sigismonda vowed.
  Yet hitherto she kept her love concealed,
And with close glances every day beheld
The graceful youth; and every day increased
The raging fire that burned within her breast;
Some secret charm did all his acts attend,
And what his fortune wanted hers could mend;
Till, as the fire will force its outward way,
Or, in the prison pent, consume the prey,
So long her earnest eyes on his were set,
At length their twisted rays together met;
And he, surprised with humble joy, surveyed
One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid.

Not well assured, while doubtful hopes he nursed,
A second glance came gliding like the first;
And he, who saw the sharpness of the dart,
Without defence received it in his heart.
In public, though their passion wanted speech,
Yet mutual looks interpreted for each:
Time, ways, and means of meeting were denied,
But all those wants ingenious Love supplied.
The inventive god, who never fails his part,
Inspires the wit when once he warms the heart.
When Guiscard next was in the circle seen,
Where Sigismonda held the place of queen,
A hollow cane within her hand she brought,
But in the concave had enclosed a note;
With this she seemed to play, and, as in sport,
Tossed to her love in presence of the court;
"Take it," she said, "and when your needs require,
"This little brand will serve to light your fire."
He took it with a bow, and soon divined
The seeming toy was not for nought designed:
But when retired, so long with curious eyes
He viewed the present, that he found the prize.
Much was in little writ; and all conveyed
With cautious care, for fear to be betrayed
By some false confident or favourite maid.
The time, the place, the manner how to meet,
Were all in punctual order plainly writ:
But since a trust must be, she thought it best
To put it out of laymen's power at least,
And for their solemn vows prepared a priest.
Guiscard, her secret purpose understood,
With joy prepared to meet the coming good;
Nor pains nor danger was resolved to spare,
But use the means appointed by the fair.
Near the proud palace of Salerno stood
A mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood;
Through this a cave was dug with vast expense,
The work it seemed of some suspicious Prince,
Who, when abusing power with lawless might,
From public justice would secure his flight.
The passage made by many a winding way,
Reached even the room in which the tyrant lay,
Fit for his purpose; on a lower floor,
He lodged, whose issue was an iron door,
From whence by stairs descending to the ground,
In the blind grot a safe retreat he found.
Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
With brambles, choked by time, and now unknown.
A rift there was, which from the mountain's height
Conveyed a glimmering and malignant light,*

* "Sub luce maligná."—VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 270.

A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
The tyrant's den, whose use, though lost to fame,
Was now the apartment of the royal dame;
The cavern, only to her father known,
By him was to his darling daughter shown.
  Neglected long she let the secret rest,
Till love recalled it to her labouring breast,
And hinted as the way by Heaven designed
The teacher by the means he taught to blind.
What will not women do, when need inspires
Their wit, or love their inclination fires!
Though jealousy of state the invention found,
Yet love refined upon the former ground.
That way the tyrant had reserved, to fly
Pursuing hate, now served to bring two lovers nigh.
  The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,*
Bold by desire, explored the secret way;
Now tried the stairs, and wading through the night,
Searched all the deep recess, and issued into light.
All this her letter had so well explained,
The instructed youth might compass what remained;
The cavern-mouth alone was hard to find,
Because the path disused was out of mind:
But in what quarter of the cops it lay,
His eye by certain level could survey:
Yet (for the wood perplexed with thorns he knew)
A frock of leather o'er his limbs he drew;
And thus provided searched the brake around,
Till the choked entry of the cave he found.
  Thus all prepared, the promised hour arrived,
So long expected, and so well contrived:
With love to friend,† the impatient lover went,
Fenced from the thorns, and trod the deep descent.
The conscious priest, who was suborned before,
Stood ready posted at the postern-door;
The maids in distant rooms were sent to rest,
And nothing wanted‡ but the invited guest.
He came, and, knocking thrice, without delay
The longing lady heard, and turned the key;
At once invaded him with all her charms,
And the first step he made was in her arms:
The leathern outside, boistrous§ as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her strict embrace:

* *Key*, rhyming with *way*, was pronounced *kay* 'quay': so below, lines 156 and 294, *key* rhymes with *delay*; and again with *way* line 182. *Key* is Dryden's spelling, where *quay* is now written. See "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 231, and "Cymon and Iphigenia," line 614.

† This phrase, "love to friend," is used by Dryden in "Palamon and Arcite," book 1, line 12. It occurs in Spenser, "Faëry Queen," iii. 3, 14. Shakespeare has "the time to friend" (Macbeth, act 4, scene 3).

‡ The meaning is "Nothing was wanting but," &c.

§ A peculiar use of *boisterous*, spelt *boistrous* by Dryden, meaning *strong*.

On either side the kisses flew so thick,
That neither he nor she had breath to speak.
The holy man, amazed at what he saw,
Made haste to sanctify the bliss by law;
And muttered fast the matrimony o'er,
For fear committed sin should get before.
His work performed, he left the pair alone,
Because he knew he could not go too soon;
His presence odious, when his task was done.
What thoughts he had beseems not me to say,
Though some surmise he went to fast and pray,
And needed both to drive the tempting thoughts away.
The foe once gone, they took their full delight;
'Twas restless rage and tempest all the night;
For greedy love each moment would employ,
And grudged the shortest pauses of their joy.
Thus were their loves auspiciously begun,
And thus with secret care were carried on,
The stealth it self did appetite restore,
And looked so like a sin, it pleased the more.
The cave was now become a common way,
The wicket, often opened, knew the key.
Love rioted secure, and, long enjoyed,
Was ever eager, and was never cloyed.
But as extremes are short, of ill and good,
And tides at highest mark regorge the flood;
So Fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.
Tancred, who fondly loved, and whose delight
Was placed in his fair daughter's daily sight,
Of custom, when his state affairs were done,
Would pass his pleasing hours with her alone;
And, as a father's privilege allowed,
Without attendance of the officious crowd.
It happened once, that when in heat of day
He tried to sleep, as was his usual way,
The balmy slumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forced him, in his own despite, to rise:
Of sleep forsaken, to relieve his care,
He sought the conversation of the fair;
But with her train of damsels she was gone,
In shady walks the scorching heat to shun:
He would not violate that sweet recess,
And found besides a welcome heaviness
That seized his eyes; and slumber, which forgot,
When called before, to come, now came unsought.
From light retired, behind his daughter's bed,
He for approaching sleep composed his head;
A chair was ready, for that use designed,
So quilted that he lay at ease reclined;
The curtains closely drawn, the light to screen,
As if he had contrived to lie unseen:

Thus covered with an artificial night,
Sleep did his office soon, and sealed his sight.
With Heaven averse, in this ill-omened hour
Was Guiscard summoned to the secret bower,
And the fair nymph, with expectation fired,
From her attending damsels was retired:
For, true to love, she measured time so right
As not to miss one moment of delight.
The garden, seated on the level floor,
She left behind, and locking every door,
Thought all secure; but little did she know,
Blind to her fate, she had enclosed her foe.
Attending Guiscard in his leathern frock
Stood ready, with his thrice repeated knock:
Thrice with a doleful sound the jarring grate
Rung deaf and hollow, and presaged their fate.
The door unlocked, to known delight they haste,
And panting, in each other's arms embraced,
Rush to the conscious bed, a mutual freight,
And heedless press it with their wonted weight.
The sudden bound awaked the sleeping sire,
And showed a sight no parent can desire;
His opening eyes at once with odious view
The love discovered, and the lover knew:
He would have cried; but, hoping that he dreamt,
Amazement tied his tongue, and stopped the attempt.
The ensuing moment all the truth declared,
But now he stood collected and prepared;
For malice and revenge had put him on his guard.
So, like a lion that unheeded lay,
Dissembling sleep, and watchful to betray,
With inward rage he meditates his prey.*
The thoughtless pair, indulging their desires,
Alternate kindled and then quenched their fires;
Nor thinking in the shades of death they played,
Full of themselves, themselves alone surveyed,
And, too secure, were by themselves betrayed.
Long time dissolved in pleasure thus they lay,
Till nature could no more suffice their play;
Then rose the youth, and through the cave again
Returned; the princess mingled with her train.
Resolved his unripe vengeance to defer,
The royal spy, when now the coast was clear,
Sought not the garden, but retired unseen,
To brood in secret on his gathered spleen,
And methodize revenge: to death he grieved;
And, but he saw the crime, had scarce believed.
The appointment for the ensuing night he heard;
And, therefore, in the cavern had prepared
Two brawny yeomen of his trusty guard.

* Compare "Absalom and Achitophel," line 447, for the same simile.

Scarce had unwary Guiscard set his foot
Within the farmost* entrance of the grot,
When these in secret ambush ready lay,
And, rushing on the sudden, seized the prey.
Encumbered with his frock, without defence,
An easy prize, they led the prisoner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the Prince.
The gloomy sire, too sensible of wrong
To vent his rage in words, restrained his tongue,
And only said, "Thus servants are preferred
"And trusted, thus their sovereigns they reward:
"Had I not seen, had not these eyes received
"Too clear a proof, I could not have believed."
He paused, and choked the rest. The youth, who saw
His forfeit life abandoned to the law,
The judge the accuser, and the offence to him,
Who had both power and will to avenge the crime,
No vain defence prepared, but thus replied:
"The faults of Love by Love are justified;
"With unresisted might the monarch reigns,
"He levels mountains and he raises plains,
"And, not regarding difference of degree,
"Abased your daughter and exalted me."
This bold return with seeming patience heard,
The prisoner was remitted to the guard.
The sullen tyrant slept not all the night,
But lonely walking by a winking light,
Sobbed, wept, and groaned, and beat his withered breast,
But would not violate his daughter's rest;
Who long expecting lay, for bliss prepared,
Listening for noise, and grieved that none she heard;
Oft rose, and oft in vain employed the key,
And oft accused her lover of delay,
And passed the tedious hours in anxious thoughts away.
The morrow came; and at his usual hour
Old Tancred visited his daughter's bower;
Her cheek (for such his custom was) he kissed,
Then blessed her kneeling, and her maids dismissed.
The royal dignity thus far maintained,
Now left in private, he no longer feigned;
But all at once his grief and rage appeared,
And floods of tears ran trickling down his beard.
"O Sigismonda," he began to say;
Thrice he began, and thrice was forced to stay,†
Till words with often trying found their way;

* *Farmost* changed into *foremost* in all modern editions.
† Compare Milton's lines:

"Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears such as angels weep burst forth: at last,
Words interwove with sighs found out their way."
Paradise Lost, i. 619.

" I thought, O Sigismonda, (but how blind
" Are parents' eyes their children's faults to find !)
" Thy virtue, birth, and breeding were above
" A mean desire, and vulgar sense of love ;
" Nor less than sight and hearing could convince
" So fond a father, and so just a Prince,
" Of such an unforeseen and unbelieved offence :
" Then what indignant sorrow must I have,
" To see thee lie subjected to my slave !
" A man so smelling of the people's lee,*
" The court received him first for charity ;
" And since with no degree of honour graced,
" But only suffered where he first was placed ;
" A grovelling insect still ; and so designed
" By nature's hand, nor born of noble kind ;
" A thing by neither man nor woman prized,
" And scarcely known enough to be despised :
" To what has Heaven reserved my age ? Ah ! why
" Should man, when nature calls, not choose to die ;
" Rather than stretch the span of life, to find
" Such ills as Fate has wisely cast behind,
" For those to feel, whom fond desire to live
" Makes covetous of more than life can give !
" Each has his share of good ; and when 'tis gone,
" The guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon.
" But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
" Protracting life, have lived a day too long.
" If yesterday could be recalled again,
" Even now would I conclude my happy reign ;
" But 'tis too late, my glorious race is run,
" And a dark cloud o'ertakes my setting sun.
" Hadst thou not loved, or loving saved the shame,
" If not the sin, by some illustrious name,
" This little comfort had relieved my mind,
" 'Twas frailty, not unusual to thy kind :
" But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood
" Shows downward appetite to mix with mud.
" Thus not the least excuse is left for thee,
" Nor the least refuge for unhappy me.
" For him I have resolved : whom by surprise
" I took, and scarce can call it, in disguise ;
" For such was his attire, as, with intent
" Of nature, suited to his mean descent :
" The harder question yet remains behind,
" What pains a parent and a prince can find
" To punish an offence of this degenerate kind.

* The use of the singular *lee* is rare. It is probably translated by Dryden from the French, *la lie du peuple*. Prior puts the same phrase into the lady's mouth in his " Henry and Emma :"

" My clothes, my sire, exchanged for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee."

" Apud illam perditissimam atque infimam fæcem populi."—CICERO, *Ep. ad Q. Fr.* 6.

" As I have loved, and yet I love thee more
" Than ever father loved a child before ;
" So that indulgence draws me to forgive :
" Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee live,
" But, as a public parent of the state,
" My justice and thy crime requires thy fate.
" Fain would I choose a middle course to steer ;
" Nature's too kind, and justice too severe :
" Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
" On either side the father and the king.
" Heaven knows, my heart is bent to favour thee ;
" Make it but scanty weight, and leave the rest to me."
Here stopping with a sigh, he poured a flood
Of tears, to make his last expression good.
She who had heard him speak, nor saw alone
The secret conduct of her love was known,
But he was taken who her soul possessed,
Felt all the pangs of sorrow in her breast :
And little wanted,* but a woman's heart
With cries and tears had testified her smart,
But inborn worth, that fortune can control,
New strung and stiffer bent her softer soul ;
The heroine assumed the woman's place,
Confirmed her mind, and fortified her face :
Why should she beg, or what could she pretend,
When her stern father had condemned her friend !
Her life she might have had ; but her despair
Of saving his had put it past her care :
Resolved on fate, she would not lose her breath,
But, rather than not die, solicit death.
Fixed on this thought, she, not as women use,
Her fault by common frailty would excuse ;
But boldly justified her innocence,
And while the fact was owned, denied the offence :
Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
She met his glance midway, and thus undaunted spoke :
" Tancred, I neither am disposed to make
" Request for life, nor offered life to take ;
" Much less deny the deed ; but least of all
" Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.
" My words to sacred truth shall be confined,
" My deeds shall show the greatness of my mind.
" That I have loved, I own ; that still I love
" I call to witness all the powers above :
" Yet more I own ; to Guiscard's love I give
" The small remaining time I have to live ;
" And if beyond this life desire can be,
" Not Fate it self shall set my passion free.
" This first avowed, nor folly warped my mind,
" Nor the frail texture of the female kind

* The meaning is, " There was little wanting but that," &c. Compare line 154.

" Betrayed my virtue ; for too well I knew
" What honour was, and honour had his due :
" Before the holy priest my vows were tied,
" So came I not a strumpet, but a bride :
" This for my fame, and for the public voice ;
" Yet more, his merits justified my choice :
" Which had they not, the first election thine,
" That bond dissolved, the next is freely mine ;
" Or grant I erred (which yet I must deny),
" Had parents power even second vows to tie,
" Thy little care to mend my widowed nights
" Has forced me to recourse of marriage rites,
" To fill an empty side, and follow known delights.
" What have I done in this, deserving blame?
" State-laws may alter: Nature's are the same;
" Those are usurped on helpless woman-kind,
" Made without our consent, and wanting power to bind.
" Thou, Tancred, better shouldst have understood,
" That, as thy father gave thee flesh and blood,
" So gavest thou me: not from the quarry hewed,
" But of a softer mould, with sense endued;
" Even softer than thy own, of suppler kind,
" More exquisite of taste, and more than man refined.
" Nor needst thou by thy daughter to be told,
" Though now thy sprightly * blood with age be cold,
" Thou hast been young: and canst remember still,
" That when thou hadst the power, thou hadst the will:
" And from the past experience of thy fires,
" Canst tell with what a tide our strong desires
" Come rushing on in youth, and what their rage requires.
" And grant thy youth was exercised in arms,
" When love no leisure found for softer charms,
" My tender age in luxury was trained,
" With idle ease and pageants entertained;
" My hours my own, my pleasures unrestrained.
" So bred, no wonder if I took the bent
" That seemed even warranted by thy consent,
" For, when the father is too fondly kind,
" Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.
" Blame then thy self, as reason's law requires,
" (Since nature gave, and thou fomentst my fires;)
" If still those appetites continue strong,
" Thou mayest consider I am yet but young.
" Consider too that, having been a wife,
" I must have tasted of a better life,
" And am not to be blamed, if I renew
" By lawful means the joys which then I knew.
" Where was the crime, if pleasure I procured,
" Young, and a woman, and to bliss enured?

* Printed here in folio edition *spritely*, but the same folio has elsewhere the spelling *sprightly*.

" That was my case, and this is my defence:
" I pleased my self, I shunned incontinence,
" And, urged by strong desires, indulged my sense.
" Left to my self, I must avow, I strove
" From public shame to screen my secret love,
" And, well acquainted with thy native pride,
" Endeavoured what I could not help to hide,
" For which a woman's wit an easy way supplied.
" How this, so well contrived, so closely laid,
" Was known to thee, or by what chance betrayed,
" Is not my care; to please thy pride alone,
" I could have wished it had been still unknown.
" Nor took I Guiscard, by blind fancy led
" Or hasty choice, as many women wed;
" But with deliberate care, and ripened thought,
" At leisure first designed, before I wrought:
" On him I rested after long debate,
" And not without considering fixed my fate:
" His flame was equal, though by mine inspired:
" (For so the difference of our birth required:)
" Had he been born like me, like me his love
" Had first begun what mine was forced to move:
" But thus beginning, thus we persevere;
" Our passions yet continue what they were,
" Nor length of trial makes our joys the less sincere.*
" At this my choice, though not by thine allowed,
" (Thy judgment herding with the common crowd,)
" Thou takest unjust offence; and, led by them,
" Dost less the merit than the man esteem.
" Too sharply, Tancred, by thy pride betrayed,
" Hast thou against the laws of kind inveighed;
" For all the offence is in opinion placed,
" Which deems high birth by lowly choice debased.
" This thought alone with fury fires thy breast,
" (For holy marriage justifies the rest,)
" That I have sunk the glories of the state,
" And mixed my blood with a plebeian mate:
" In which I wonder thou shouldst oversee
" Superior causes, or impute to me
" The fault of Fortune, or the Fates' decree.
" Or call it Heaven's imperial power alone,
" Which moves on springs of justice, though unknown.
" Yet this we see, though ordered for the best,
" The bad exalted, and the good oppressed;
" Permitted laurels grace the lawless brow,
" The unworthy raised, the worthy cast below.
" But leaving that: search we the secret springs,
" And backward trace the principles of things;

* *Sincere*, pure, unmixed. See "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 209, and the passages quoted in the note.

" There shall we find, that when the world began,
" One common mass composed the mould of man;
" One paste of flesh on all degrees bestowed,*
" And kneaded up alike with moistening blood.
" The same Almighty Power inspired the frame
" With kindled life, and formed the souls the same:
" The faculties of intellect and will
" Dispensed with equal hand, disposed with equal skill,
" Like liberty indulged with choice of good or ill.
" Thus born alike, from virtue first began
" The difference that distinguished man from man:
" He claimed no title from descent of blood,
" But that which made him noble made him good.
" Warmed with more particles of heavenly flame,
" He winged his upward flight, and soared to fame;
" The rest remained below, a tribe without a name.
" This law, though custom now diverts the course,
" As Nature's institute, is yet in force;
" Uncancelled, though disused; and he, whose mind
" Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
" Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
" And he commits the crime who calls him base.
" Now lay the line; and measure all thy court
" By inward virtue, not external port,
" And find whom justly to prefer above
" The man on whom my judgment placed my love;
" So shalt thou see his parts and person shine,
" And thus compared, the rest a base degenerate line.
" Nor took I, when I first surveyed thy court,
" His valour or his virtues on report;
" But trusted what I ought to trust alone,
" Relying on thy eyes, and not my own;
" Thy praise (and thine was then the public voice)
" First recommended Guiscard to my choice:
" Directed thus by thee, I looked, and found
" A man I thought deserving to be crowned!
" First by my father pointed to my sight,
" Nor less conspicuous by his native light;
" His mind, his mien, the features of his face,
" Excelling all the rest of human race:
" These were thy thoughts, and thou couldst judge aright,
" Till interest made a jaundice in thy sight.
" Or should I grant thou didst not rightly see,
" Then thou wert first deceived, and I deceived by thee.
" But if thou shalt allege, through pride of mind,
" Thy blood with one of base condition joined,
" 'Tis false; for 'tis not baseness to be poor:
" His poverty augments thy crime the more;

* Compare in the dedication of the Fables to the Duke of Ormond, "made of a more pliant paste, humble, courteous, and obliging," p. 490.

" Upbraids thy justice with the scant regard
" Of worth; whom princes praise, they should reward.
" Are these the kings entrusted by the crowd
" With wealth, to be dispensed for common good?
" The people sweat not for their king's delight,
" To enrich a pimp, or raise a parasite;
" Theirs is the toil; and he who well has served
" His country, has his country's wealth deserved.
" Even mighty monarchs oft are meanly born,
" And kings by birth to lowest rank return;
" All subject to the power of giddy chance,
" For Fortune can depress, or can advance;
" But true nobility is of the mind,
" Not given by chance, and not to chance resigned.
" For the remaining doubt of thy decree,
" What to resolve, and how dispose of me,
" Be warned to cast that useless care aside,
" My self alone will for my self provide.
" If in thy doting and decrepit age,
" Thy soul, a stranger in thy youth to rage,
" Begins in cruel deeds to take delight,
" Gorge with my blood thy barbarous appetite;
" For I so little am disposed to pray
" For life, I would not cast a wish away.
" Such as it is, the offence is all my own;
" And what to Guiscard is already done,
" Or to be done, is doomed by thy decree,
" That, if not executed first by thee,
" Shall on my person be performed by me.
" Away! with women weep, and leave me here,
" Fixed, like a man, to die without a tear;
" Or save or slay us both this present hour,
" 'Tis all that Fate has left within thy power."
She said; nor did her father fail to find
In all she spoke the greatness of her mind;
Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
Nor deemed the death she promised was so nigh:
Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
Resolved to spare her life, and save her shame;
But that detested object to remove,
To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.
Intent on this, a secret order signed
The death of Guiscard to his guards enjoined:
Strangling was chosen, and the night the time;
A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime:
His faithful heart, a bloody sacrifice,
Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes,
Closed the severe command; for, slaves to pay,
What kings decree the soldier must obey:
Waged against foes, and, when the wars are o'er,
Fit only to maintain despotic power;
Dangerous to freedom, and desired alone

By kings, who seek an arbitrary throne.*
Such were these guards; as ready to have slain
The Prince him self, allured with greater gain;
So was the charge performed with better will,
By men enured to blood, and exercised in ill.
Now, though the sullen sire had eased his mind,
The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
A pomp prepared to grace the present he designed.
A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
Of depth and breadth the precious pledge to hold,
With cruel care he chose; the hollow part
Enclosed, the lid concealed the lover's heart.
Then of his trusted mischiefs one he sent,
And bad him, with these words, the gift present:
"Thy father sends thee this to cheer thy breast,
"And glad thy sight with what thou lovest the best,
"As thou hast pleased his eyes, and joyed his mind,
"With what he loved the most of human kind."
Ere this, the royal dame, who well had weighed
The consequence of what her sire had said,
Fixed on her fate, against the expected hour,
Procured the means to have it in her power;
For this she had distilled with early care
The juice of simples friendly to despair,
A magazine of death, and thus prepared,
Secure to die, the fatal message heard:
Then smiled severe; nor with a troubled look,
Or trembling hand, the funeral present took;
Even kept her countenance, when the lid removed
Disclosed the heart, unfortunately loved.
She needed not be told within whose breast
It lodged; the message had explained the rest.
Or not amazed, or hiding her surprise,
She sternly on the bearer fixed her eyes;
Then thus: "Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
"The gold, though precious, equals not the heart;
"But he did well to give his best; and I,
"Who wished a worthier urn, forgive his poverty."
At this she curbed a groan, that else had come,
And pausing, viewed the present in the tomb;
Then to the heart adored devoutly glued
Her lips, and raising it, her speech renewed:
"Even from my day of birth, to this, the bound
"Of my unhappy being, I have found
"My father's care and tenderness expressed;
"But this last act of love excels the rest:
"For this so dear a present, bear him back
"The best return that I can live to make."

* Dryden here takes the popular side on the question of standing armies, which had a few years before agitated the country against King William and his ministers.

The messenger dispatched, again she viewed
The loved remains, and, sighing, thus pursued:
" Source of my life, and lord of my desires,
" In whom I lived, with whom my soul expires!
" Poor heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
" Cursed be the hands that tore thee from thy seat!
" The course is finished which thy fates decreed,
" And thou from thy corporeal prison freed:
" Soon hast thou reached the goal with mended pace;
" A world of woes dispatched in little space;
" Forced by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
" Thy friend, has lodged thee in a costly tomb.
" There yet remained thy funeral exequies,
" The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes;
" And those indulgent Heaven has found the way
" That I, before my death, have leave to pay.
" My father even in cruelty is kind,
" Or Heaven has turned the malice of his mind
" To better uses than his hate designed,
" And made the insult, which in his gift appears,
" The means to mourn thee with my pious tears;
" Which I will pay thee down before I go,
" And save myself the pains to weep below,
" If souls can weep. Though once I meant to meet
" My fate with face unmoved, and eyes unwet,
" Yet, since I have thee here in narrow room,
" My tears shall set thee first afloat within thy tomb.
" Then (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
" Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
" To regions unexplored, secure to share
" Thy state; nor hell shall punishment appear;
" And Heaven is double Heaven, if thou art there."
She said. Her brimful eyes, that ready stood,
And only wanted will to weep a flood,
Released their watery store, and poured amain,
Like clouds low hung, a sober shower of rain;
Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
Such as the majesty of grief destroys;
For, bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed
Seemed by the posture to discharge her head,
O'er-filled before; and oft (her mouth applied
To the cold heart) she kissed at once, and cried.
Her maids, who stood amazed, nor knew the cause
Of her complaining, nor whose heart it was,
Yet all due measures of her mourning kept,
Did office at the dirge, and by infection wept,
And oft inquired the occasion of her grief,
Unanswered but by sighs, and offered vain relief.
At length, her stock of tears already shed,
She wiped her eyes, she raised her drooping head,
And thus pursued:—" O ever faithful heart,
" I have performed the ceremonial part,

" The decencies of grief; it rests behind,
" That, as our bodies were, our souls be joined;
" To thy whate'er abode my shade convey,
" And, as an elder ghost, direct the way!"
She said; and bad the vial to be brought,
Where she before had brewed the deadly draught:
First pouring out the medicinable bane,
The heart her tears had rinsed she bathed again;
Then down her throat the death securely throws,
And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes.
This done, she mounts the genial bed, and there
(Her body first composed with honest care)
Attends the welcome rest; her hands yet hold
Close to her heart the monumental gold;
Nor farther word she spoke, but closed her sight,
And quiet sought the covert of the night.
The damsels, who the while in silence mourned,
Not knowing nor suspecting death suborned,
Yet, as their duty was, to Tancred sent,
Who, conscious of the occasion, feared the event.
Alarmed, and with presaging heart, he came
And drew the curtains, and exposed the dame
To loathsome light; then with a late relief
Made vain efforts to mitigate her grief.
She, what she could, excluding day, her eyes
Kept firmly sealed, and sternly thus replies:
" Tancred, restrain thy tears unsought by me,
" And sorrow unavailing now to thee:
" Did ever man before afflict his mind
" To see the effect of what himself designed?
" Yet, if thou hast remaining in thy heart
" Some sense of love, some unextinguished part
" Of former kindness, largely once professed,
" Let me by that adjure thy hardened breast
" Not to deny thy daughter's last request:
" The secret love which I so long enjoyed,
" And still concealed to gratify thy pride,
" Thou hast disjoined; but, with my dying breath,
" Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our death:
" Where'er his corps by thy command is laid,
" Thither let mine in public be conveyed;
" Exposed in open view, and side by side,
" Acknowledged as a bridegroom and a bride."
The Prince's anguish hindered his reply;
And she, who felt her fate approaching nigh,
Seized the cold heart, and heaving to her breast,
" Here, precious pledge," she said, "securely rest."
These accents were her last; the creeping death
Benumbed her senses first, then stopped her breath.
Thus she for disobedience justly died;
The sire was justly punished for his pride;
The youth, least guilty, suffered for the offence

Of duty violated to his Prince;
Who, late repenting of his cruel deed,
One common sepulchre for both decreed;
Entombed the wretched pair in royal state,
And on their monument inscribed their fate.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

FROM BOCCACE.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief and most renowned Ravenna stands;
Adorned in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature blessed,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excelled.
This noble youth to madness loved a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none),
The rest she scorned, but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gained;
For she, the more he loved, the more disdained.
He lived with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and turnaments obtained the prize,
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turned all to poison that he did or said:
Nor prayers nor tears nor offered vows could move;
The work went backward; and the more he strove
To advance his suit, the farther from her love.
Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolved to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdained so mean a fate;
That passed, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest;
The less he hoped, with more desire possessed;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceived his care;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve the untamed disease;
But present love required a present ease.

Looking, he feeds alone his famished eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but, looking not, he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.
  His friends beheld, and pitied him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long proposed, but little gained,
Yet after much pursuit at length obtained.
  Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went;
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France or Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But Love had clipped his wings, and cut him short,
Confined within the purlieus of his court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country seat:
To Chassi's pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitched his tents, and there resolved to stay.
  The spring was in the prime, the neighbouring grove
Supplied with birds, the choristers of love;
Music unbought, that ministered delight
To morning walks, and lulled his cares by night:
There he discharged his friends, but not the expense
Of frequent treats and proud magnificence.
He lived as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have lived more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.
  It happed one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed,
To walk within a lonely lawn,* that stood
On every side surrounded by the wood:
Alone he walked, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he strayed;
The winds within the quivering branches played,
And dancing trees a mournful music made;
The place it self was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage as the cruel fair.
He wandered on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summoned him to due repast at noon,
But Love could feel no hunger but his own.

* Here the spelling in the original folio edition is *lawn*; *laund* occurs in "Palamon and Arcite," ii. 235, and iii. 898.

While listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immersed within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rocked the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread,
A sudden horror seized his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled.
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seemed threatened, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unused to fear, he summoned all his soul,
And stood collected in him self—and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distressed, who cried for aid,
And filled with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With breers and brambles choked, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now approaching near
With more distinguished notes invades his ear;
He raised his head, and saw a beauteous maid
With hair dishevelled issuing through the shade;
Stripped of her clothes, and e'en those parts revealed
Which modest nature keeps from sight concealed.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued,
And oft their fastened fangs in blood imbrued:
Oft they came up, and pinched her tender side,
"Mercy, O mercy, Heaven," she ran, and cried:
When Heaven was named, they loosed their hold again,
Then sprung she forth, they followed her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face
High on a coal-black steed pursued the chace;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were filled,
And in his hands a naked sword he held:
He cheered the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vowed revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action roused his manly mind:
Moved with* unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarmed, resolved to give her aid.
A saplin pine he wrenched from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus, furnished for offence, he crossed the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
"Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
"Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;

* Scott has unnecessarily introduced *the* before *unworthy*, and is followed by R. Bell.

" But give me leave to seize my destined prey,
" And let eternal justice take the way:
" I but revenge my fate, disdained, betrayed,
" And suffering death for this ungrateful maid."
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reached the dame, and, fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed.
Stood Theodore surprised in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet armed with inborn worth,—"What'er," said he,
" Thou art, who knowst me better than I thee;
" Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied."
The spectre fiercely staring, thus replied:
" Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
" And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
" One common sire our fathers did beget,
" My name and story some remember yet;
" Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
" When for my sins I loved this haughty maid;
" Not less adored in life, nor served by me,
" Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee.
" What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
" But all my vows were answered with disdain:
" She scorned my sorrows, and despised my pain.
" Long time I dragged my days in fruitless care;
" Then loathing life, and plunged in deep despair,
" To finish my unhappy life I fell
" On this sharp sword, and now am damned in hell.
" Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid
" By Heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid;
" And as in unrepenting* sin she died,
" Doomed to the same bad place, is punished for her pride:
" Because she deemed I well deserved to die,
" And made a merit of her cruelty.
" There, then, we met; both tried, and both were cast,
" And this irrevocable sentence passed,
" That she, whom I so long pursued in vain,
" Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
" Renewed to life, that she might daily die,
" I daily doomed to follow, she to fly;
" No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
" I seek her life (for love is none below);
" As often as my dogs with better speed
" Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
" Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
" I pierce her opened† back or tender side,
" And tear that hardened heart from out her breast,
" Which with her entrails makes my hungry hounds a feast.

* *Unrepenting* improperly changed into *unrepented* in modern editions.
† *Opened* changed into *open* in modern editions.

" Nor lies she long, but as her fates ordain,
" Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
" Is saved to-day, to-morrow to be slain."
This, versed in death, the infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfilled their common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that helped him to pursue.
Stern looked the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
" Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain!
" As many months as I sustained her hate,
" So many years is she condemned by Fate
" To daily death; and every several place
" Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
" Must witness her just punishment, and be
" A scene of triumph and revenge to me.
" As in this grove I took my last farewell,
" As on this very spot of earth I fell,
" As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
" Becomes even here, on this revolving day."
Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already closed the wound,
And unconcerned for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorged with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanished from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppressed with awe
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing Nature's law:
He would have been asleep, and wished to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend,
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend?
But yet reflecting that it could not be
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolved within him self to shun the snare
Which hell for his destruction* did prepare;
And as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Inspired from Heaven he homeward took his way,
Nor palled his new design with long delay;
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.

* Printed *distruction* in folio edition.

They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said :
" What you have often counselled, to remove
" My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
" By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
" Though late, yet is at last become my care :
" My heart shall be my own ; my vast expense
" Reduced to bounds by timely providence :
" This only I require ; invite for me
" Honoria, with her father's family,
" Her friends and mine ; the cause I shall display,
" On Friday next, for that's the appointed day."
Well pleased were all his friends, the task was light,
The father, mother, daughter they invite ;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast ;
But yet resolved, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And with the rest the inexorable dame :
A feast prepared with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordained was in that haunted grove
Where the revenging ghost pursued his love :
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue overhead :
The rest in rank, Honoria, chief in place,
Was artfully contrived to set her face
To front the thicket and behold the chace.
The feast was served, the time so well forecast,
That just when the dessert and fruits were placed,
The fiend's alarm began ; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blackened, rolled the thunder, groaned the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise,
Of one distressed, and mastiffs' mingled cries ;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famished hounds that sought their food,
And griped her flanks, and oft essayed their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon on the sable steed,
Armed with his naked sword, and urged his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordained for punishment.
Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,
The women shrieked, the men forsook the feast ;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bayed ;
The hunter close pursued the visionary maid,
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their fauchions brandished at the grisly spright ;*

* Printed *spright* here in folio edition, and again in line 371, but elsewhere *sprite*. See note on "Sigismonda and Guiscardo," line 428.

High on his stirrups he provoked the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And withered all their strength before he strook:
"Back on your lives! let be," said he, "my prey,
"And let my vengeance take the destined way:
"Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
"Against the eternal doom of Providence:
"Mine is the ungrateful maid by Heaven designed:
"Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find."
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warned a second time,
But bore each other back; some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now the infernal minister advanced,
Seized the due victim, and with fury lanced*
Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward as before the offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other stared,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepared;
The stillborn sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band,
A helpless train, in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their own.
So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sowsing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria feared the event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assigned;
Already sees her self the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mixed with fear;
Still on the table lay the unfinished cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
When on a sudden, re-inspired with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;

* Printed *launched* in folio edition. *Wince* similarly spelt *winch*: see note on "The Hind and the Panther," part 3, line 133.

Nor stayed the hell-hounds, nor the hunter stayed,
But followed, as before, the flying maid:
The avenger took from earth the avenging sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he spurred:
The clouds dispelled, the sky resumed her light,
And Nature stood recovered of her fright.
  But fear, the last of ills, remained behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encouraged more his feast,
But sternly looked, as hatching in his breast
Some deep design, which when Honoria viewed
The fresh impulse her former fright renewed:
She thought her self the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurred the infernal steed:
The more dismayed, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host saluting all the crew,
Regardless passed her o'er, nor graced with kind adieu.
That sting infixed within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divined;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pined.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renewed,
Of the relentless dame to death pursued,
And of the sight obscene so lately viewed;
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Even they who pitied most yet blamed her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damned the living dame.
  At every little noise she looked behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering for his prey.
Returned, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast:
Awaked, she turned her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams returned with double pain.
  Now forced to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fevered, with a furious leap
She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
And feared, at every step, a twitching spright behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace,
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assailed;
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevailed.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
  This dreadful image so possessed her mind,
That, desperate any succour else to find,
She ceased all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on the unhappy man.

Rich, brave, and young, who past expression loved,
Proof to disdain, and not to be removed:
Of all the men respected and admired,
Of all the dames, except her self, desired:*
Why not of her? preferred above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love professed?
So had another been, where he his vows addressed.
This quelled her pride, yet other doubts remained,
That once disdaining, she might be disdained.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevailed,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assailed:
He took a lowering leave; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew, and why not then
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolved to try,
She fixed on this her utmost remedy;
Death was behind, but hard it was to die:
'Twas time enough at last on death to call;
The precipice in sight, a shrub was all
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had, beloved above the rest:
Secure of her, the secret she confessed;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispelled,
She with no winding turns the truth concealed,
But put the woman off, and stood revealed:
With faults confessed, commissioned her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe.
The welcome message made was soon received;
'Twas what he† wished and hoped, but scarce believed:
Fate seemed a fair occasion to present,
He knew the sex, and feared she might repent
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remained to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embraced,
(As women, where they will, are all in haste,)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she changed her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warned, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil designed
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

* The French idiom, *respected of, admired of, desired of*, has been noticed in earlier poems of Dryden. See note on "The Medal," 79.

† *What he* wrongly changed to *to be* in the Wartons' and Bell's editions.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

FROM BOCCACE.

Poeta loquitur.

OLD as I am, for lady's love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflamed my soul, and still inspires my wit.
If love be folly, the severe divine *
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge the offence,
He showed the way, perverting first my sense:
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungoverned zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arraigned, he read with some delight;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain,
And teaches more in one explaining page
Than all the double meanings of the stage.
What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at worst but wanton; he's obscene.
I nor my fellows nor my self excuse;
But Love's the subject of the comic Muse;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view.
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polished manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and formed the rhyme,
The motion measured, harmonized the chime;
To liberal acts enlarged the narrow-souled,
Softened the fierce, and made the coward bold;
The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconciled in peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend to their fame designed,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

* Collier's attack on the immorality of Dryden's plays is here replied to: unable to make a good defence, Dryden resorts to abuse, and, a Roman Catholic convert, he denounces the marriage of Protestant clergymen.

In that sweet isle, where Venus keeps her court,
And every grace, and all the loves, resort;
Where either sex is formed of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
There lived a Cyprian lord, above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue blest.
But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,*
Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excelled the rest in shape and outward shew,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion joined,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever loved the ground,
He looked like Nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece designed,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were joined.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercised in vain on wit's despair;
The more informed, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
Now scorned of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus changed his name,
And Cymon called, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.
His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employed that answered not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loathed to see what Nature made him love;
So to his country-farm the fool confined;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A squire among the swains, and pleased with banishment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country-fair.
It happened on a summer's holiday,
That to the greenwood-shade he took his way;
For Cymon shunned the church, and used not much to pray.
His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before and half behind his back.
He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirst constrained,
The deep recesses of the grove he gained;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood;

* For this use of *sincere*, in accordance with its Latin meaning as *unalloyed*, so common in Dryden, see notes on "Sigismonda and Guiscardo," line 477, and "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 209.

And on the margin of the fount was laid,
Attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid;
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tired with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.
The dame her self the goddess well expressed,
Not more distinguished by her purple vest
Than by the charming features of her face,
And, even in slumber, a superior grace:
Her comely limbs composed with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;
Her bosom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind and purling streams continue her repose.
The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,
Fixed on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice in delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witnessed with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and feared offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown-accent and his country-tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierced the native night:
Then day and darkness in the mass were mixed,
Till gathered in a globe the beams were fixed:
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumined heaven and earth, and rolled around the year.
So reason in this brutal soul began:
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepared the future way
To knowledge, and disclosed the promise of a day.
What not his father's care nor tutor's art
Could plant with pains in his unpolished heart,
The best instructor, Love, at once inspired,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fired;*
Love taught him shame, and shame with love at strife
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind;
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.

* "Sæpe etiam steriles incendere profuit agros
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis."
VIRG. *Georg.* i. 84.

This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t'other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross,* and stupidly admire;
As flies, allured by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees;
On several parts a several praise bestows,
The ruby lips, the well-proportioned nose,
The snowy skin, the raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, the forehead rising fair,
And even in sleep it self a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending viewed the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breast.
Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown,)
He longed to see her eyes in slumber hid,
And wished his own could pierce within the lid.
He would have waked her, but restrained his thought,
And love new-born the first good manners taught.
An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood;
For such she seemed by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race;
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen at distant view:
So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart;
Fixed as a pilgrim wildered in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray;
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.
At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty called who caused his care)
Unclosed her eyes, and double day revealed,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were sealed.
The slavering cudden,† propped upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she: "What make you, Cymon, here alone?"‡
(For Cymon's name was round the country known,

* *In gross*, in the general; so in "Religio Laici," 322. *Grossly* is used in the same way in one of the Prologues to the University of Oxford of 1681, p. 451: "London likes grossly."

† *Cudden*, a clown. Dryden uses the word again in his comedy of "Sir Martin Mar-all," act 5, scene 3.

‡ "What make you?" *Make* here means *do*, "What are you doing?" Compare "The Wife of Bath's Tale," 229, where, as here, the modern editors have all substituted *makes* for *make*.

Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face.)
  But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fixed regard on her new opened eyes,
And in his breast received the envenomed dart,
A tickling pain that pleased amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and feared his brutal lust.
This to prevent, she waked her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty took a short adieu.
  Then Cymon first his rustic voice essayed,
With proffered service to the parting maid
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confined.
  The father wondered at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully received, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his altered will.
Nor was he long delayed: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dressed,
And, as his birth required, above the rest.
  With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorned, he next designed
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind;
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorred.
  Thus the man-child advanced, and learned so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpassed:
His brutal manners from his breast exiled,
His mien he fashioned, and his tongue he filed;
In every exercise of all admired,
He seemed, nor only seemed, but was inspired:
Inspired by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenced, he moved with graceful ease,
More famed for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
  What then of altered Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which choked in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brushed away by love?
Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he cleared, the gross refined,
The drowsy waked; and, as he went, impressed
The Maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire,
And, though he loved perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scanned,

And liked an error of the better hand;
Excused the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refined:
So Cymon, since his sire indulged his will,
Impetuous loved, and would be Cymon still;
Galesus he disowned, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirmed and bishoped by the fair.
To Cipseus by his friends his suit he moved,
Cipseus the father of the fair he loved;
But he was pre-engaged by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise;
And Iphigene, obliged by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as Fate decreed,
Though better loved, he spoke too late to speed.
The doom was past; the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent;
Sighed to her self the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
"The time is come for Iphigene to find
"The miracle she wrought upon my mind;
"Her charms have made me man, her ravished love
"In rank shall place me with the blessed above.
"For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
"Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design."
Resolved he said; and rigged with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipped for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stored,
And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.
Ambushed he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.
To Rhodes the rival bark directly steered,
When Cymon sudden at her back appeared,
And stopped her flight: then standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:
"Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
"To prove the last extremities of war."
Thus warned, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
Already were the vessels side by side,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride.
But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embraced,
And, armed with sword and shield, amid the press he passed.
Fierce was the fight, but hastening to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way;
Him self alone dispersed the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdained, the valiant overthrew;

Cheap conquest for his following friends remained,
He reaped the field, and they but only gleaned.
His victory confessed, the foes retreat,
And cast their weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he cheered : " O Rhodian youth, I fought
" For love alone, nor other booty sought ;
" Your lives are safe ; your vessel I resign,
" Yours be your own, restoring what is mine ;
" In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
" Robbed by my rival, and detained by you :
" Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
" The parent could not sell the daughter's love ;
" Or if he could, my love disdains the laws,
" And like a king by conquest gains his cause ;
" Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain ;
" Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain.
" You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
" And at an easy ransom buy your peace."
Fear on the conquered side soon signed the accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was restored.
While to his arms the blushing bride he took,
To seeming sadness she composed her look ;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Though pleased, dissembling, and a woman still.
And, for she wept, he wiped her falling tears,
And prayed her to dismiss her empty fears ;
" For yours I am," he said, "and have deserved
" Your love much better, whom so long I served,
" Than he to whom your formal father tied
" Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride."
Thus while he spoke, he seized the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she screamed, and even her eyes confessed
She rather would be thought, than was, distressed.
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind ?*
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind !
Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquered prey,
Scarce the third glass of measured hours was run,
When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun,
The promise of a storm ; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits and fill the flagging sails ;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepared,
But all at once ; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands ;
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,

* For this interrogative turn see "Palamon and Arcite," book 1, line 381, and note.

And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
Forced back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunned with the different blows; then shoots amain,
Till counterbuffed she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plunged from the height of heaven to deepest hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possessed,
Now cursed the more, the more he had been blessed;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies, but would be lost alone.
Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
Even if she could, her love she would repent,
But since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
Her forfeit faith and Pasimond betrayed
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames her self, nor blames her lover less;
Augments her anger as her fears increase;
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungoverned love,
Which interposing durst, in Heaven's despite,
Invade and violate another's right:
The Powers incensed awhile deferred his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain:
But soon they punished his presumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprise she died,
Who rather not resisted than complied.
Then, impotent of mind, with altered sense,
She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence,
Sex to the last. Mean time with sails declined
The wandering vessel drove before the wind,
Tossed and retossed, aloft, and then alow;
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they viewed
The land before them, and their fears renewed;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threatened ship against a rocky shore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escaped; their force already spent.
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view;
And cursed the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Saved from the seas, and shipwrecked on the ground.
The frighted sailors tried their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;
But the stiff wind withstood the labouring oar,
And forced them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,

And the ship moored constrains the crew to land:
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown;
But as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismissed was driven before,
Already sheltered on their native shore;
Known each, they know, but each with change of cheer;
The vanquished side exults; the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made prisoners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and deprived of flight.
  The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;*
Mouths without hands; maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepared
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
  The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Them selves so many, and their foes so few;
But crowding on, the last the first impel,
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslaved; who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.
  Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Deprived of day, and held in fetters fast;
His life was only spared at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had released:
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn addressed to treat the fair;
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.
  Her secret soul to Cymon was inclined,
But she must suffer what her fates assigned;
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Rolled to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleased; and love (concerned the most)
Prepared the amends for what by love he lost.
  The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda called, to whom, by promise tied,
A Rhodian beauty was the destined bride;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renowned for birth, with fortune amply blessed.
Lysimachus, who ruled the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate:

* A sneering reference to the English militia; and Dryden has already in the "Fables" denounced a standing army ("Sigismonda and Guiscardo," 596).

He loved Cassandra too with equal fire,
But Fortune had not favoured his desire;
Crossed by her friends, by her not disapproved,
Nor yet preferred, or like Ormisda loved:
So stood the affair: some little hope remained,
That, should his rival chance to lose, he gained.
  Meantime young Pasimond his marriage pressed,
Ordained the nuptial day, prepared the feast;
And frugally resolved (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone,)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
  Lysimachus, oppressed with mortal grief,
Received the news, and studied quick relief:
The fatal day approached; if force were used,
The magistrate his public trust abused;
To justice liable, as law required,
For when his office ceased, his power expired:
While power remained, the means were in his hand
By force to seize, and then forsake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet him self not free,
Made impotent by power, debased by dignity.
Both sides he weighed: but after much debate,
The man prevailed above the magistrate.
  Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unpraised by me, though Heaven sometime may bless
An impious act with undeserved success:
The great, it seems, are privileged alone,
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed;
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
  Resolved on force, his wit the prætor bent
To find the means that might secure the event;
Nor long he laboured, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought.
The example pleased: the cause and crime the same,
An injured lover and a ravished dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dared,
The less he had to lose, the less he cared
To menage* loathsome life when love was the reward.
  This pondered well, and fixed on his intent,
In depth of night he for the prisoner sent;

* Dryden's French spelling, *menage*, preserved here as before in the Dedication of "Eleonora," page 347.

In secret sent, the public view to shun,
Then with a sober smile he thus begun :
" The Powers above, who bounteously bestow
" Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
" Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
" To such as are not worthy to receive :
" For valour and for virtue they provide
" Their due reward, but first they must be tried :
" These fruitful seeds within your mind they sowed ;
" 'Twas yours to improve the talent they bestowed ;
" They gave you to be born of noble kind,
" They gave you love to lighten up your mind
" And purge the grosser parts ; they gave you care
" To please, and courage to deserve the fair.
" Thus far they tried you, and by proof they found
" The grain entrusted in a grateful ground :
" But still the great experiment remained,
" They suffered you to lose the prize you gained,
" That you might learn the gift was theirs alone,
" And, when restored, to them the blessing own.
" Restored it soon will be ; the means prepared,
" The difficulty smoothed, the danger shared :
" But be your self, the care to me resign,
" Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
" Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
" Impatient to revenge his ravished wife,
" But yet not his ; to-morrow is behind,
" And Love our fortunes in one band has joined :
" Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine
" As much declared as Pasimond is thine :
" To-morrow must their common vows be tied :
" With Love to friend, and Fortune for our guide,*
" Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.
" Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead ;
" 'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed :
" Our task performed, we next prepare for flight :
" And let the losers talk in vain of right :
" We with the fair will sail before the wind ;
" If they are grieved, I leave the laws behind.
" Speak thy resolves : if now thy courage droop,
" Despair in prison and abandon hope ;
" But if thou darest in arms thy love regain,
" (For liberty without thy love were vain :)
" Then second my design to seize the prey,
" Or lead to second rape, for well thou knowest the way."
Said Cymon, overjoyed : " Do thou propose
" The means to fight, and only show the foes :
" For from the first, when love had fired my mind,
" Resolved, I left the care of life behind."

* This line is repeated from " Palamon and Arcite," book 1, line 12.

To this the bold Lysimachus replied,
" Let Heaven be neuter and the sword decide :
" The spousals are prepared, already play
" The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day :
" By this the brides are waked, their grooms are dressed ;
" All Rhodes is summoned to the nuptial feast,
" All but my self, the sole unbidden guest.
" Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
" And, joined by thee, intend to joy the fair.
" Now hear the rest ; when day resigns the light,
" And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
" Be ready at my call ; my chosen few
" With arms administered shall aid thy crew.
" Then entering unexpected will we seize
" Our destined prey, from men dissolved in ease,
" By wine disabled, unprepared for fight,
" And hastening to the seas, suborn our flight :
" The seas are ours, for I command the fort,
" A ship well manned expects us in the port :
" If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
" Death shall attend the man who dares resist."
It pleased ; the prisoner to his hold retired,
His troop with equal emulation fired,
All fixed to fight, and all their wonted work required.
The sun arose ; the streets were thronged around,
The palace opened, and the posts were crowned.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
The expected spouse, and entertains the friends :
They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
The Powers, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.
This done, they feast, and at the close of night
By kindled torches vary their delight,
These lead the lively dance, and those the brimming bowls invite.
Now, at the appointed place and hour assigned,
With souls resolved the ravishers were joined :
Three bands are formed ; the first is sent before
To favour the retreat and guard the shore ;
The second at the palace-gate is placed,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last :
A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.
Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renewed, the table spread :
Sweet voices, mixed with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When, like the harpies, rushing through the hall
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown ;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own :
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.

Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.
But late is all defence, and succour vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain:
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchased prize in safety to the shore.
The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear:
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend;
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.
Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent,
The blade returned unbathed, and to the handle bent.
Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one descending blow:
And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
He turned the point; the sword enured to blood
Bored his unguarded breast, which poured a purple flood.
With vowed revenge the gathering crowd pursues,
The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heaped with corps; the sprinkled gore
Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispersed at length, the drunken squadron flies,
The victors to their vessel bear the prize,
And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable cries.
The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
While troops of gathered Rhodians crowd the key.*
What should the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone;
The public wealth to foreign parts conveyed;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrigged, and spent their naval store;
They neither could defend nor can pursue,
But grind their teeth, and cast a helpless view:
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Mean while the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost;
Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.
In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With generous wines their spirits they restore;
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,
Both court and wed at once the willing brides.

* *Key*, the spelling of the folio edition, *quay* being here meant. The spelling *key* was similarly preserved in "Annus Mirabilis," stanza 231. See note on "Sigismonda and Guiscardo," line 133. This is another example of the pronunciation of *key* as *kay*, rhyming with *weigh* and with *sea*, which was similarly pronounced. See note on pronunciation of *sea* in line 16 of "Verses to the Duchess of York," p. 32.

A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws:
Both parties lose by turns, and neither wins,
Till peace, propounded by a truce, begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show precede:
The term expired, from Candia they remove,
And happy each at home enjoys his love.

TRANSLATIONS OF LATIN HYMNS

AND

MINOR MISCELLANIES.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The first translated hymn, the "Veni, Creator Spiritus," has been from the first in collections of Dryden's Poems: it was printed in Tonson's folio edition of 1701. *The translations of the "Te Deum" and the "Hymn for St. John's Eve" were first published by Sir Walter Scott, who had no doubt of their authenticity. Scott received them from Captain MacDonogh of the Inverness militia: they had been the property of Mr. Charles Butler, who has mentioned them in his "Tour through Italy:" on Mr. Butler's death they passed into the hands of Dr. Alban, from whom Captain MacDonogh acquired them. Scott, in publishing them, says: "I think most of my readers will join with me in opinion that both their beauties and their faults are such as ascertain their authenticity."*

Four small pieces ascribed to Dryden in the "State Poems" (vol. ii. pp. 215 *and* 216, *and vol. iii. p.* 132), *on Hyde, Earl of Rochester's dismissal from the Treasury in* 1687, *on King James II. after the Revolution of* 1688, *on the Duke of Buckingham, and on the Duchess of Portsmouth, are probably none of them his. A longer piece, called "Tarquin and Tullia," in the third volume of the "State Poems," also ascribed to Dryden, is clearly not authentic; and the same may be said of "Suum Cuique." The two last-named poems are Satires on William and Mary and their Government. All these spurious pieces are printed in Scott's edition of Dryden's works, being treated by him as doubtful, if not spurious. They all appeared in a collection of Dryden's poems for the first time in the edition of the British Poets, for which Johnson made his celebrated Lives.*

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

TRANSLATED IN PARAPHRASE.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!*
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crownst thy gift with eloquence.
Refine and purge our earthy parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thy self, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

* There is a pronunciation in Scotland of *glebe* as *glibe*, which may help to explain this rhyme of *light* and *Paraclete*. See rhyme of *decrees* with *ratifies* and *relies* in "The Hind and the Panther," part 2, line 82.

TE DEUM.

THEE, Sovereign God, our grateful accents praise;
We own thee Lord, and bless thy wondrous ways;
To thee, Eternal Father, earth's whole frame
With loudest trumpets sounds immortal fame.
Lord God of Hosts! for thee the heavenly powers
With sounding anthems fill the vaulted towers.
Thy Cherubims thrice Holy, Holy, Holy cry;
Thrice Holy, all the Seraphims reply,
And thrice returning echoes endless songs supply.
Both heaven and earth thy majesty display;
They owe their beauty to thy glorious ray.
Thy praises fill the loud apostles' quire:
The train of prophets in the song conspire.
Legions of Martyrs in the chorus shine,
And vocal blood with vocal music join.*
By these thy church, inspired by heavenly art,
Around the world maintains a second part,
And tunes her sweetest notes, O God, to thee,
The Father of unbounded majesty;
The Son, adored co-partner of thy seat,
And equal everlasting Paraclete.
Thou King of Glory, Christ, of the Most High
Thou co-eternal filial Deity;
Thou who, to save the world's impending doom,
Vouchsafedst to dwell within a Virgin's womb;
Old tyrant Death disarmed, before thee flew
The bolts of heaven, and back the foldings drew,
To give access, and make thy faithful way;
From God's right hand thy filial beams display.
Thou art to judge the living and the dead;
Then spare those souls for whom thy veins have bled.
O take us up amongst thy blessed above,
To share with them thy everlasting love.
Preserve, O Lord! thy people, and enhance
Thy blessing on thine own inheritance.
For ever raise their hearts, and rule their ways,
Each day we bless thee, and proclaim thy praise;
No age shall fail to celebrate thy name,
No hour neglect thy everlasting fame.
Preserve our souls, O Lord, this day from ill;
Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy still:
As we have hoped, do thou reward our pain;
We've hoped in thee, let not our hope be vain.

* Scott points out this line as peculiarly characteristic of Dryden. "Vocal blood" occurs in "The Hind and the Panther," part 1, line 15.

HYMN FOR ST. JOHN'S EVE,

29TH JUNE.

O SYLVAN prophet! whose eternal fame
Echoes from Judah's hills and Jordan's stream,
The music of our numbers raise,
And tune our voices to thy praise.

A messenger from high Olympus came
To bear the tidings of thy life and name,
And told thy sire each prodigy
That Heaven designed to work in thee.

Hearing the news, and doubting in surprise,
His faltering speech in fettered accent dies;
But Providence, with happy choice,
In thee restored thy father's voice.

In the recess of Nature's dark abode,
Though still enclosed, yet knewest thou thy God;
Whilst each glad parent told and blessed
The secrets of each other's breast.

LINES IN A LETTER TO HIS LADY COUSIN, HONOR DRIDEN,

WHO HAD GIVEN HIM A SILVER INKSTAND, WITH A SET OF WRITING MATERIALS, 1655.*

FOR since 'twas mine, the white hath lost its hue,†
To show 'twas ne'er it self but whilst in you,
The virgin wax hath blushed it self to red
Since it with me hath lost its maidenhead.
You, fairest nymph, are wax: O, may you be
As well in softness as in purity!
Till fate and your own happy choice reveal
Whom you shall so far bless to make your seal.

* Dryden, now twenty-four and living at Cambridge, was in love with his fair cousin, Honor, one of the daughters of Sir John Driden, baronet. The letter, of which these lines are part, is printed by Malone, and in Scott's edition of Dryden's Works.

† *Hue*, written *hiew* by Dryden. The same spelling occurs in "The Hind and the Panther," published in 1687 (part 1, line 543). Throughout the folio volume of "Fables," published in 1699, the word is printed as it is now spelt, *hue*.

LINES PRINTED UNDER THE ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF MILTON,

IN TONSON'S FOLIO EDITION OF THE "PARADISE LOST," 1688.*

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last:
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

IMPROMPTU LINES ADDRESSED TO HIS COUSIN, MRS. CREED,

IN A CONVERSATION AFTER DINNER ON THE ORIGIN OF NAMES.†

So much religion in your name doth dwell,
Your soul must needs with piety excel.
Thus names, like well-wrought‡ pictures drawn of old,
Their owners' nature and their story told.
Your name but half expresses, for in you
Belief and practice do together go.
My prayers shall be, while this short life endures,
These may go hand in hand, with you and yours;
Till faith hereafter is in vision drowned,
And practice is with endless glory crowned.

* This edition was published by subscription, and under the patronage of Somers. Dryden was a subscriber. Mr. Malone has suggested that the idea of these lines was derived from Salvaggi's Latin distich:

"Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem."

† Mrs. Creed was a daughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, bart. and wife of John Creed of Oundle, in Northamptonshire. She was a warm friend of her cousin the poet, and of his reputation, and raised a monument to his memory in the church of Tichmarsh in 1722. Mr. Malone, who published these lines, received them from Mr. Walcot of Oundle: they had been preserved by Mr. Walcot's mother, who was grand-daughter of Mrs. Creed. The lines were prefaced with this memorandum: "Conversation one day after dinner, at Mrs. Creed's, running upon the origin of names, Mr. Dryden bowed to the good old lady, and spoke extempore the following verses."

‡ *Well-wrought* inserted by Malone to complete the line; *skilful* would do as well.

FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER OF JACOB TONSON,*

HIS PUBLISHER.

With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.

EPITAPH ON A NEPHEW, IN CATWORTH CHURCH, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.†

Stay, stranger, stay, and drop one tear.
She always weeps who laid him here;
And will do till her race is run;
His father's fifth, her only son.

There were frequent quarrels between Dryden and Jacob Tonson about payments, particularly during the progress of the Translation of Virgil: and on one occasion Dryden sent these three lines to Tonson, saying to his messenger, "Tell the dog that he who wrote these can write more."

† This Epitaph, printed for the first time in Sir James Prior's "Life of Malone" from Malone's MS. additions to his own Life of Dryden, which are in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, was accidentally omitted in printing the "Epitaphs." The nephew, for whom the Epitaph was written, was the only son of Dryden's sister, Rose, who was the second wife of the Rev. Dr. Laughton of Catworth.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

The numbers refer to the pages. *Tate* means Tate's "Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel*."

A.

Abate, *v.t.* lessen, "abate of virulence," 221.
Abbethdin, *sb.* chief judge among the Jews, 97.
Admire, *v.i.* wonder, 31, 262, 500.
Adown, *prep.* down, 516.
Adulterate, *adj.* impure, 299, 340.
Affect, *v.t.* desire, seek, 82, 96, 154 (Tate).
Affered, *p.p.* (from Chaucer), frightened, 567.
Affright, *sb.* fear, 93, 607.
Affright, *v.t.* frighten, 31, 208.
Ageń, *adv.* again, 448, 552; elsewhere spelt *again*.
Alga, *sb.* seaweed, 18.
Allay, *sb.* alloy, 231, 364, 466; *alloy* also occurs.
Alluded, *p.p.* mentioned, 262.
Almain, *sb.* Germany, 313.
Alms, *sb.* "an alms," 294; used as plural, 256.
Alow, *adv.* low, 640.
Amain, *adv.* vehemently, immediately, 268, 556, 560, 622, 626, 640.
Ambient, *adj.* surrounding, 136, 653.
Anniverse, *sb.* anniversary, 287.
Annoy, *sb.* annoyance, 562.
Antic (spelt *antique* in original editions), *adj.* strange, grotesque, 42, 127; the spelling *antique* preserved, 265, where it may mean *ancient*, but not necessarily so.
Apoplex, *sb.* apoplexy, 293.
Appeach, *v.t.* accuse, 518.
Arlequin, *sb.* Harlequin, 422.
Armado, *sb.* army, 45.
Armipotent, *adj.* powerful in arms, an epithet of Mars, 536, 546.
Arose, *p.p.* arisen, 11.
Arow, *adv.* in a row, 586,
Artique, *adj.* arctic, 312.
Assay, *v.t.* try, essay, 7, 272; *essay* also occurs, 209, 629, 637; the noun always spelt *essay*.
Atchievements, *sb.* armorial ensigns, 547, 558.
Atone (spelt *attone* in original editions), *v.t.* reconcile, harmonize, 25, 96; used intransitively with *for* following, 194.
Attend, *v.i.* wait, 582; *v.t.* wait for, watch, 623, 630.
Attent, *adj.* attentive, 600.
Auctority, *sb.* authority, 235, 244; elsewhere spelt *authority*.
Auspice, *sb.* patronage, 84, 288.
Authentic, *adj.* authoritative, genuine, 5, 273, 421.
Awful, *adj.* feeling awe, 289, 636; it often occurs in the common sense of *awe-inspiring*.

B.

Bad, *v.* perfect of *bid*, ordered, 236, 553, 623.
Banquier, *sb.* banker, 404, 423.
Bate, *v.i.* lessen, "bates of his mettle," 433
Beamy, *adj.* large, wide, 549.
Bearn, *sb.* bairn, child, 458.
Becoming, *pr.p.* properly suiting, followed by *of*, 501.
Bellows, *sb.* used as singular, 555.
Bent, *sb.* (from Chaucer), hill, 536.
Benting, *adj.* "benting times," times when pigeons feed on bent, a coarse grass, 283.
Bewared, *p.p.* put on guard, 580.
Bid, *v.t.* count, 595; *bid* as perfect, "bid my beads," 576.
Big-corned, *adj.* big-grained, applied to powder, 64.
Bilander, *sb.* coasting vessel, 226.
Bittour, *sb.* (from Chaucer), bittern, 598.
Blatant, *adj.* bellowing, 243.
Bleaky, *adj.* bleak, 267.
Bloomy, *adj.* blooming, 287, 588.
Boistrous, *adj.* strong, 611.
Botch, *sb.* sore spot, eruption, 249.
Boult, *v.t.* (from Chaucer), sift, 575.
Box, *sb.* musical wind-instrument, 580.
Boyism, *sb.* puerility, 498.
Brave, *sb.* bravo, 119, 130, 413, 414.
Breathe, *v.t.* lance, applied to opening a vein, 7, 555.
Breer, *sb.* briar, 626; spelt *brier*, 583.
Brew, *v.t.* mix, make, 9, 22.
Broke, *p.p.* broken, 77, 79, 158 (Tate).
Build (spelt *built* in original editions), *sb.* shape, 52.
Bump, *v.i.* (*bumb* in Chaucer), to make a noise, applied to the bittern, 598.

C.

Captive, *v.t.* make captive, 306.
Castor, *sb.* beaver, 47.
Cates, *sb.* provisions, 254.
Cense, *v.t.* scatter incense, 271.
Cham, *sb.* Ham, son of Noah, 186.
Champian, *adj.* of the country or campagne, 325.
Chaw, *v.t.* chew, 130, 459, 574; spelt elsewhere *chew*.
Check, *sb.* "fly at check," fly at random, 55.
Cheer, *sb.* countenance, look, 263, 517, 526.
Cherubin, *sb.* cherub, 511.

Cherubims, *sb.* cherubs, 650.
Chirurgeon, *sb.* surgeon, 90.
Chose, *p.p.* chosen, 28, 54, 162, 304.
Circular, *adj.* complete, perfect: "circular fame," 6.
Circularly, *adv.* all round, in circles, 43.
Clench *or* clinch, *sb.* pun, 146, 440.
Clip, *v.* "clips it," flies fast, 55.
Clottered, *p.p.* clotted, 537, 555; *clotted* also occurs.
Cockle, *sb.* weed in corn, 97, 214.
Coming, *adj.* forward, 480.
Commonweal, *sb.* commonwealth, 229.
Complexion, *sb.* disposition, mental or physical, 9, 548, 567.
Composs, *sb.* compost, dung, 569.
Composure, *sb.* reconciliation, 93; study, composition, 300.
Concernment, *sb.* care, concern, 40, 493.
Confident, *sb.* a person confided in, 9, 610.
Congee, *sb.* bow, 454.
Conglobate, *adj.* compressed into a globe, 334.
Connatural, *adj.* of same nature, "connatural to," 41.
Consequent, *sb.* consequence, 89.
Contain, *v.* used intransitively, remain or keep oneself within, 154 (Tate).
Contended, *p.p.* contended for, 321, 531.
Converse, *sb.* conversation, 391, 427.
Convict, *adj.* convicted, 154 (Tate).
Cops, *sb.* copse, 611.
Corps, *sb.* corpse, body, used both for singular and plural; plural, 224, 645.
Couch, *v.t.* lay down, 254.
Couchee, *sb.* evening reception, 236.
Counterbanded, *p.p.* contraband, 495.
Counterbuffed, *p.p.* struck back, 640.
Courage, *sb.* used in the plural, courages, 54, 56.
Courtship, *sb.* courtliness, 316; used elsewhere in the ordinary sense of *court-paying*.
Cozenage, *sb.* deception, 243.
Crack, *sb.* noise of falling, crash, 77.
Cross, *adv.* across, 65, 77, 478, 579.
Cruise *or* cruse, *sb.* small cup, 276, 437.
Cudden, *sb.* clown, 636.
Curious, *adj.* carefully worked, 301.
Curtana, *sb.* sword of mercy, 247.
Cyclops, *sb.* used both for singular and plural; plural, 216.
Cymarr, *sb.* a loose long robe, 635; also spelt *symarr*.

D.

Dared, *p.p.* frightened, bewildered, applied to larks, 71.
Darkling, *adj.* in the dark, 552, 594, 631.
Dauby, *adj.* sticky, 64.
Decease, *v.i.* die, 11.
Deducement, *sb.* deduction, 186.
Deficience, *sb.* deficiency, 323.
Demain, *sb.* demesne, 341.
Designment, *sb.* design, 9.
Despite, *sb.* spite, 256.
Detort, *v.t.* twist, 187.
Devest, *v.t.* divest, 228.
Digestive, *adj.* digesting, 17.
Digestive, *sb.* medicine to aid digestion, 568.
Dint, *sb.* force, 258, 311, 315.
Disembogue, *v.i.* empty out, 250.
Disheir, *v.t.* deprive of an heir, 270.
Disherited, *p.p.* disinherited, 559.
Disinteressed, *adj.* disinterested, 199.
Dismission, *sb.* dismissal, 232.
Dispose, *sb.* disposal, 477, 603, 604.
Doddered, *adj.* covered with dodder, 558.
Doom, *v.t.* used peculiarly, 73, "doom wool into France, &c."
Dop, *v.i.* curtsey, 452.
Dorp, *sb.* village, 267.
Doted, *adj.* doting, 257.
Drib, *v.t.* filch, 454.
Dropping, *pr.p.* dripping, 411, 526, 589.
Dumb-founding, *sb.* a game of striking by surprise on the back, 470.

E.

Eagre, *sb.* conflict of river and current, 208.
Ean, *v.t.* yean, 168 (Tate).
Earthy, *adj.* of the earth, 109, 649.
Edenborough, *sb.* Edinburgh, 450.
Eiry, *sb.* nest, 58.
Embrown, *v.t.* make brown, 321.
Emptiness, *sb.* "an emptiness," a vacuum, 29.
Endlong, *adv.* straight on, 554.
Enthusiasm, *sb.* used in the plural, enthusiasms, 299.
Epoche, *sb.* epoch, 18.
Essay, *sb.* first effort, trial, 63, 209, 229, 542, 599
Etesian, *adj.* annual, "Etesian gale," 508.
Evidence, *sb.* a witness, 154, 155 (Tate).
Evince, *v.t.* prove, 124, 242, 243.
Excellency, *sb.* excellence, 347.
Exclusive, *adj.* excluding, 159 (Tate).
Exequies, *sb.* funeral rites, 622.
Exercise, *v.t.* try severely, practise, 216, 294, 453, 524, 603, 617, 621.
Exert, *v.t.* bring out, 352.
Expire, *v.i.* applied to a ball issuing from a cannon, 70.
Explicate, *v.t.* explain, 198.

F.

Face, *v.t.* put on a facing, 258.
Factor, *sb.* agent, 17.
Fainty, *adj.* faint, 589.
Farmost, *adj.* farthest off, 614.
Fatal, *adj.* fated, 508.
Fescue, *sb.* a wire for pointing with, 476.
Few, *adj.* used with a singular noun, 257.
Firmamental, *adj.* of the firmament, 83.
Flaw, *sb.* crack, 206.
Flix, *sb.* fur of the hare, 61.
Fogue, *sb.* fury, 20.
Forbear, *v.t.* forbear from, 92, 165, 512.
Forbid, *p.p.* forbidden, 327.
Force, *v.* "force yield," *to* not being used after *force* when a verb follows, 173 (Tate).
Forceful, *adj.* strong, 525.
Forelay, *v.t.* lay wait for, 522.
Foreseize, *v.t.* snatch beforehand, 177 (Tate.)

Forfeit, *adj.* forfeited, 614, 640.
Forfend, *v.t.* forbid, 568.
Forgot, *p.p.* forgotten, 245, 395, 421, 509.
Forsaken, *p.p.* "forsaken of," 129, 561
Forslow (spelt *foreslow* in original edition), *v.t.* retard, 139, 291.
Forthright, *adv.* straightforward, 530.
Fowl, *sb.* bird, birds, used with plural as well as singular meaning; plural, 55, 282, 536; *fowls* occurs also, 267.
Fraischeur, *sb.* freshness, 26.
Fraught, *sb.* freight, 215; *fraught* occurs frequently as adjective.
Frequent, *adj.* crowded, 255.
Fright, *v.t.* frighten, 26, 50, 58, 170, 225, 406, 409, 445, 454, 569.
Frontless, *adj.* shameless, 191, 277, 281.
Froze, *p.p.* frozen, 84.
Fry, *v.i.* burn, 527.

G.

Gage, *sb.* pledge, 46.
Galled (spelt *gauled* in original editions), rubbed, hurt, 64, 200.
Gap-toothed, *adj.* (from Chaucer), with gaps in teeth, 501.
Gawdry, *sb.* finery, 423.
Geniture, *sb.* generation, origin, 303.
Genius, *sb.* "a genius," a character of genius, 89.
Gig, *v.i.* whirl, dance, 471.
Give on, *v.i.* proceed violently, 83.
Godsmith, *sb.* god-maker, 92.
Grabble, *v.t.* grope after, 464.
Graff, *v.t.* graft, 189, 430.
Grave, *v.t.* engrave, 130, 245.
Graver, *sb.* engraver, 123, 128.
Gridelin, *adj.* of flax-gray colour, 588.
Gross, *sb.* total, size, quantity, 69, 77: "in gross," in the general, 155 (Tate), 199, 636.
Grossly, *adv.* in the gross, in the general, 451.
Guard, *sb.* "out of guard," by surprise, 205.
Guilty, *adj.* "guilty of their vows," 521.

H.

Haggared or haggered, *p.p.* haggard, wild, 227, 279.
Haste, *v.t.* hasten, 52, 77; *v.i.* make haste, 58, 70.
Hatch, *v.t.* build, 71, 84.
Hattered out, *p.p.* wearied, 233.
Hautbois, *sb.* musical instrument, 588; spelt *hautboy*, 374, or perhaps *hautboys* in p. 374 stands for *hautbois*.
He, *pron.* used as substantive, "another he," 115; "that universal He," 192.
Heap, *sb.* "on a heap," in confusion, 630.
Heir, *v.t.* inherit, 270.
Her, *pron.* in lieu of *'s* for genitive, 119, 594.
His, *pron.* in lieu of *'s* for genitive, 16, 18, 21, 453, 537.
Hight, *v.* (*perfect*), was called, 145, 565; *p.p.* called, 442, 450.
Hinder, *v.t.* "hinder you of," 404.
Hobby, *sb.* hawk, 71.
Hold, *v.i.* abstain, 212.
Hope, *v.t.* expect, wait for, 529.
Holland, *sb.* cloth from Holland, 72.
Hudling, *p.p.* in a heap, in a hurry, 398.

I.

Imp, *v.t.* repair, applied to wings, 63.
Impassible, *adj.* incapable of suffering, 226.
Increase, *sb.* offspring, 292, 543; accumulation, 282; growth, size, 143, 230.
Industrious, *adj.* "industrious of," 250, 325.
Infused, *p.p.* poured in, 309.
Innocency, *sb.* innocence, 188.
Innovate, *v.t.* introduce for first time, 41.
Inquire, *v.t.* inquire of, 131.
Instop, *v.t.* fill up, 64.
Insurancer, *sb.* insurer, 210.
Interessed, *p.p.* interested, 187.

J.

Jambeux, *sb.* armour for the legs, 540.
Joy, *v.t.* make joyful, 59, 304, 644, congratulate 562; *v.i.* rejoice, 59, 69, 316.
Judgment, *sb.* judge, 395, 404, 443.
Juppon, *sb.* a short close coat, 540.
Just, *v.i.* joust, 548.
Justs, *sb.* jousts, 587, 590.

K.

Ken, *sb.* sight, 59, 65.
Ken, *v.t.* see, know, 302, 342.
Kern, *sb.* Irish peasant, 65, 509.
Key, *sb.* quay, 76, 645.
Kindred, *sb.* kinship, 508.
Knare, *sb.* knot in a tree, 536.

L.

Lade, *v.t.* load, 79.
Lag, *sb.* a laggard, 307.
Lag, *v.i.* loiter behind, 55, 591.
Large, *adj.* "large of his treasures," 289.
Laund *or* lawnd, *sb.* an enclosure in a wood, 530, 558; *lawn* occurs elsewhere with same meaning.
Laveer, *v.i.* tack about, 17.
Lazar, *sb.* a filthy deformed person, 42.
Leave, *v.t.* leave off, 150.
Leavy, *adj.* leafy, 588, 591.
Lee, *sb.* dreg, 615; the plural used, "those lees," 22.
Leech, *sb.* doctor, 19, 326, 555.
Left, *p.p.* "left of," left by, 107.
Legator, *sb.* testator, 246.
Letted, *p.p.* "letted of," hindered from, 75.
Levee, *sb.* morning reception, 236.
Lightsome, *adj.* gay, 581.
Like, *v.i.* please, 265.
Limbec (spelt *limbeck* in original editions), *sb.* alembic, still, 45, 66.
Limber, *adj.* pliant, lithe, 416.
Limbo, *sb.* space, 155 (Tate).
Linstock, *sb.* a match-holder for firing cannon, 70.
Lively, *adv.* like life, 607.

Loll, *v.t.* stretch out, 61.
Lubric, *adj.* slippery, immoral, 340.
Lug, *v.t.* pull, drag, 458, 464, 483.

M.

Macedon, *sb.* Macedonian, 511.
Mackrel, *adj.* mackarel; "a mackrel gale," 264.
Make, *v.t.* do, "what make you?" 599, 636.
Manifest, *adj.* "manifest of crimes," 97; "of shame," 538.
Mannerly, *adj.* well-mannered, 237, 398.
Many, *adj.* used as a substantive, "their many," 551.
Mary-bones, *sb.* marrow-bones, 598.
Marling, *sb.* a small tarred line for winding round ropes, 64.
Martlet, *sb.* a species of swallow, 59.
Medicinable, *adj.* having medicinal power, 623. In this and the two next words the *i* of the second syllable is elided.
Medicinal, *adj.* like medicine, 207, 209.
Medicinally, *adv.* in the way of medicine, 131.
Menage, *v.t.* manage, 347, 642.
Millenary, *adj.* of the millennium, 509.
Mingle, *sb.* mixture, 397.
Mischief, *sb.* an agent of mischief, 621; "at mischief," so as to hurt, 550.
Miss, *v.i.* "miss of," 281.
Missioner, *sb.* missionary, ambassador, 250, 312.
Missive, *adj.* missile, 645.
Moppet, *sb.* puppet, 454.
Mould, *sb.* form, shape, material, 53, 85, 102, 127, 225, 230, 361, 591, 596, 617, 619.
Moulted, *p.p.* affected by moulting, 63.
Muck, *sb.* "an Indian muck," 281; *amuck* from *amocca*, a Malay word for *kill*.
Musquet, *sb.* a small hawk, 279.
Muss, *sb.* scramble, 437.

N.

Nævе, *sb.* pimple, 334.
Naked, *adj.* "naked of friends," 100.
Name, *sb.* used as if it were the person or thing named, 207, 227, 341, 535.
Need, *v.* be needed, 194, 261, 264, 309, 355, 599.
News, *sb.* used as singular, 200, 206, 441; plural, 205.
Nick, *v.t.* hit, 395.
Noblesse, *sb.* nobility, 38.
Noiseful, *adj.* noisy, 49.
Nose, *v.t.* go in the face of, annoy, 462.
Notched, *p.p.* marked, "notched prentices," 445.
Now, *sb.* moment, 205, 355.

O.

Oaf (spelt *oph*), *sb.* simpleton, 397, 441.
Obligement, *sb.* obligation, 234.
Obscene, *adj.* loathsome, ugly, horrid, 251, 252, 270, 422, 631, 633; used also in other passages in its present ordinary sense of *indecent*.
Officious, *adj.* obliging, serviceable, 5, 25, 69, 214, 556, 590; used elsewhere in the unfavourable sense of the word.
Once, *adj.* some time (like the Latin *olim*), 206.
Oraison, *sb.* prayer, 351.
Ore, *sb.* "Lemmon Ore," a sandbank in Great Yarmouth roads, 289.
Orient, *adj.* bright-coloured, 565.
Overbare, *v.* (*perfect*) overbore, 551.
Overpoise, *sb.* superiority of weight, 328.
Out, *v.t.* oust, 188.
Owe, *v.t.* own, 448.

P.

Pad, *v.i.* to go out robbing, 448.
Padder, *sb.* robber on the road, 402, 436.
Pain, *v.t.* to exert violently, 577, 578.
Pain, *sb.* labour, 48; punishment, "pain of life," 530.
Painture, *sb.* art of painting, 340.
Palliard, *sb.* lewd person, 250.
Pardalis, *sb.* panther, 269.
Parlous, *adj.* formidable, perilous, 597.
Paronomasia, *sb.* pun, 40.
Pasquin, *sb.* jester, 310.
Paste, *sb.* applied figuratively to human nature, 490, 619.
Pay o'er, *v.t.* spread over, 64.
Picture, *sb.* art of painting, 318.
Pile, *sb.* troop, 241.
Plagiary, *sb.* plagiarist, 42.
Pleasure, *v.t.* please, 483.
Plume, *v.t.* pluck, 117.
Plume, *sb.* pen, 412.
Plump, *sb.* cluster, "plump of fowl," 630.
Poll, *v.t.* cut down, 268.
Practise, *v.t.* frequent, 114.
Prelude, *v.t.* usher in, 292; *v.i.* 590.
Presage, *sb.* omen, prophecy, 148, 290, 508.
Presage, *v.t.* foreshow, predict, 209, 289, 514, 523, 572, 613.
Presume, *v.i.* followed by *of*, 233, 265.
Prevail, *v.* avail; prevail oneself of, 39, 104.
Prevaricated, *p.p.* disingenuously used, 189.
Prevent, *v.t.* anticipate, go before, 5, 11, 22, 101, 252, 287, 542, 582; used elsewhere in the present ordinary sense of *hinder*.
Prime, *sb.* spring, 266.
Procedure, *sb.* proceeding, 17.
Profer, *v.t.* proffer, 271, 531, 593, spelt elsewhere *proffer*.
Proponent, *ad.* propounding, 226.
Prospective, *sb.* telescope, 469.
Protractive, *adj.* protracting, 279.
Pruce, *sb.* Prussia, 540.
Prune up, *v.i.* perk up, 434.
Purchase, *sb.* acquisition, 17.
Purfled, *p.p.* bordered, 585.

Q.

Quarry, *sb.* anything aimed at, 40, 55, 83, 226; game, 238.
Quartil, *sb.* an aspect of the planets, 522.
Quatrain, *sb.* stanza of four lines which rhyme alternately, 38.
Queazy, *adj.* squeamish, 468.

R.

Rabbin, *sb.* rabbi, doctor among the Jews, 94, 178, 197.
Rabbinical, *adj.* of a rabbi, or doctor, 110.
Rack, *v.i.* shift, move about, 138.
Rap and rend, two verbs used together in an idiomatic phrase, meaning snatch and tear, 464.
Rapt, *p.p.* snatched, 334.
Raven, *v.i.* hunger, 276.
Rebate, *v.t.* blunt, 89, 550.
Recourse, *sb.* expedient, 617.
Reflective, *adj.* reflected, 79.
Regalio, *sb.* dainty dish, 397, 398.
Regorge, *v.t.* swallow back, 612.
Reherse, *v.t.* rehearse, 507: spelt *rehearse* elsewhere.
Relict, *sb.* relic, 167 (Tate).
Remainder, *sb.* used in plural, 267, 349.
Remnant, *sb.* used in plural, 58, 80, 236, 260.
Rend, *v.t.* destroy, 532.
Renegado, *sb.* renegade, 133, 162; *renegade* also occurs, 450.
Renounce, *v.* used with *to* following, 257.
Renown, *v.t.* make renowned, 193.
Renunciation, *sb.* used with *to* following, 252.
Repair, *sb.* resort, 75.
Repeat, *v.t.* reseek, 80; *v.i.* be repeated, 355.
Repose, *v.t.* to place as a trust, used with *on* following, 42, 211.
Reprise, *sb.* reprisal, 273; the word *reprisal* used, 309; also, a fit (from French *reprise*), 293.
Republic, *adj.* republican, 134. 282.
Require, *v.t.* to seek again, 80.
Resolve, *v.i.* melt, dissolve, 234, 354.
Rest, *sb.* remainder, 256.
Restauration, *sb.* restoration, 212; spelt elsewhere *restoration*.
Restiff, *adj.* restive, 217, 277.
Retire, *v.t.* draw back, 79. used also intransitively.
Rid, *v.* perfect of *ride*, 190.
Rivelled, *p.p.* dried, 433, 589.

S.

Salve, *v.t.* save by softening down, excuse, 211.
Saver, *sb.* insurer, 262.
Savourly, *adv.* with savour, 473.
Sawtry, *sb.* psaltery, 588.
Scandal, *v.t.* scandalize, 593.
Scape, *sb.* escape, 180.
Scape, *v.i.* escape, 20, 75, 157 (Tate), 228, 238, 307, 441, 479, 601, 642 (always printed without apostrophe at the beginning to denote elision).
Seal, *v.t.* used figuratively, "sealed our new born king," 46.
Sear-cloth, *v.t.* cover with sear-cloth (cere or wax cloth), 64.
Sequacious, *adj.* following, 371.
Seraphims, *sb.* seraphs, 650.
Sere-wood, *sb.* dry wood, 558, 559, 590.
Set, *v.i.* put down a stake, 395.
Shard, *sb.* ordure, 231.
Sheer, *v.t.* cut, 54.
Shent, *p.p.* destroyed, 566.
Shipwrack, *sb.* 48, 289.
Shipwracked, *p.p.* 18, 43, 53, 79, 157 (Tate); the spelling *wreck* occurs elsewhere, both in noun and participle.
Shog, *sb.* shake 431.
Shore, *sb.* sewer, 250.
Show, *v.i.* appear, 31, 53, 60, 61, 85: used also transitively.
Silent, *adj.* silent of, 492.
Sincere, *adj.* unmixed, pure, 243, 490, 557, 618, 634.
Sincerely, *adv.* purely, without alloy, 92.
Slavering, *pres. p.* with spittle running from mouth, 636.
Snip, *sb.* small scrap, 484.
Sophisticate, *adj.* sophisticated, 303.
Sort, *sb.* number, collection, 275.
Sovereign, *adj.* all powerful, 8, 590.
Sowse, *v.i.* swoop down, 630.
Spoom, *v.i.* sail before the wind, 256.
Sprite or spright, *sb.* spirit, 252, 406, 566.
Spurn, *v.t.* kick, 573; "spurning up," 565.
Squander, *v.t.* disperse, 53.
Steep, *sb.* a steep height, 351.
Steepy, *adj.* steep, 115.
Sterve, *v.t.* starve, 218, 270, 451; spelt *starve* elsewhere.
Stewed, *p.p.* made meagre by stewing, 432; but perhaps *stewed* is a misprint for *sterved*.
Stickle, *v.i.* dispute, 464.
Stickler, *sb.* sidesman in a fight, 7.
Stint, *sb.* quantity, proportion, 348.
Strain, *sb.* race, stock, 292, 339.
Strook, *v.* (*perfect*), struck, 19, 341, 530, 630.
Stub, *sb.* stump of tree, 536.
Stum, *sb.* new wine used for fermenting old, 134.
Style, *sb.* pen, 525.
Style, *v.t.* describe, 179 (Tate).
Suage, *v.t.* assuage, 172 (Tate).
Submit, *v.t.* lower, 21, 31.
Suborn, *v.t.* procure secretly, 561, 611, 644.
Suburbian, *adj.* suburban, 146.
Succeed, *v.t.* make to follow or succeed, 68, 85.
Successive, *adj.* of or by succession, 100, 129.
Suffise, *v.t.* suffice, 257; spelt *suffice* elsewhere.
Suffragating, *pr.p.* voting, 451.
Suiting, *pr.p.* suited, suitable, 609, 625.
Surcoat, *sb.* outer coat, 515, 540, 541, 586.
Sweat, *v.* (*perfect*), sweated, 564.
Swift, *adj.* "swift of despatch," 97.
Swisses, *sb.* plural of Swiss, 258.
Swizzer, *sb.* Swiss, 435.
Swound, *sb.* swoon, 523, 559.
Swound, *v.* swoon, 513; spelt *swoon* elsewhere. both verb and noun.
Symarr, *sb.* long loose robe, 588; also spelt *cymarr*.

T.

Table, *sb.* tablet, 510.
Tale, *sb.* number, calculation, 551.
Tally, *sb.* counterpart, 354.
Tarnish, *v.i.* become stained, 99.
Tawny, *adj.* yellow, 535.

Tax, *v.t.* accuse, "tax of," 259.
Teint, *sb.* colour, 321.
Tell, *v.t.* count, 48, 54.
Theologue, *sb.* theologian, 280.
Thick, *adv.* quickly following, 60.
Thick, *adj.* "thick of," 7, 517.
Threat, *v.t.* threaten, 52, 94, 174.
Thrid, *sb.* thread, 494, 496.
Thrid, *v.t.* thread, 522; both verb and substantive also spelt *thread*.
Throughly, *adv.* thoroughly, 466.
Timely, *adv.* in time, 20.
Tinkle, *v.i.* clink, 7, 308; tingle, 626.
Tire, *sb.* row of guns, 261.
Tony, *sb.* simpleton, 433.
Too too, *adv.* excessively, 18.
Took, *p.p.* taken, 19.
Towardly, *adj.* improving, promising, 396.
Traditive, *adj.* traditional, 242.
Traduction, *sb.* transmission, 339.
Tralineate, *v.i.* get out of the line, 602.
Travellour, *sb.* traveller, 19; spelt *traveller* elsewhere.
Traverse, *v.t.* oppose (in law), 324.
Treasonous, *adj.* treasonable, 268.
Trine, *sb.* conjunction of three planets in the three angles of a triangle, 85, 339; applied to the Trinity, 287, a number of three, 295.
Trine, *v.t.* to join in three, 548.
Trust, *v.i.* followed by *on*, 85, 607.
Tun, *sb.* a measure round, 150, 165, 537.
Turbulent, *adj.* "turbulent of wit," 95.
Tympany, *sb.* a swelling from wind, 150.

U.

Unaware, *adv.* 517, 525; "at unaware," 522.
Unblamed, *adj.* "unblamed of life," 104.
Uncumbered, *adj.* unencumbered, 325.
Ungodded, *p.p.* having no gods, 270.
Unhoped, *adj.* unexpected, 19, 570.
Unknowing, *adj.* not knowing, ignorant, 57, 538, 542, 546, 560, 562, 625.
Unlade, *v.t.* empty, unload, 86.
Unpaying, *adj.* not paying, 458.
Unready, *adj.* not ready, 79.
Unrooted, *adj.* uprooted, 371.
Unsatiate, *adj.* insatiable, 119.
Unsincere, *adj.* mixed, alloyed, 73.
Unspell, *v.t.* disenchant, 155 (Tate).
Unteach, *v.t.* destroy the teaching of, 294.
Unthrift, *s.b.* prodigal, 260.
Unwet, *adj.* dry, 622.
Unyielded, *adj.* not yielded, 553.

V.

Value, *sb.* good opinion, 489.
Vare, *sb.* wand, 108.
Vegetive, *adj.* vegetating, 562.
Villanize, *v.t.* make villanous, 602.
Virelay, *sb.* a species of poem, 589.
Votress, *sb.* a female votary, 544.

W.

Wait, *v.t.* attend, accompany, 237.
Wallow, *sb.* a rolling walk, 431.
Want, *v.n.* to be wanted, 496, 547, 611, 616; *v.t.* to be without, 97, 443.
Wanting, *adj.* poor, 82, 103, 117, 153, 490.
Well, *adj.* in good health; "the well man," 572.
Well-breathed, *adj.* with good lungs, 109, 325.
Wex, *v.i.* wax, grow, 43, 381, 539.
Whirlbat, *sb.* gauntlet (the Latin *cestus*), 506.
Wilder, *v.t.* bewilder, 253.
Witness, *sb.* evidence, 225.
Woe, *adj.* woeful, 596.
Woodbind, *sb.* woodbine, 526, 587; also spelt *woodbine*.
Worser, *adj.* worse, 15.
Writ, *p.p.* written, 31.
Writ, *v.* (*perfect*), wrote, 401, 427, 497.

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